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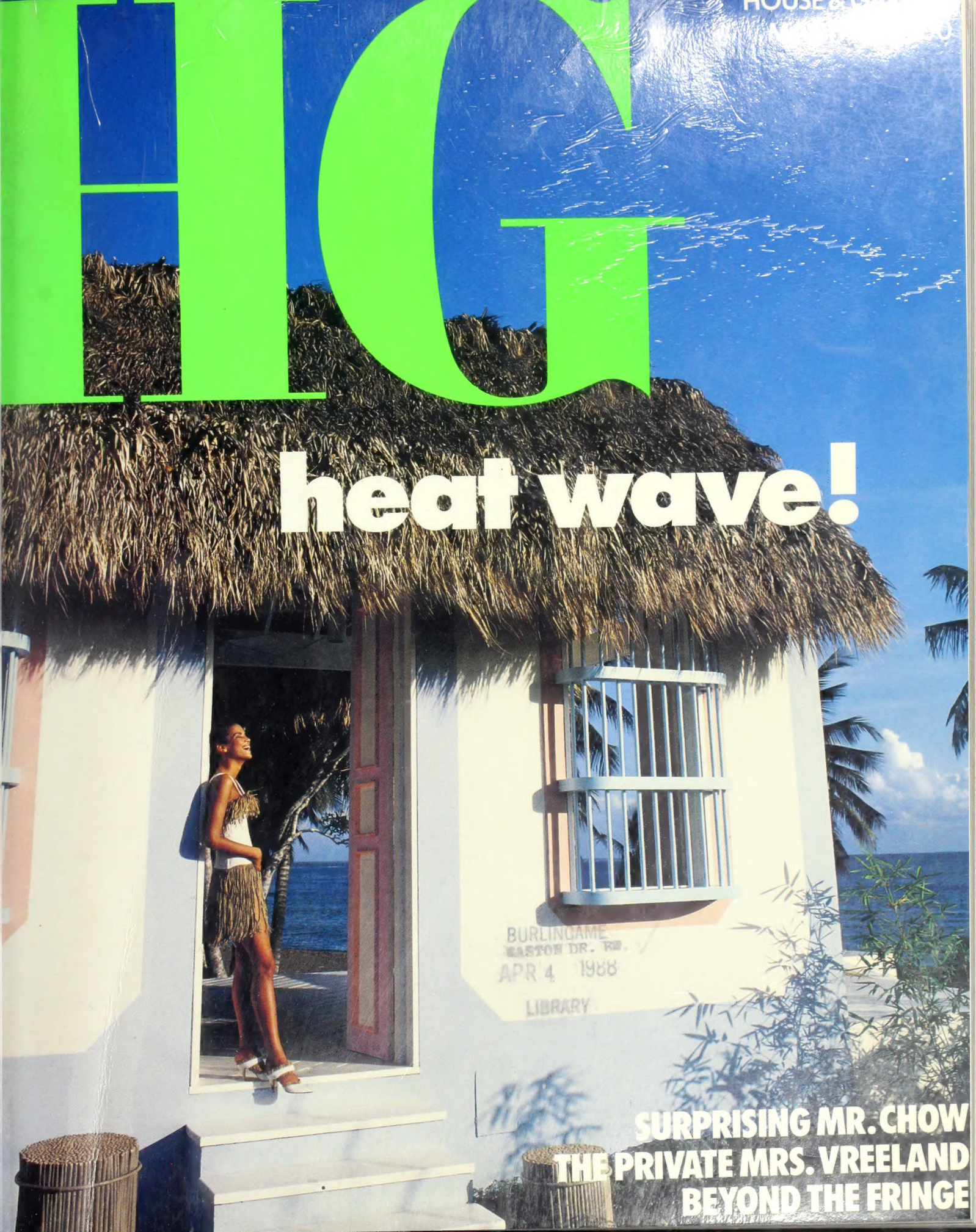
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heat wave!



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HOUSE & GARDEN
MAY 1988
Volume 160, Number 5

HG



COVER
The spirit of Gauguin: architect Hugh Newell Jacobsen's pavilion in the Dominican Republic. Page 142. Dress of cotton and hemp and shoes by Azzedine Alaïa. Details page 253. Hair: Danilo for Oribe at Parachute. Makeup: Joseph McDevitt for Bumble & Bumble. Style: André Leon Talley. Photograph by Max Vadukul.

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Michael Chow's living room in New York. Photograph by François Halard. Page 164.



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By the time they served lunch I was halfway to falling in love.

Over the next two weeks I saw him just about every day. So when he asked me to join him for a trip out of town, it wasn't really a surprise.

After a long and leisurely lunch at a remote Country Inn, my man took me for a walk into the garden.

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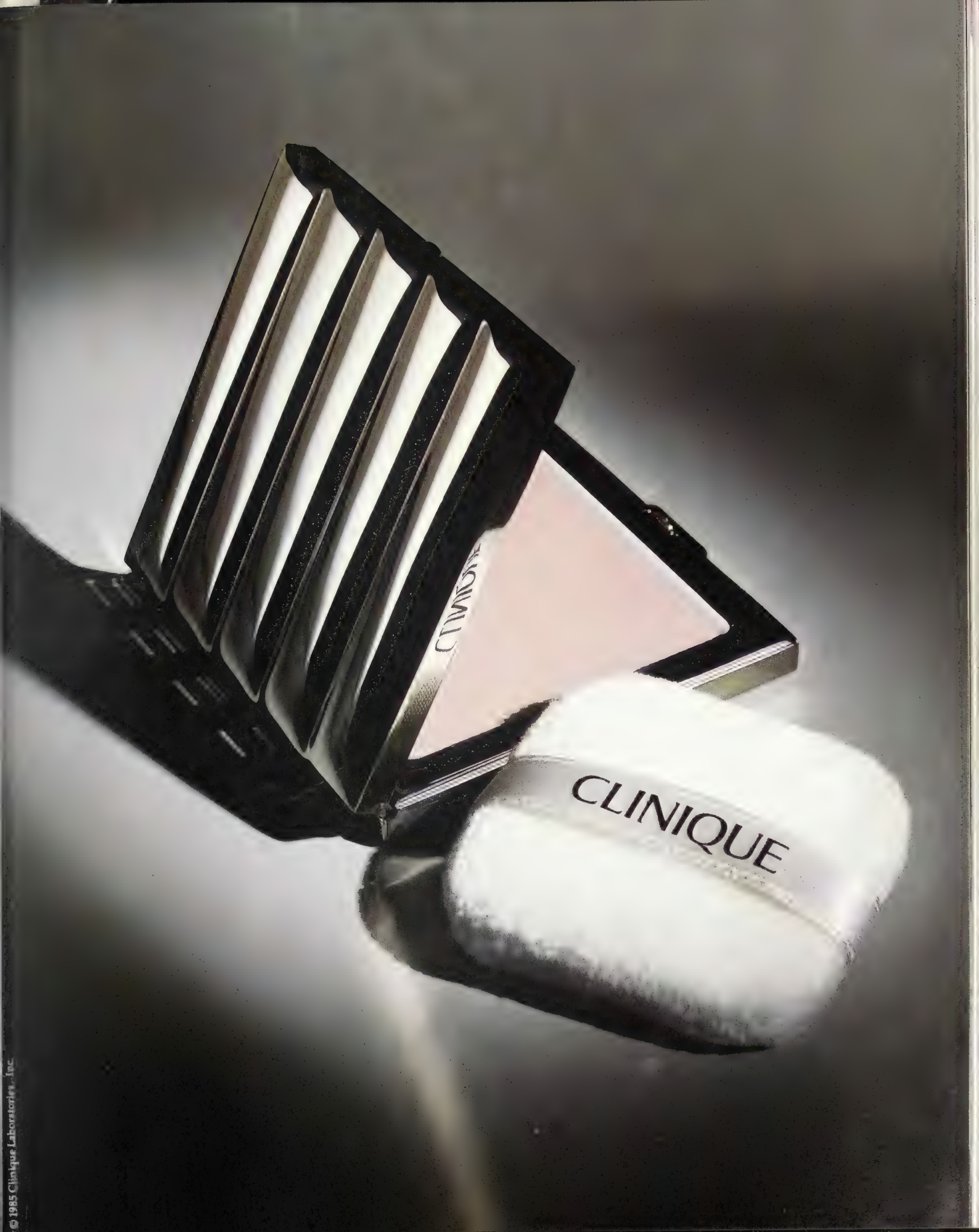
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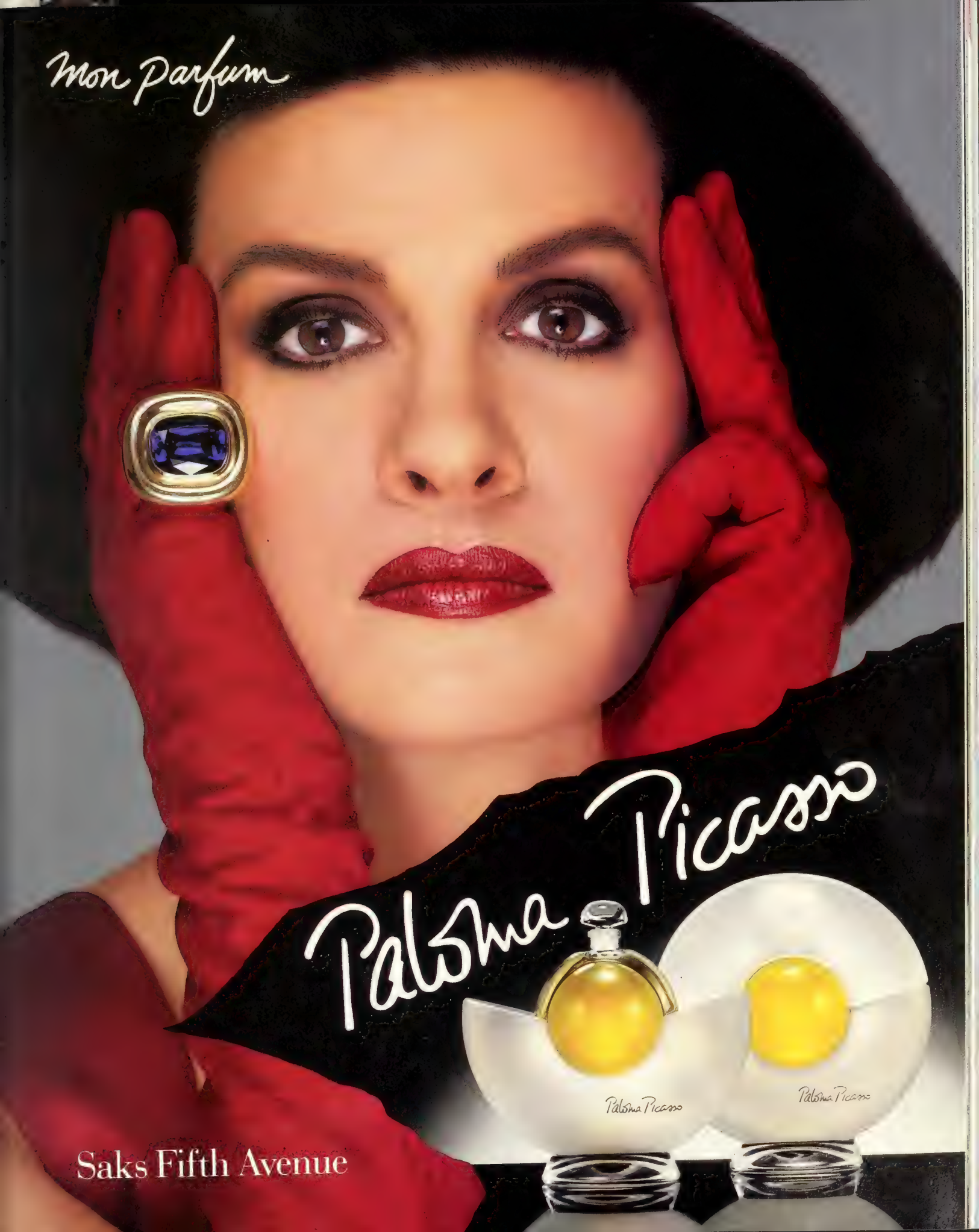
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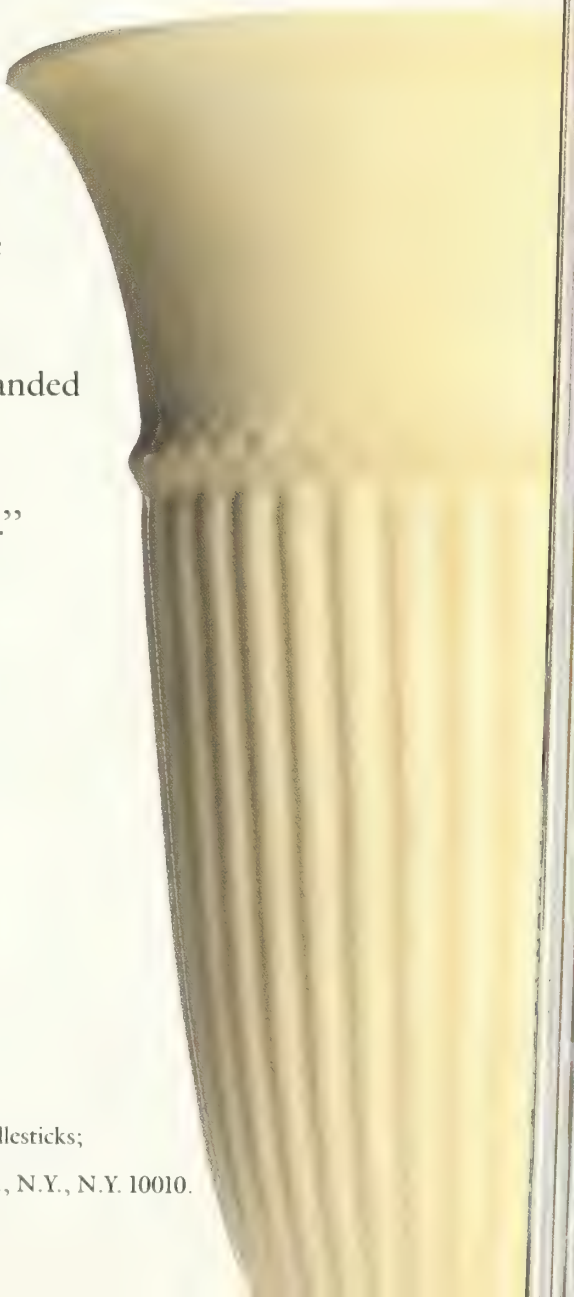




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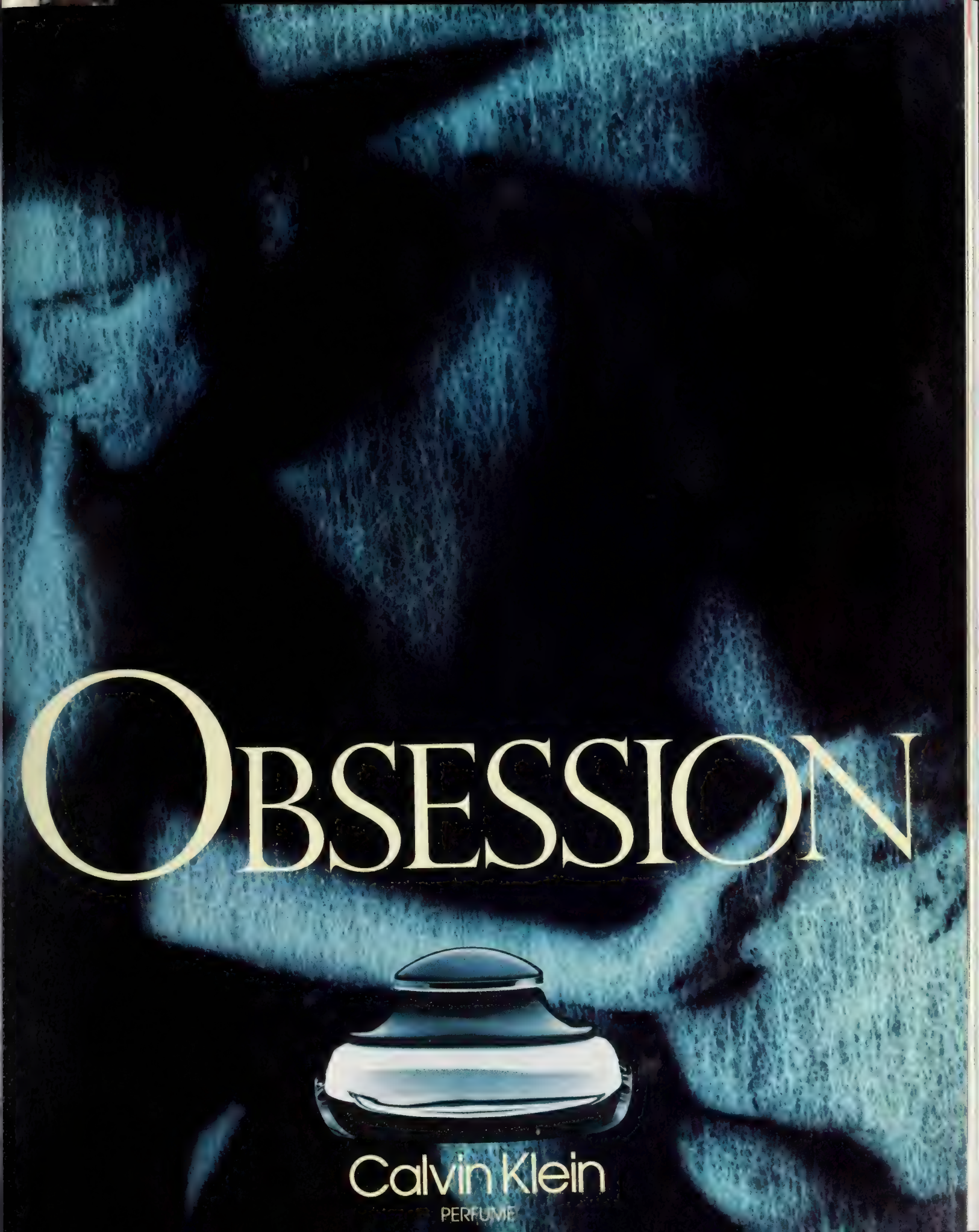
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At left: Wedgwood's "Edme" Queen's Ware vase and candlesticks; as well as museum pieces from the Wedgwood collection.
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JOHN RICHARDSON
Editor-at-Large John Richardson's enthusiasm and passion for art, people, and places—coupled with a mind that hunts for the story behind the story—results, happily, in a steady flow of ideas and articles for HG. This month he wants people to get the story straight on Gauguin. In our lead article he emphasizes "how the National Gallery in Washington has done away with the novelettish old legends about Gauguin and made us see him anew." Art historian Richardson has also been long at work on telling another painter's story—Picasso's—and the first of his four volumes on the artist is due out early next year from Random House.

BROOKE ASTOR
Inarguably the grande dame of the New York philanthropic community, Mrs. Vincent Astor is the president of the Vincent Astor Foundation and a trustee of the New York Public Library. She also contributes to the library in another way, as the author of four books, most recently the 1986 novel *The Last Blossom on the Plum Tree*.

In the midst of all this and her many charitable and social obligations, Mrs. Astor has also recently rejoined the staff of HG. From 1946–56 she was head of House & Garden's features department; she now serves as a consulting editor. Her piece this month for Homelife is, appropriately, about reading groups.


RUEDI HOFMANN


MAX VADUKUL

MAX VADUKUL
"My specialty is eccentric behavior," says photographer Max Vadukul, who photographed our lead feature on Gauguin. "I'm good at making people do what they might not naturally do in front of the camera, and with HG I'm given the flexibility to carry out my point of view." Born in Kenya, Vadukul lives in London and works there and in New York in the fashion and recording worlds. His photographs can also be seen in a new Rizzoli book, *All That Glitters: The Glory of Costume Jewelry*. Vadukul has directed television commercials and is at work on a feature film, which he describes as "a Western about an Indian rock star."

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FRÉDÉRIC HOFMANN

MICHAEL BOODRO

"I'm not a snob. I'll look at anything, talk to anyone, if it's intriguing and seems somehow different," says Michael Boodro, HG's new features editor. After a decade in the art world and four years in publishing, Boodro has the right stuff to keep on top of trends in art, decorating, and new-wave rock and roll. In his spare moments ("What spare moments?"), he has completed a novel.



WENDY GOODMAN

OBERTO GILI

Oberto Gili's photographs of interiors make you feel as if you've just walked into the room. His work appears effortless, neither too precious nor monumental, and is a perfect match for the new HG. For this issue Gili photographed Brian Murphy's house in Santa Monica, a house "full of ideas and taste." When not traveling, Gili is happiest "being a farmer and growing peonies at my farmhouse in Italy."

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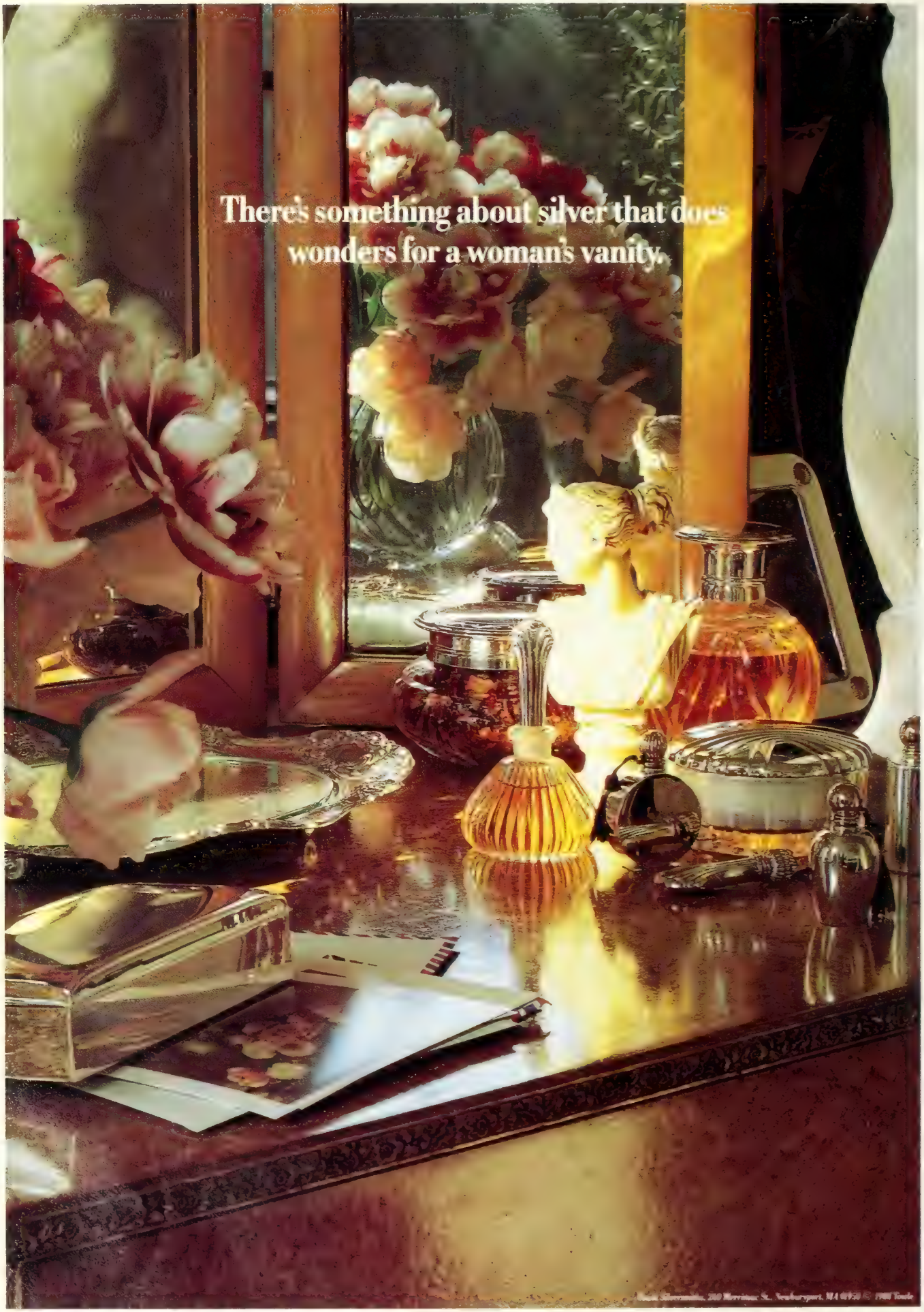
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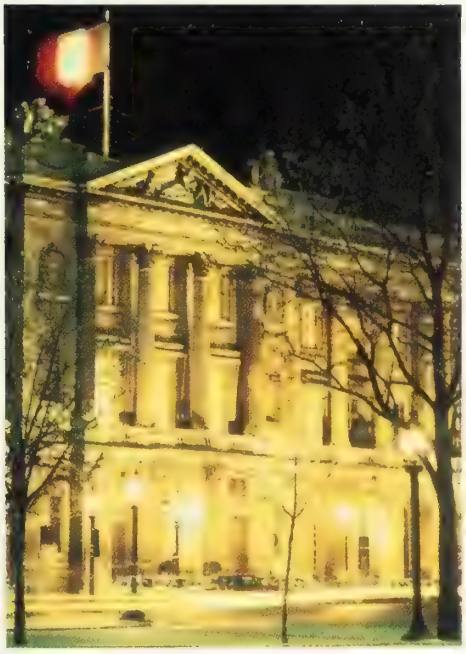


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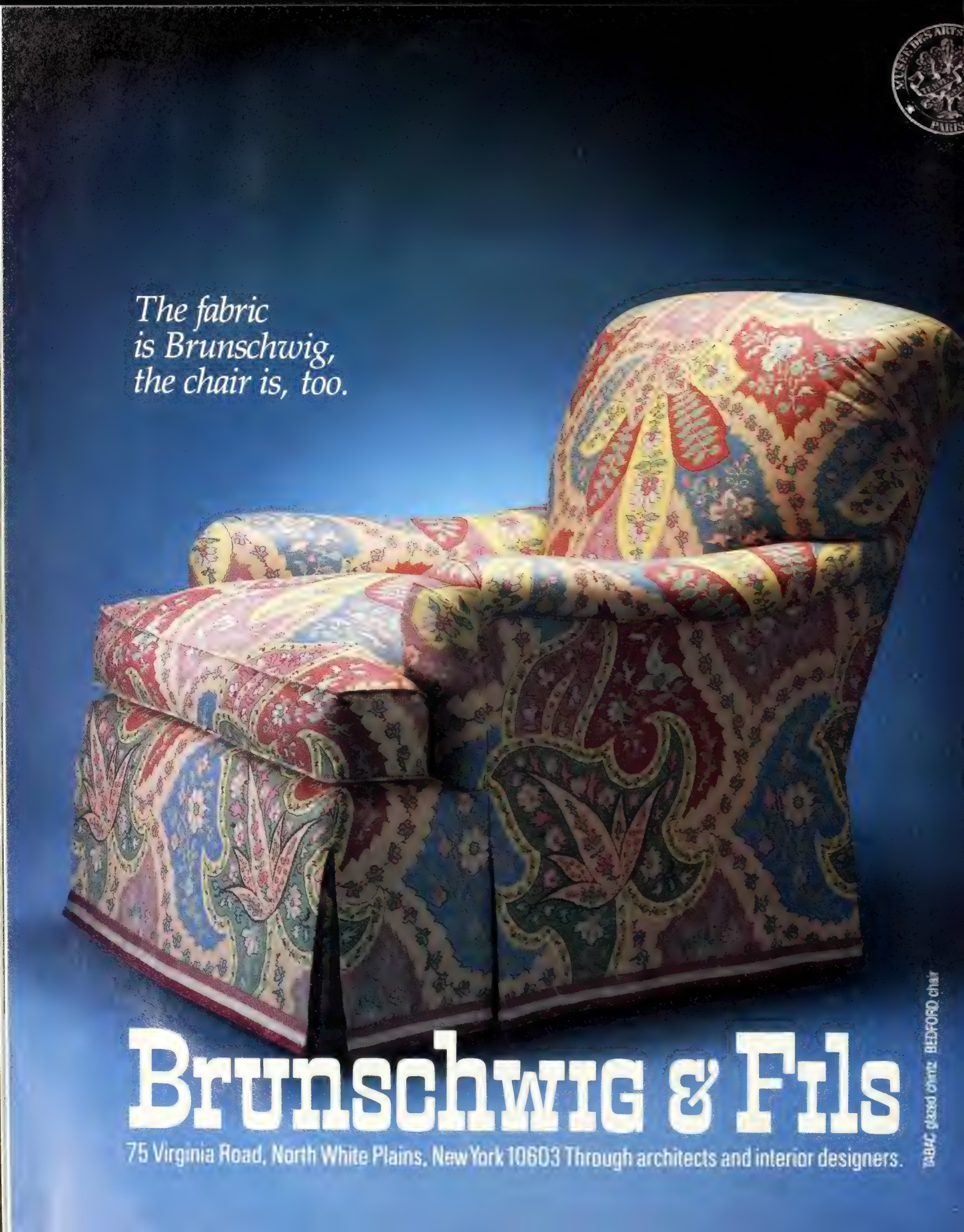
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The natural becomes fanciful in *The Tailor of Gloucester*, 1903.

Beyond Peter Rabbit

Beatrix Potter's love of animals was far more than a childhood enchantment

Beatrix Potter's *The Tale of Peter Rabbit* is one of the most popular children's books of all time, having sold 60 million copies in English and been translated into fifteen languages. This and its author's other little masterpieces—including *The Tailor of Gloucester* and *The Tale of Jemima Puddle-Duck*—led P. L. Travers, creator of the *Mary Poppins* books, to call Potter "one of the great archangels of literature."

Potter was also a remarkable naturalist and watercolorist, and 350 of her watercolors, drawings, sketches, studies, and other memorabilia will be on display May 12 through August 21 at the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York City. These works reveal an extraordinary artist who transformed a life of painful solitariness into a sensibility that discovered its solidarity with the realm of leaves, flowers, and fungi and with creatures like rabbits, pigs, and mice. She painstakingly rendered in word and picture all types of sentient life. As she once said: "What we call the highest and the lowest in nature are both equally perfect. A willow bush is as beautiful as the human form divine."

Beatrix Potter (1866–1943) spent most of her youth sequestered on the third floor of her parents' Kensington home in Lon-

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art



don—"my unloved birthplace," as she once called it. Early on, her father and mother, cotton heirs who did not need to work, provided their daughter with a Scottish nanny—a Miss McKenzie about whom Beatrix would later recall, "She had a firm belief in witches, fairies and the creed of the terrible John Calvin (the creed rubbed off but the fairies remained)." Every day Miss McKenzie would present her charge with a clean piqué frock and striped cotton stockings. A butler would climb up the back stairs promptly at one o'clock to bring the little girl an unvarying lunch consisting of a cutlet and rice pudding. And in the afternoon Miss McKenzie would take Beatrix out for a brisk walk. She had no neighborhood friends, did not go to school, and was taken downstairs to see her parents only to say goodnight.



Beatrix Potter at fifteen with a beloved pet. Top right: Her close study of a beetle.

Beatrix Potter's salvation lay in her early interest in drawing—an interest that became an obsession and later a vocation that served to connect her to the world outside and, with her indefatigable sense of humor, helped her overcome depressive moods. "I cannot rest, I must draw, however poor the result, and when I have a bad time come over me it is a stronger desire than ever, and settles on the queerest things. . . . Last time . . . I caught myself in the back yard making a careful and admiring copy of the swill bucket, and the laugh it gave me brought me round."

Thanks to her parents' frequent holiday trips to the English, Welsh, and Scottish countrysides, she discovered early on that, like Timmy Willie in her book *The Tale of Johnny Town-Mouse* (the mouse that liked to protect its head from the sun with a leaf umbrella while nibbling on a luscious strawberry), she preferred the country to the city.

Her first surviving sketchbook, made when she was nine years old, includes drawings of butterflies, caterpillars, and birds' eggs. Her second, completed a year later, shows rabbits skating on the ice and pushing one another on sleds.

Potter's drawings were always faithful to an animal's character and to nature. Thus, even when Peter Rabbit acts like an irrepressible little boy, he is irrefutably a carefully delineated rabbit; Mr. Jeremy Fisher both a squat Pickwickian bachelor and a perfectly realized frog. Beatrix would take umbrage at a passage in *The Wind in the Willows* in which Kenneth Grahame describes Toad combing his hair. "A mistake to fly in the face of nature," she wrote. "A frog may wear goloshes, but I don't hold with toads having beards or wigs!"

She developed and trained her eye by keeping, with the help of her younger brother, Bertram, an amazingly varied and ever-changing menagerie set up in the schoolroom of the third-floor nursery. At one time there were four black newts, two salamanders, two lizards, a family of snails, a dormouse, a tortoise, and a bat. Beatrix was especially fond of two Belgian rabbits—Benjamin H. Bouncer and Peter Piper—and a score of mice, which she was able to tame and feed out of her hand. When traveling, she carried these creatures with her in rabbit hutches and baskets, and she smuggled them down to the garden for an occasional romp. She recorded their measurements and occasionally boiled them after they died in order to study their skeletons—though some, like Tiggy the hedgehog (the model for Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle), were given aggrieved burials in the back garden.

And, of course, Potter drew these creatures over and over, thereby preserving the memory, specificity, humor, and vitality of these short-lived creatures—the true and dearest companions of her life—whom she loved and portrayed with at least as much devotion as Lewis Carroll loved and photographed his many prepubescent little female friends.

From a Miss Cameron—a drawing teacher provided by her parents—she learned freehand drawing, modeling, geometry, perspective, and watercoloring, but she resented her lessons and her teacher, saying, "I shall paint just as I like when not with her. . . I am convinced it lies chiefly with oneself. . . . It may just be that one sees [things] because one has an open mind, not in a groove." The painter Sir John Everett Millais, a friend of Beatrix's father, paid her one of her finest compliments when, after seeing a selection of her work, he astutely commented: "Plenty of people can *draw*, but you . . . have observation."

"A frog may wear goloshes, but I don't hold with toads having beards"

Nature was Beatrix Potter's only real teacher. So it was inevitable that she would eventually live permanently in the country. In 1896 her parents rented a house near the Lake District village of Sawrey. "It is as nearly perfect a little place as I ever lived in," Beatrix would write in her journal.

Nine years later, in 1905, Beatrix Potter bought a farm in Near Sawrey called Hill Top, whose interiors—dressers, claret-colored curtains, flagged floors—and exteriors—cottage garden, slate-roofed porches, purple clematis—provided the settings for many of her best books, such as *The Tale of Jemima Puddle-Duck, The Tale of Tom Kitten, The Tale of Pigling Bland.* In and around her cherished Lancashire village she depicted the beauties of north-country life with its surrounding lakes, fells, and whitewashed farms. In 1913 she married a property solicitor named William Heelis and spent the rest of her life cultivating her garden, farming, breeding Herdwick sheep, and working to conserve the land and the animals she had spent her life portraying so often, so accurately and so beautifully because she had loved them so selflessly and so deeply.

Jonathan Cott

Frederick Warne & Company, the original publisher of Beatrix Potter's books, has recently issued new editions of 23 volumes of her Peter Rabbit *books with four-color plates printed from Potter's original watercolors, $4.95 hardcover, $2.95 paper.*

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Art Takes Shape

Sculpture achieves a new dimension in importance

High stakes and sometimes bloody skirmishes on the battlefield of contemporary painting during the past two decades—from Minimalism and Conceptualism to the wild excesses of Neo-Expressionism to the Day-Glo hard edges of Neo-Geo—have made it easy to ignore the quieter if weightier art of sculpture. Indeed, the last time many people paid attention, sculpture seemed mired in a tired formalism. Yet the evidence is mounting that sculpture may be the most vital medium of the moment. Many of the best young artists are choosing to express themselves in three-dimensions. Of the eleven artists the Museum of Modern Art has showcased in its innovative Projects series since it was resumed in 1986, seven have been sculptors.

In Britain a new generation of sculptors—including Barry Flanagan, Richard Long, and Bill Woodrow—are producing what's generally acknowledged to be the most important art in that country, as documented last year in the traveling exhibition "A Quiet Revolution: British Sculpture Since 1965."

One of the easiest ways to get a quick take on the vitality and diversity of the current sculpture scene can be found in Minneapolis at an exhibition celebrating the opening in September of the seven-acre Minneapolis Sculpture Garden. The Walker Art Center's "Sculpture Inside Outside," on view from May 22 through the summer, features seventeen young sculptors, among them Judith Shea, Jene Highstein, Peter Shelton, and Martin Puryear. Their wildly varying styles and techniques—from unique ways of using traditional materials to a willful and playful tampering with icons of popular culture—prove sculpture is able to encompass virtually any artistic impulse from the romantic to the deliberately disturbing.

Any further doubts about this sculptural renaissance should be dispelled by a number of solo exhibitions this month and next. John Duff, 45, has been working for more than two decades, and his latest works will be shown at New York's Blum Helman Gallery May 4–28. Although he shuns publicity, Duff's sensuous colored fiberglass wall pieces and freestanding structures have inspired many.

In April young artist Hanno Ahrens, in his second exhibition at SoHo's Sharpe Gallery, continues his investigation of the properties of dense rough-hewn wood and the pliable smoothness of plaster.

Christy Rupp has always been concerned with the confrontation between urbanized man and nature—her most famous piece was a large cast-stone snail dragging an ear of corn. At P.P.O.W. Gallery in the East Village through April 24, her new work continues her fascination with the underside of biology.

Robert Gober, at the Art Institute of Chicago April 26–June 26, totally upsets expectations about familiar household objects in his work—as in his lovingly handcrafted kitchen sinks and urinals that evoke both drudgery and Duchamp. His *X Crib* takes the familiar and reassuring form of a cradle and denies it all possibility of shelter.

Gober works in the tradition of Richard Artschwager, one of the first artists to play with the forms of furniture. Artschwager's retrospective, a recent hit at the Whitney, is at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art beginning June 16.

These shows may be the ultimate proof that sculpture now offers possibilities for innovation and idiosyncrasy which the tyranny of the picture plane simply does not allow.

Michael Boodro







Sculptors in their element. From top: Christy Rupp with her life-size cardboard dinosaur. Hanno Ahrens in his studio. Robert Gober leans on his *X Crib*.



Andrée Putman, left, in Le Corbusier chaise longue, has redone his Villa Schwob, above, with her modern classics, far left.

DEIDI VON SCHAEWEN

Modern Metamorphosis

Andrée Putman gives an early Le Corbusier masterpiece a discreet and sympathetic infusion of her own distinctive style

Many architects are ashamed of their earliest buildings, deleting them from their résumés and hoping those tentative efforts will be forgotten. But the more famous the architect, the less possible that is. Like most of his coprofessionals, Le Corbusier got his start designing houses for his family and friends in his hometown. Born in 1887 in La Chaux-de-Fonds (then the watchmaking capital of Switzerland), Le Corbusier was justly proud of the last of his seven houses there, the Villa Schwob of 1916–17. Built for a rich industrialist, it was unlike any other residence around. Its flat roof, almost-blank street façade, and Byzantine massing won it the nickname of Villa Turque. Less visibly, its concrete structural frame made it one of the most technically advanced houses of its day.

With a fine sense of high-profile, high-style image making, the Ebel watch company recently bought the house for use as a public relations center. Tactfully restored by the architect Pierre Studer, it has been given a fresh and somewhat unexpected interior redesign by Andrée Putman, best known for her personal reinterpretations of the early Modern style. Rather than using Le Corbusier's own furniture classics, which weren't introduced until a decade after the Villa Schwob was completed, she relied on the now-familiar pieces produced by her Paris firm, Ecart. Putman's reeditions, including Eileen Gray's Transat chair and Mariano Fortuny's desk lamp, work remarkably well in the imposing double-height salon and avoid the fake historic-house feeling that too literal an approach would have given. Furthermore, she never pushes her personality to the fore at the expense of the master's. The rooms, and therefore the villa itself, seem much more modern now than when the house was first completed. Furnished then with a heavy *haut bourgeois* hand, it did not look as architecturally innovative as it actually was. Now Andrée Putman's deft but discreet touch clarifies the timelessness of this work of youthful genius. **Martin Filler**

The Revolution of '88?

Postmodernism is passé, according to an upcoming exhibition at MOMA

Philip Johnson is excited. He's on to something new. Forget the AT&T Building. Broken pediments were yesterday. "The revolution is against Postmodernism," declares the peripatetic Pied Piper of architecture. "Michael Graves's fifteen minutes are up."

Although this will undoubtedly come as sad news to many, including Graves (who's busier than ever), Johnson does have a point. The bloom has been off the rose of Postmodernism for quite some time now, but it is an open question whether or not "Deconstructivist Architecture," the exhibition Johnson is guest-curating with his new 31-year-old protégé, Mark Wigley, contains the stuff of which the next fifteen minutes will be made. Will architects flock to New York's Museum of Modern Art between June 23 and August 30 and be so moved that they return home to their drawing boards filled with what Johnson calls the new feeling? Maybe. If so, they would do well to read up on Russian Constructivism, the au courant font of architectural inspiration, before putting pen to paper. Certainly Peter Eisenman, Frank Gehry, Zaha Hadid, Rem Koolhaas, Daniel Libeskind, Wolf Prix/Helmut Swiczinsky, and Bernard Tschumi—the architects whose drawings and models are included in the MOMA exhibition—have more than a nodding acquaintance with this particular branch of the early Modern movement, although their individual variations on the themes of fracture and fragmentation are wildly idiosyncratic, as a glimpse of their designs, right, confirms.

And as for that nasty rumor about Johnson stealing the idea for "Deconstructivist Architecture" from younger minds? "I'm in a wonderful position," quips the 81-year-old architect. "I'm so old I don't give a damn."

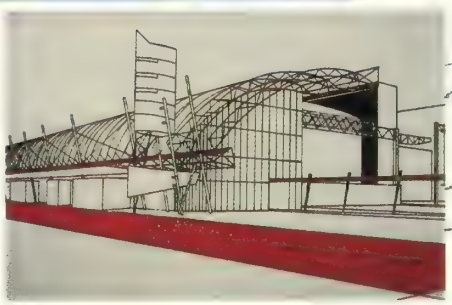
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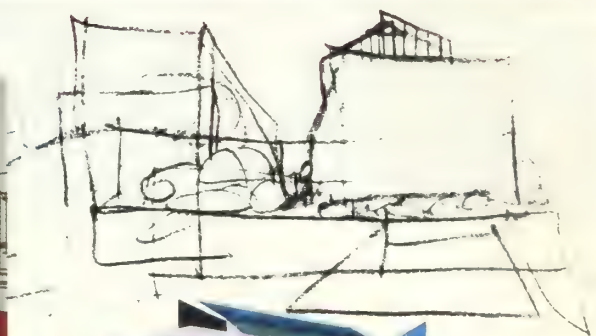


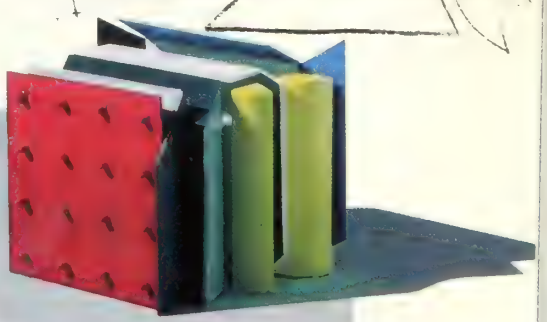


Selections from the portfolios of the architects in the MOMA exhibition reveal an "interesting stylistic confluence," according to guest curator Philip Johnson.









Drawings and models, clockwise from top right, by Peter Eisenman, Zaha Hadid, Frank Gehry, Daniel Libeskind, Rem Koolhaas, Bernard Tschumi, and Wolf Prix and Helmut Swiczinsky of Coop Himmelblau.







Clockwise, from far left: A marble fireplace at Au Bar; books line the wall, also at Au Bar; at Forty Worth a customer waits for a shoeshine; a couple in a curtained booth at Forty Worth.

Little Nells

Will the English drawing-room look suffocate post-disco club life in New York?

In the myriad of Manhattan nightclubs—tatty, pretentious, life-threatening, slick, small, sleazy, and just plain dull—there is always one that swims to the surface and reigns supreme over its rivals. How long its heyday lasts is decided at the whim of the notoriously capricious New York night crawlers. At the moment it is Nell's, which has been the leader since it opened in October 1986. One identifiable reason for its popularity is Nell herself, the eccentric and witty hostess who has long been a cult figure thanks to her bizarre cabarets and appearances in both the theater and movie versions of *The Rocky Horror Show*. Another tangible reason is that the design of the club, brainchild of Keith McNally, and his wife, Lynn Wagenknecht, has turned its back on those ultramodern disco schemes of mirror and chrome with enough bulbs and strobes to illuminate downtown Las Vegas. Nell's went for the comfort of large sofas, wood paneling, and soft lighting: the overall effect is similar to the English drawing room. In the red corner we have Nell's, the reigning champ, and in the blue we have the newcomers: Undochine, Forty Worth, Au Bar, and the newest new boy, MK's.

Undochine, which has been open since October 1987, is the largest of the four. In fact, it has no official title because the coowners, Frederick Sutherland and Jon Sidel, could not pick a name from the scores they had drafted. It has variously been nicknamed Fred's Place, Place King, and Weird Boat, but the most popular is Undochine, coined because the club is underneath Indochine—the massively successful restaurant on Lafayette Street owned by the massively successful restaurateur and social commentator Brian McNally, Keith McNally's brother.

Undochine roughly divides into three different sections: near the entrance a bar shaped like a ship's prow—thus Weird Boat—serves a series of booths, made out

CENTER PETER BOSCH; OTHERS MARY HILLIARD





Sofas, a red wing chair, and a drum coffee table, above, at Au Bar. Right: At Forty Worth bright red sofas line a deep blue niche.

of bird's-eye maple, and continues through to the woodwork of the bar and deejay's console in the main room where the walls have been stripped back to the raw brick. There is absolutely nothing decorated about this section other than dim red lights and three mirrored balls which throw specks of light into the dusky atmosphere. Beyond the black wood dance floor a spiral staircase leads to the third section where Undochine's punk chef produces snacks for the guests. His repertoire consists of processed-cheese sandwiches. Period. Frederick Sutherland, who describes himself as a functional artist and designed many of the club's fittings, says: "There was a need for a club, as there was only Nell's and Madame Rosa's as far as anyone was concerned. There's little pretense here. We wanted it to be simple, comfortable, and with no real attitude. This is New York and everyone's seen everything so there's no need to try and impress anybody." Here they succeed magnificently. It's not so much a dancing place as a hangout. "On Mondays we have local and L.A. rock bands," says Sutherland. "And Captain Whizzo comes down to do his superpsychedelic light show. He's been putting them on since 1965." And by the looks of it he hasn't changed his style since then—swirling globules of orange and pink oil being the order of the day.

Nell's went for the comfort of sofas, wood paneling, and soft lighting

The club has a following at the moment—people are frequently turned away, but how long will that last? It lacks style and comfort, which can always be sacrificed for the sake of good music, but, as at so many similar clubs, only plastic Pop is offered. Of course, knowing one is going to see friends can be a big incentive, but facilities for conversation are limited, and it is so dark you might never find them anyway. Frederick Sutherland concludes, "I don't know how long it will last; clubs have a short life span. One week you're riding the crest of cool, the next you're old news."

Forty Worth was conceived by the powerfully built Mitch Perl, a former bouncer and bartender at Danceteria. A nice enough man, he can tell a Bianca-came-down-here-one-night story with the best of them. His club is in a basement on West Broadway which used to house a restaurant called Ira's, a place where, apparently, politicians fraternized with denizens of the underworld. It is perhaps interesting to note that Forty Worth is next door to the massively successful Odeon, owned by none other than Keith McNally and his wife, part owners of Nell's.

When Ira's closed, the space lay empty for twenty years until Perl, who was looking for an ideal place in the west teens, stumbled across it: "There was no place to go except Nell's, and I'd grown tired of it. No one *enjoys* themselves there; they all just look at one another checking out who has what bow in their hair. It's a real showcase, but they do great business—my hat's off to them.

"I had a fantasy about owning a house in Manhattan and having a basement for my friends to hang out in. The club came out close to this dream by being open six nights a week and being *extremely* comfortable." As at Undochine, I was clearly not on the same wavelength when it comes to what they consider comfortable. There is the obvious problem that a lesser-known tributary of the Hudson River is wont to snake through parts of the club when it rains. The seating is designed to make one remain vertical despite aching feet. The centerpiece of the club is a large handsome clock, which formerly resided in the lobby of the original Manhattan Savings Bank. Also bought from the same bank are several olive leather conference chairs. The transition has not been a happy one. Strangely the dated smell of patchouli oil pervades the atmosphere, and one is forced to ask: what am I doing in this dive? The regulars are described as "a real downtown crowd interested in the arts, people who go out *all* the time." These people for whom black is de rigueur are no doubt oblivious to the Amtrak seating and are more than happy to prop up the bar until dawn, but for a newcomer the atmosphere is about as appealing as the subway.

Au Bar on 58th Street is owned by Howard Stein, who is older than the other contenders by about fifteen years. Stein has had a long career as an entrepreneur. He started as a concert promoter back in the sixties, when his Uncle Iggy gave him a job touring with Herman's Hermits. He then moved on to nightclubs and developed a talent for seeing what was the hottest spot in town and then ripping off the idea. First he had Xenon to rival Steve Rubell's Studio 54. When meta-chic restaurants opened up, Stein followed suit with Prima Donna, although he was less successful with it than with Xenon. Now, of the four newcomers, Stein has attempted the closest copy of Nell's.

The club has been decorated by three previously unknown English girls em-

LEFT: PETER BOSCH; RIGHT: MARY HILLIARD

ployed because they impressed Stein with their first hand knowledge of such exclusive London clubs as Annabel's and Mark's. Ideas were also stolen from Pratts, but as women, they would not have had access to its venerable chambers.

The large basement room has been divided into different sections around its perimeter. There is the "attic" decorated with crossed field-hockey sticks and old trunks. The "salon" is graced by a fake Sargent; next door is the "library" with shelves of dusty encyclopedias and old sepia-toned photographs on the plum-colored walls. There is also a dining area, which serves finger food as well as dinner and breakfast. The deep damask-covered sofas and tapestry armchairs provide a degree of comfort here. A large ventilator in the section known as the men's club dispels smoke from cigars and pipes, and in the men's bathrooms the cover stories (changed daily) from leading newspapers are framed on the wall above the urinals. The pseudo-Englishness is Stein's great joy. "I've been wanting to do a club like this for a long time, especially after the six years I spent at Xenon. That was an era dedicated to overproduction—more was better, which is the opposite of the little details we concentrate on here." Although it mimics all things British, Au Bar's name has been taken from the title of a Cocteau drawing, which was done at Le Boeuf sur le Toit, a Parisian bar frequented by expatriates. "I was looking for a name from that time. First I thought I'd call it Gertrude's, after my namesake, Gertrude Stein, but then I thought, my God, they are going to think I'm imitating Nell's. I like the name Au Bar—it's simple—although no one can spell it and people who don't like it call it Au Shit and Au No."

The "salon" of Au Bar is graced by a fake Sargent

One has to conclude that unless someone arrives on the night scene with a great deal more chutzpah, the status quo will remain. But Nell better hang fire before she goes jitterbugging to the bank because MK's might just have the right ingredients to scrawl the writing on Nell's paneling. Eric Goode, the dashing bohemian who used to run Area, has converted an old bank on Fifth and 25th Street into four floors of idiosyncratic adventure. The third floor has a bedroom where neurotics can hyperventilate in the peace of creamy damask. Next door is a powder room, which includes a tub for general use. On the same floor is a pool table in a room decorated like a mad old uncle's library. A cabinet contains a science-laboratory display of bones; a lion rampant and a Doberman (both stuffed) also lurk about the place–Goode is a taxidermophile. The mezzanine has a restaurant with mosaic tiling and an air of fin de siècle.

Downstairs the lobby features a gold-leaf ceiling, a huge crystal chandelier, a marble floor, and the two bars. Along the whole of one wall the taxidermophile has built a vast fish tank. If you've never got into the mesmeric effect of these tanks, now is your chance; however, how long the fish will be allowed to dwell in water as opposed to formaldehyde is anyone's guess. The dance floor is housed in the former bank vault. Little has been altered here, so the effect is similar to Frankenstein's castle, exaggerated by low and sinister lighting. Bring on the night.

Liza Campbell



Chair of the Month

Dr. Ruth analyzes the possibilities for a new design

Now I wonder what Sigmund Freud would say to a couch like this. Let me tell you what Dr. Ruth Westheimer is going to say. If you need to talk about some problems with your mother-in-law, I can see a couch like this. But for talking about good sex, let me design a different couch. But maybe for talking about some dreams, some horror dreams or some really out-in-space kind of voyage, it might be great. Or as a *pièce de conversation* when people have very little to talk about, I think it is brilliant.

I have an idea. This is the perfect chair to get a massage on. . .

Dr. Ruth poised on the steel-and-leather Espada chaise by Santiago Calatrava, Stendig, $50,000.



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Social Studies

There's more to reading groups than books. **Brooke Astor** reports

I was nineteen and married for two years when I joined my first reading group. It came about in this way. My family had been living in Washington for the last five years when, with their reluctant consent, I took the leap into matrimony and went to live in New Jersey.

It was the time between the wars, and well-off Americans were dedicated to copying English country life. Somerset County, New Jersey, with its rolling hills and lush meadows, was the perfect setting for building their Georgian manor houses and indulging a taste for outdoor sports such as fox hunting, beagling, and cross-country races. These sports were enjoyed along with their attendant hunt balls, hunt breakfasts, hearty beagling teas, and magnificent picnic lunches on hillsides to watch the races. For me, this was quite new—totally different from life in Washington, which had been confined to tea dances with the children of diplomats and riding in Rock Creek Park with a group from school. So here I was in New Jersey, and as I was so young I became quite a pet among the older ladies. At first it was delicious for me. After two years, however, in spite of the beauty of the countryside and all the kindness of these delightful people, I was not happy. My husband was very difficult, and my family was in Haiti, as father had been appointed High Commissioner. At this time I met a woman who asked if I would like to join a reading group. I accepted with alacrity. I had been brought up reading and discussing books, and I think unconsciously I missed that.

Mrs. Cromwell sat straight as a ramrod in a Chippendale chair and looked down at us to see if we were all attentive as she read in her mellifluous voice

The group turned out to be fascinating, mostly because it was dominated by an extraordinary lady, Mrs. Cromwell, who was at least 25 years older (and wiser) than the rest of us. She had the presence of a woman from a Henry James novel and was quite lovely-looking with dark penetrating eyes, a small oval face, and graying hair parted in the middle and pulled back into a bun. Her voice was among her greatest attractions, and one never missed a word. We were to read the Greeks, starting with Thucydides, and I can see Mrs. Cromwell now, sitting straight as a ramrod in a large Chippendale chair, looking down at us (we usually sat on the floor) to make sure we were all attentive as she read a favorite passage in her mellifluous voice. It was her own intensity and interest that brought the words to life. Reading Thucydides's *History of the Peloponnesian War* was quite an experience; it catapulted us into the day-to-day life of the Peloponnesus and gave us a close-up view of what war and expansion can do to a nation. Mrs. Cromwell asked us to evaluate: If this should happen in *our times*, to our nation, what would we do? We wrote out our responses with fervor, and discussions were heated. Whenever we began to go beyond the bounds of civil conversation, Mrs. Cromwell would call a halt and would then take each of us on. One of our members was later elected to Congress; she became particularly articulate and continued to be so for many years in government service. I was in this group for three years and stopped when my son was born.

The reading-group experience helped to discipline my thinking and, indirectly, my life. Soon after it, I got a divorce and moved to New York with my little boy. I already knew quite a lot of people, as my husband and I had usually rented a house in New York for the winter, and most of the New Jersey people had town houses there. So I had a good time seeing old friends and meeting new ones. Among the new friends was Hermann Oelrichs. I met him through Ernest Boyd, who, among other things, wrote an excellent life of Maupassant. It seems that Hermann, who wished to be au courant about what was going on in the literary world, paid Ernest a small sum to write a résumé each week of what should or should not be read—in other words, to give Hermann a chance to appear to have brilliant opinions. I was told this in secrecy by Ernest and so, of course, longed to meet Hermie.

Although Hermann Oelrichs had a house in Newport and another in New York, he also owned a two-story building on East 52nd Street, which he turned into a sort of club. He received there every Tuesday and Thursday from three o'clock on; one was given a pass to present at the door, then went up to the second floor into a large room filled with comfortable chairs and floor-to-ceiling bookshelves on three walls. Here one could find Deems Taylor, George Jean Nathan, Mencken, Woollcott, Oliver St. John Gogarty (*As I Was Going Down Sackville Street*), Sean O'Casey, Noël Coward, the Lunts, Emlyn Williams, and occasionally Dumpy Oelrichs (Hermann's wife) would bring friends Tookie Mortimer, Anita Loos, and Peggy Leech (later Mrs. Ralph Pulitzer).

It was at Hermann Oelrichs's 52nd Street house that I met Orage. Ernest introduced me and then left me with him. He was a small, dark, furtive-looking person with dead white skin and soft brown eyes. As I talked to him he told me that he was a philosopher, a follower of Gurdjieff and of Ouspensky. I knew nothing of these men. Orage had just finished



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his book *Consciousness*, concerning human, animal, and sublime consciousness. Looking back now, I think he was one of those men who mask themselves under the guise of philosophers, but are actually part of a cult wishing to attract disciples. At the time, never having seen his like before (but I have seen plenty since), I was fascinated and asked if he would come to my house every two weeks to instruct us and tell us what to read. We were all young and extremely curious about ourselves, and he nurtured in us a sense of superiority toward the rest of mankind. We read only his own books, starting with *Consciousness*, and were in the middle of *On Love* when he was called back to Europe, which was perhaps just as well because his pockets were full and our heads were quite confused and empty. I should not call this experience a reading group. It was closer to a session with an unlicensed psychiatrist.

After Orage my life became so busy that not until three years ago did I have the time to start a real reading group with a married couple who had excellent ideas on how to organize it. First, they asked a well-known British literary critic to be our guide. Then they assembled a group with an interesting mix (all with different types of publications): three publishers; two authors; two musicians, who are also writers; a well-known prima ballerina; three married ladies, who are mixed up with everything interesting in New York; and myself. This time our leader chose a theme for each year. The first year's theme was manners and money. We read *Little Dorrit* by Charles Dickens, *The Custom of the Country* by Edith Wharton, *The Way We Live Now* by Anthony Trollope, and *Tono-Bungay* by H. G. Wells. Last year's readings were on the beginnings of revolution: Flaubert's *A Sentimental Education*, Turgenev's *First Love* and *On the Eve*, followed by Conrad's *Under Western Eyes*, and Henry James's *Princess Casamassima*.

Our topic this year is men and women. The first book was *Adolphe* by Benjamin Constant. The second *Persuasion* by Jane Austen, and then *Middlemarch* by George Eliot. We are presently reading *Anna Karenina*, which I have read, but not for years. Reading it for a group discussion will be very different from reading it for oneself—it will have much more depth.

We meet once a month. We talk and talk, which is what one wants in a reading group. There is no point in reading if you do not form opinions. The whole idea is to take a look at life through books and then to have the fun of discussing them with other people. ♠


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Design for Living

William Hamilton delves into a new encyclopedia of design and finds more than he bargained for

Although it is a very dire way, leaving your marriage is one method of discovering what interior-decorating talent you may have. Denuded of home, you start freshly, if not innocently, to dwell again. This restart, cautioned by disaster, can obtain unexpected aesthetic intensity from the emotional cocktail mixed of guilt, self-justification, and the euphoria of escape. The first apartment of the marital émigré tries to be everything that the exited maze of pain, deceit, and woe was not.

There are no wedding presents in the escape apartment, and divorce presents are still unheard of, so the furnishing decisions are as unprejudiced as deep space. Souvenirs of the defunct past are abhorrent. Everything must be new—at least new to the newly single shopper—preferably cheap, and from as close by as possible. These conditions lead to unexpected intensity in such heretofore obliviously presumed bazaars as Woolworth and K Mart.

My own first decisions under these conditions produced a mattress, a brown gooseneck lamp, and six prickly rolls of sisal matting in the bare square of my just-leased studio apartment. Sisal carpeted the diving boards of my youth, so it had a symbolic as well as an economic appeal for me as I plunged into postmarital bachelorhood.

Professor Pile marches us along like an educated, authoritarian nun

After the big things, I began to browse for accessories. Six plain white mugs from Woolworth—so refreshingly opposite to the complex decorative heirlooms I'd fled. Six heavy white restaurant-ware plates. The plainest glasses and some wooden-handled cutlery completed my spartan table setting. I even soaked the labels off my liquor bottles so the bar would also be a display of essential unadorned form and informationless color.

My lair was as pure in shape, form, color, size, scale, proportion, unity, balance, emphasis, pattern, ornament—in short, all of the ingredients charted in John F. Pile's exhaustive volume **Interior Design**—as an egg. It did not last, of course. Eggs don't. I am currently writing this on a pillow cut from an Aubusson rug. The turrets and towers of as much aesthetic period furniture as I've been able to lay my hands on cut a Constantinople skyline all around me. A new wife has arrived. The Woolworth mugs are gone.



Professor Pile's book feels like a life's work. His prose is careful, his information encyclopedic. *Interior Design* (Harry N. Abrams, $49.50), however, is a lot more fun than an encyclopedia because it is thick with gorgeous photographs of contemporary interiors plotted by the most important designers of our day.

If his prose at times harkens back to earlier days ("It seems that we were best off in an automobile or traveling on an ocean liner"), his information brims up through his absolutely contemporary photographic examples to a glossy and entertaining present with complete and authoritative relevance. He philosophizes with an unshakably patrician perspective: "Living things are invariably of excellent design." Only an optimistic tastemaker unfamiliar with Times Square and the New York subway system could conclude that "one can find design merit in even the most threatening of life-forms."

The author marches us through the splendors of rich and grand and simple and brilliant and public and private rooms like a supremely educated and authoritarian nun managing a sixth-grade cultural outing. He has attacked interior decoration with the logic and deliberation of a grammarian. Like the original decliners of Latin, who marked off the parts of their language around a circle, spinning it like lab technicians breaking down a blood sample, Professor Pile declines interior design.

Nothing is presumed to be understood, which is invaluable when he charts and examines such arcane aspects of the field as lighting or textiles. But such pedagogy can be unintentionally amusing when he explains less technical, more philosophical matters like the nature of difference: "It is design differences that make one house different from another, one room different from another, and that allow us to speak of one example as better or worse than another."

The old boy is also not without his opinions. Plastic imitation makes him furious: "Serious design work of good quality rejects all such imitation as cheap, shoddy, and generally of such poor appearance as to fool no one." The subject sets him sputtering for hundreds of words until he beholds anathema itself: "Plastic butcher block or knotty pine, linoleum marble or flagstone, simulated brick and tile, fake fireplaces, and plastic plants are among the absurdities that have no place in a well-designed interior."

Once I chose Saint Patrick's Day to exchange a pair of gloves at a snooty boutique devoted to horsewear on Madison Avenue. In front of its window stood a pair of cast-iron benches bearing fox-hunting motifs. Saint Patrick's Day in New York City attracts the youth of New Jersey and other nearby popu-

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La Petite Danseuse was the only one of Degas' sculptures exhibited during his lifetime, and none was cast until after his death in 1917. This bronze is one of a limited number of casts made of *La Petite Danseuse* in the 1920s.

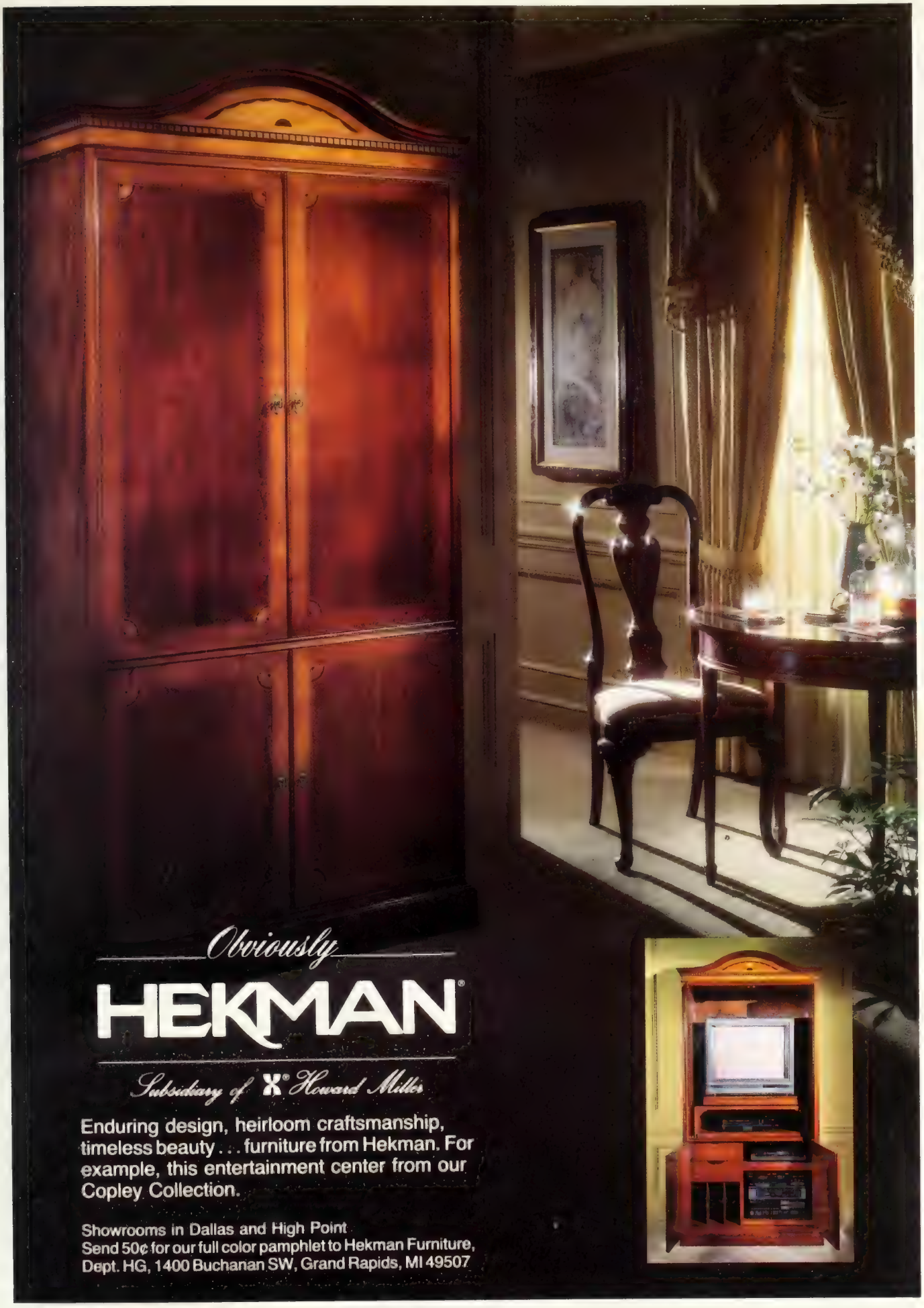
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BOOKS

lation centers the way Fort Lauderdale does at the spring break. They flow in, pooling together around the parade. The sight of the splendid tallyho benches in front of the tony equine equipper was mistakenly welcome to half a dozen such celebrants. The proprietor grew anxious over the rowdy arrivals outside his window. Past the saddles, hunting horns, velvet hunting caps, and horse-flecked silk scarves he glared at the barbaric teens. When he could bear it no more he excused himself and strode in a fury to the door.

"You're common!" he shouted at the boys. "Common as dirt!"

Pile redresses plastic brick and hand-hewn fiberglass beams with the same revealing vehemence. Was he given artificial flowers at a critical moment in his emotional development? Did he once find himself infatuated with someone whose taste appalled him?

How brutally Freud puts it in his demarcation of id, ego, and superego. Yet it's not impossible to explain Pile's outburst against current imitation technology by imagining him stressed by just such a Freudian triangle: drawn by desire for another to a room of plastic knotty pine, false wormholes, and linoleum bricks, he is at once repelled and enthralled. His id brings him where his ego is appalled by his superego, leaving a scar that will later surface in a rare emotional display in his otherwise minutely objective and profoundly comprehensive *Interior Design*.

In a section headed "Human Problems," the author warns: "For the designer, any hint that a prospective client is contentious, suspicious, devious, mean, or cranky suggests that it is best to leave the project to someone else." Lest he develop any such unpleasant intimations about this reviewer, I will cancel further speculation to merely laud and preview his extremely thoughtful, careful, and comprehensive examination of interior design. Students or professionals in the field have it in an almanac fated to be sliding out of and neatly back into their undoubtedly handsome bookcases with rush-hour frequency.

In addition to comprehensive assays and charts on such materials as textiles, lighting, walls, doors, bathrooms, and the like, the book contains scientifically thorough information on the color spectrum, architectural structure, and the psychological impact of space and color on the inhabitants and transients experiencing interiors.

From the first adorable bubble diagrams of a baby design project to a mature and serious case study of Pile's own work on an institutional scale, the Alumni Hall of Alfred University, we grow and graduate through the



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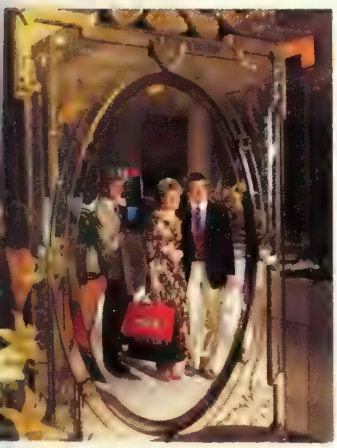
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book. I can't imagine anything left out of its relentless consideration, plants to fire extinguishers, slub yarn to the generator room of the Tennessee Valley Authority.

Then, of course, there are the handsome photographs, which will serve some of us scholars the way looking out the window did during Algebra II. The photography revealing interior decoration, however, can be confusingly glamorous and impractical. In figure 643, for example, we have a sparkling white kitchen enlivened by blue and yellow accents, nine sources of the yellow being lemons and two more being coffee cans—Bustelo and Chock Full O' Nuts—with yellow labels. Yellow, the author explains, is the complement of blue. Does this mean only lemonade and two brands of coffee can be prepared here? Would a green salad spoil the room? Would tomatoes make it look too much like a picture by Piet Mondrian?

Pile would have designers who find professional apotheosis in magazine exposure return a year later to discover how their handiwork fared in actual use. He shows us a well-designed jail cell by Ehrendrantz & Eckstut as well as gushes of chintz and dreamy pavilions beside attractive lakes. He includes a solid condensed history of architecture as well as advice on establishing and running a business and on such serious, unentertaining considerations as the reach of an elderly man and the turning circumference of a wheelchair.

Were this the book taken to the proverbial desert island, rescuers would understandably discover that Robinson Crusoe had built a handsome, functional, beautiful city in which they would probably prefer to dwell. ♠

Clarice Cliff: The Bizarre Affair

by Leonard Griffin and Louis K. and Susan Pear Meisel
Harry N. Abrams, 80 pp., $19.95



Just as collectors are rediscovering Clarice Cliff's hand-painted Art Deco pottery, three of her biggest fans have put together a detailed—pot by pot—account of her life: from her birth in Britain's pottery region through her scandalous relationship with mentor Colley Shorter and the production of Cliff's colorful Bizarre ware. Includes 165 illustrations (85 in color). **Ellen Silberman**



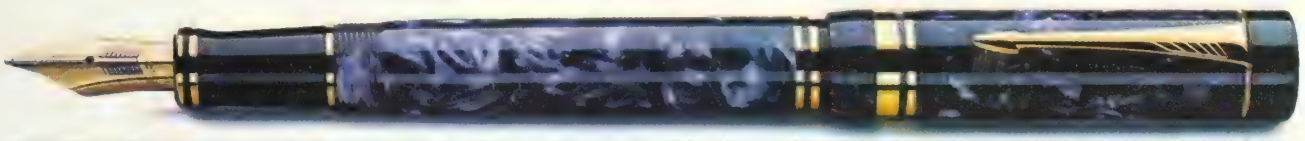


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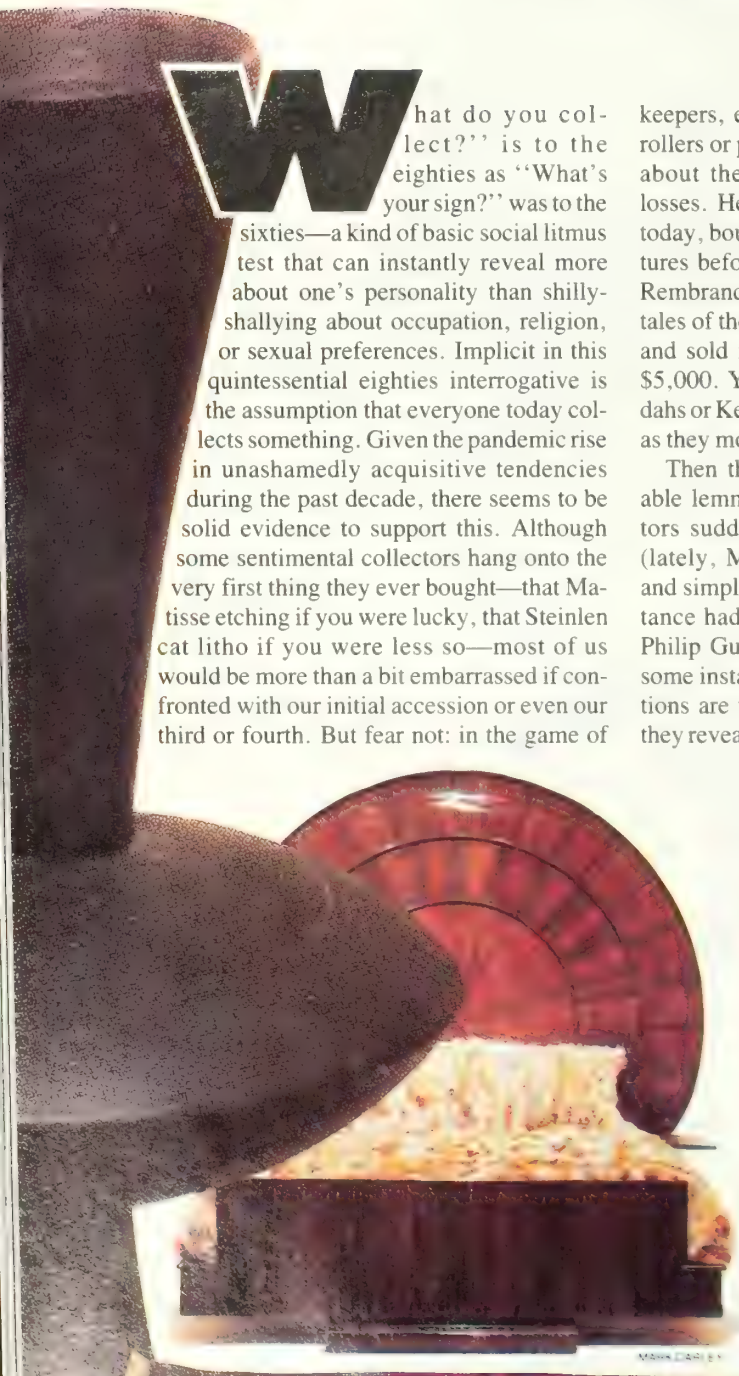
Bullocks Wilshire

The Tides of Taste

We're all subject to changing moods in acquisitive behavior. **Martin Filler** tracks five fast-moving decade

"What do you collect?" is to the eighties as "What's your sign?" was to the sixties—a kind of basic social litmus test that can instantly reveal more about one's personality than shilly-shallying about occupation, religion, or sexual preferences. Implicit in this quintessential eighties interrogative is the assumption that everyone today collects something. Given the pandemic rise in unashamedly acquisitive tendencies during the past decade, there seems to be solid evidence to support this. Although some sentimental collectors hang onto the very first thing they ever bought—that Matisse etching if you were lucky, that Steinlen cat litho if you were less so—most of us would be more than a bit embarrassed if confronted with our initial accession or even our third or fourth. But fear not: in the game of keepers, editing is all. As with Vegas high rollers or pre-Crash investors, we hear much about the wins and very little about the losses. Henry Clay Frick, deemed faultless today, bought many ghastly Brown Cow pictures before he lucked out with his Bellini, Rembrandts, and Vermeers. We know sad tales of those who bought a Pollock for $500 and sold it when it reached a preposterous $5,000. Yet the luckless purchasers of Huldahs or Keenes tend to keep their mouths shut as they move on to bigger and better things.

Then there are those strange unaccountable lemminglike movements when collectors suddenly begin to off-load one artist (lately, Morris Louis or Kenneth Noland) and simply must have another whose importance had previously gone unnoticed (like Philip Guston or Richard Artschwager). In some instances these late-breaking reevaluations are thoroughly justified, but in others they reveal an ill-advised herding instinct. As Gerald Reitlinger's cautionary classic *The Economics of Taste* makes abundantly clear, these inexplicable ups and downs have happened throughout history. Only a century ago, Vermeers now in the Met and the Frick went for an incredible £16 apiece. Herewith are the past four decades of collecting fashions summarized, along with predictions as to where the decade to come might take us in this never-ending farandole:





Clockwise from right: Jasper Johns, *Double Flag*, 1962; Van Cleef & Arpels clip; Kazak rug, 19th century; Jacques Émile Ruhlmann, Sun bed, 1930; Hans Coper, stoneware vase, 1969; Josef Hoffmann, Wiener Werkstätte silver, c. 1904.

Movie Moguls: 50s School of Paris **60s** Abstract Expressionists **70s** Henry Moore **80s** Late Frank Stella **90s** Post–Neo-Geo

Nouveaux Riches: 50s Jade **60s** Dubuffet **70s** Fabergé **80s** Art Deco **90s** Boulle

Decorators: 50s Tôle *bouillotte* lamps **60s** Obelisks and eggs **70s** Dog paintings **80s** 19th-century watercolor interiors **90s** George Bullock furniture

Architects: 50s Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier, and Alvar Aalto furniture **60s** Geometric Oriental rugs **70s** Early Modernist books **80s** Wiener Werkstätte **90s** Christopher Dresser objects

Tycoons: 50s Impressionists **60s** Post-Impressionists **70s** Old master paintings **80s** Old master drawings **90s** Armor

Lawyers: 50s Currier & Ives **60s** Maps **70s** Ansel Adams **80s** Audubon prints **90s** Daumier lithographs

(Continued on page 72)

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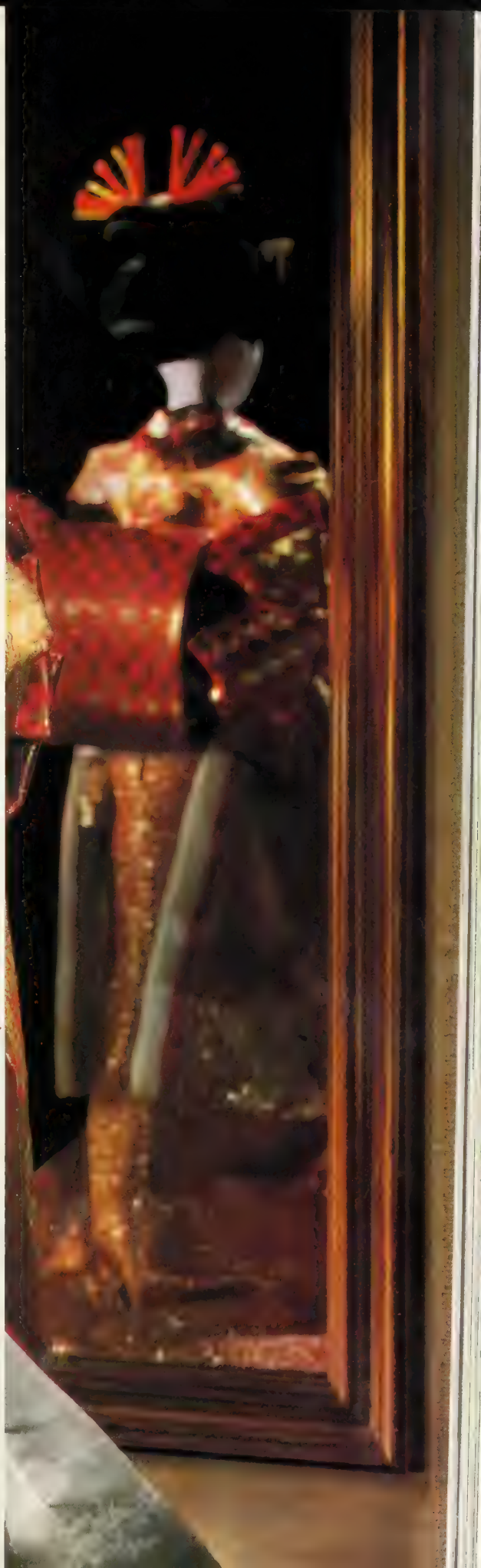
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COLLECTING

(Continued from page 66)

Psychiatrists: 50s African tribal art **60s** Käthe Kollwitz prints **70s** Adolph Gottlieb prints **80s** Escher prints **90s** Francis Bacon

Doctors: 50s Toulouse-Lautrec posters **60s** Chagall prints **70s** Vasarely **80s** Will Barnet **90s** Jim Dine

Dentists: 50s Norman Rockwell reproductions **60s** Calder lithographs **70s** Agam multiples **80s** Erté bronzes **90s** Disney animation cels

Pro Athletes: 50s Varga prints **60s** Miguel Berrocal bronzes **70s** Ernest Trova multiples **80s** LeRoy Neiman lithographs **90s** Robert Graham bronzes

Accountants: 50s Calendars **60s** Photomurals **70s** Bottled sand paintings **80s** Late Warhol prints **90s** Andrew Wyeth

Art Directors: 50s Shaker furniture **60s** Thonet bentwood **70s** Kilim carpets **80s** Fifties furniture **90s** Hans Coper ceramics

Aesthetes: 50s Baccarat, Clichy, and St. Louis paperweights **60s** Tiffany glass **70s** American art pottery **80s** Aesthetic Movement silver **90s** Anglo-Indian Raj

Investment Bankers: 50s Dorothy Doughty birds **60s** Remington bronzes **70s** Munnings horse paintings **80s** Sargent portraits **90s** Hoppner and Romney portraits

Arbitrageurs: 50s Nothing **60s** Nothing **70s** Nothing **80s** Julian Schnabel **90s** Nothing

Academics: 50s Dürer prints **60s** Goya prints **70s** Unattributable drawings **80s** Nothing **90s** Eighties paintings

Speculators: 50s Stradivarius violins **60s** American coins **70s** Persian carpets **80s** Vintage cars **90s** Forties and fifties *haute joaillerie*

Clairvoyants: 50s Edvard Munch prints **60s** Egon Schiele watercolors **70s** 19th-century photography **80s** Early Warhol **90s** German Romantic painting

The Fearless: 50s Jackson Pollock **60s** Joseph Beuys **70s** Gordon Matta-Clark **80s** Robert Ryman **90s** Richard Long

The Followers: 50s Rouault prints **60s** Mucha prints **70s** Orientalist paintings **80s** Biedermeier **90s** Redouté watercolors

Classic Comebacks: 50s Giambattista Tiepolo **60s** Pre-Raphaelites **70s** Russian Constructivists **80s** Gustav Klimt **90s** Antonio Canova

Classic Disappearances: 50s Illuminated manuscript pages **60s** Barbizon paintings **70s** Tapestries **80s** Islamic art **90s** Sèvres

Contemporary Comebacks: 50s Matisse papiers collés **60s** Picasso prints **70s** Georgia O'Keeffe **80s** Richard Artschwager **90s** Mark Rothko

Contemporary Disappearances: 50s Salvador Dali **60s** Bernard Buffet **70s** Jules Olitski **80s** Earthworks **90s** Botero

Good Move/Bad Move: 50s Willem de Kooning/Harold Shapinsky **60s** Jasper Johns/Robert Indiana **70s** Donald Judd/Larry Bell **80s** Eric Fischl/Salomé **90s** Jenny Holzer/Ed Schlossberg ▲





Clockwise from right: Stradivarius violin, 1723; Julian Schnabel, *Notre Dame*, 1979; Henry Moore, *Reclining Figure*, 1945–46; Fabergé Imperial Easter egg, 1900; Tiffany Favrile glass vase, c. 1900.

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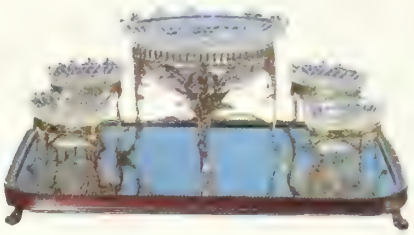
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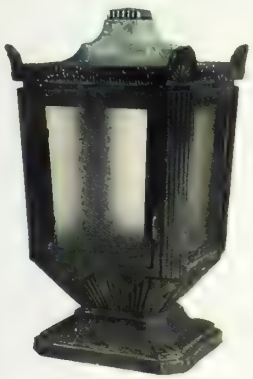
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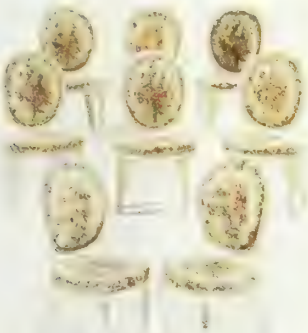
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New European Museums

How well do they serve their purpose?

Suzanne Stephens rates the best

Since the dollar is down, you may be less inclined to spend your time in Europe scooping up incredible buys or gorging night and day on four-star cuisine. Save these indulgences for another day: right now there are healthier, cheaper, and more uplifting alternatives in the many art museums that have sprung up in recent years. Not only are there paintings and sculpture to scrutinize but also the new architecture for you to become enraptured over or get irate about. Just to prepare you for the cheapest European pastime—a heated discussion—here is a sample of key museums considered must-sees by architecture and design professionals. They are rated on their ostensible purpose: the viewing of art in a meaningful, memorable, and comfortable context. Not every one succeeds in this aim, but perhaps that was intended—to fan the flames of controversy.

Musée d'Orsay, Paris
Gae Aulenti, Architect, in collaboration with A.C.T. Architecture

In its march toward architectural destiny, the French government has rammed through controversial *projets* in Paris over the past decade or so. Of these the conversion of the Gare d'Orsay on the Left Bank from a railroad station into a museum is arguably the most successful—or maybe the least reprehensible. After all, nothing too drastic was done to the outside. The station, a magnificently vaulted Beaux-Arts extravaganza designed by Victor Laloux in 1900, was overhauled last year by Italian architect-of-the-moment Gae Aulenti (in a standoffish collaboration with A.C.T. Architecture). The drop-dead display structures she designed within the iron-and-glass arched shell virtually scream *formidable*. Installed within Laloux's celestial space are small buildings made of limestone and shaped like Egyptian mastabas where Zoser and kin would no doubt have felt at home. Those housing nineteenth-century French art are arranged along a central axis that organizes the space with a funereal monumentality. This answer to the Babylonian Processional Way is grandiloquently punctuated by tortured nineteenth-century Neoclassical statues that could be equally at home at the cemetery of Père La Chaise. All of a sudden one is struck by Aulenti's achievement: she has created a cenotaph to art as awe-inspiring as it is moribund. Indeed, the assortment of French nineteenth-century paintings installed within these little temples—including works by Ingres, Courbet, Manet, Degas, Fantin-Latour—are shrouded in a fitting pallor of indirect shadow-free lighting. In many of the rooms where drawings are displayed, the tomblike gloom caused by the low lighting levels (deemed necessary for conservation) further proclaims this homage to Thanatos.

The heavenly reaches of the Orsay's upper spaces—galleries for the Impressionists—are perfunctory, even though they are bathed in natural light. Monet looks a little sick. Aulenti is clearly more at home designing for the art of the grand gesture in the purgatory below.

The inevitable question of whether a train station can be successfully made into a museum goes unanswered here. But the Musée d'Orsay does serve to enshrine and embalm a century of art—only you wish you could remember what the art looked like when you used to see it alive and well at the Jeu de Paume and other former homes.



Architecture for art: Top left: Clore Gallery lobby. Above, clockwise: Rotunda, Museum Abteiberg; Musée d'Orsay; skylights, Abteiberg; *Femme lisante*, in Musée Picasso.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: RICHARD BRYANT; RICHARD BRYANT

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The Scandinavian islands. This group wades in the blue Baltic's Swedish archipelago, southeast of Stockholm harbor.

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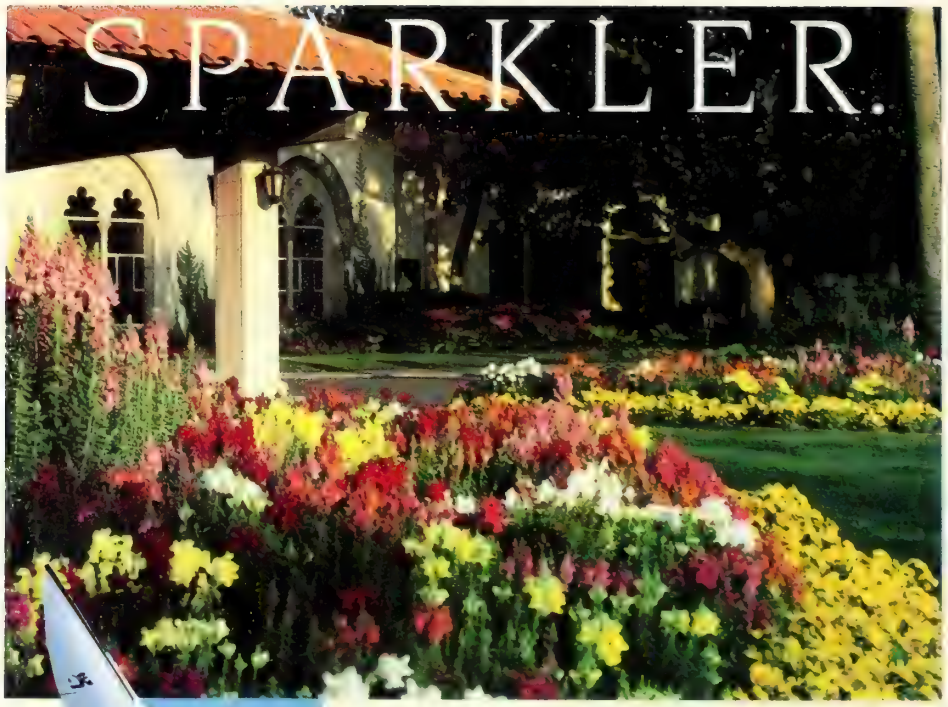
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Sense of orientation: Straightforward in axes; otherwise, access confusing
Communication with art: Strangers on a train
Architecture/art interaction: Display architecture wrestles both art and original architecture to the ground

Musée National d'Art Modern, Centre Georges Pompidou, Paris

Gae Aulenti, Architect, renovation

It's not often that a new building is renovated. But vagaries of time and use are not necessarily on the side of experiments in architecture. When the Piano and Rogers's high-tech steel cage opened in 1977 in the Beaubourg section of Paris, it was the ne plus ultra of cultural-center design—adjustable, transparent, neutral. As for the fourth-floor Museum of Modern Art, however, there were a few flaws. The Matisses and the Braques competed for attention with the mechanistic viscera of ducts and pipes of the ceiling's exposed structure. The gallery spaces, subdivided by flimsy screenlike partitions, were amorphous. So in 1985 Gae Aulenti was brought in to inject the proper intimacy and sense of containment needed for the museum's prized collection of small-scale early-twentieth-century art. Aulenti created courtlike spaces for the galleries; doorways were carved in the center of walls; and small clerestory windows concealing lights were punched along the top. The industrial-strength ceiling wasn't covered up, but awninglike structures mounted above the windows effectively lowered the space and partially hid it from view. Between these courts Aulenti put narrow corridors with vitrines on either side for more intimate exhibition spaces. All of a sudden works that had looked like display ads in a convention hall, such as Matisse's *Première Nature morte orange* or Braque's *Le Billard*, became breathtakingly luminous. Now the museumgoer can be aware of Piano and Rogers's original "container" but still be able to savor the various flavors of the contents.

Ambience: Underdone but not raw
Sense of orientation: Always present
Communication with art: Now allowed
Architecture/art interaction: L'art est servi

Musée Picasso, Paris

Roland Simounet, Architect

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Museum, now ensconced in the stately Hôtel Salé, does extraordinarily well to settle the matter forever in favor of palaces. Built in 1656 in the Marais section of Paris as a tax collector's house, the Renaissance-style structure has been chastely and imaginatively adapted for its current mission of displaying the incomparable paintings, drawings, and sketches of the twentieth-century master. A richly carved lobby and grand stair set the stage for high-ceilinged rooms in which architect Roland Simounet has introduced stark white walls and partitions as backdrops for Picasso's paintings. The exhibition spaces are manipulated with Minimalist detailing that is as unobtrusive as it is complex. The museumgoer floats through a series of ethereally spare rooms with long French windows that provide much of the lighting for the vibrantly energetic Picassos within.

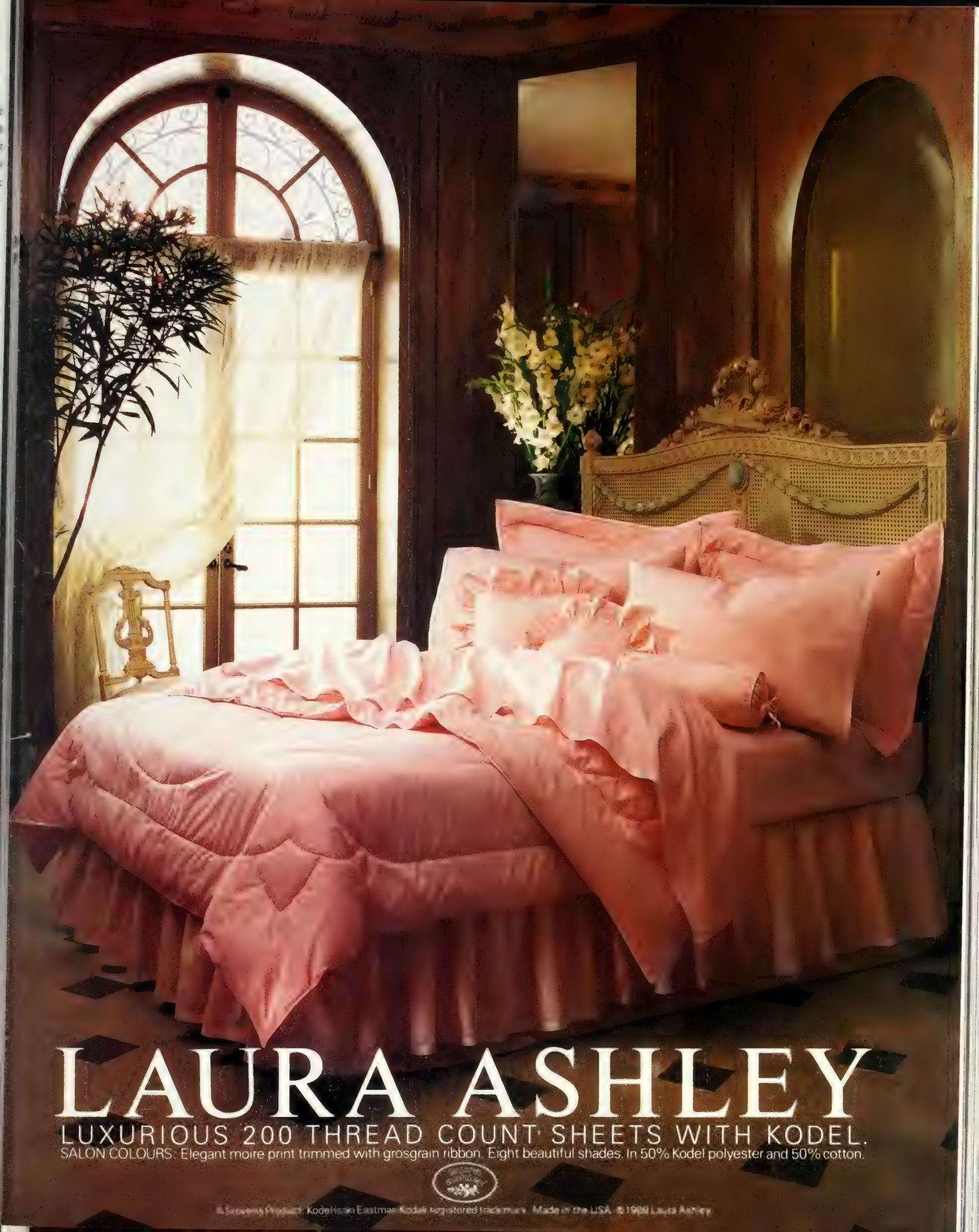
Even the groin-vaulted crypts have been dramatically transformed into unexpectedly lively display spaces for the boldly fractured compositions of Picasso's later work. Picasso liked old buildings. You can see why.

Ambience: Austerity meets opulence
Sense of orientation: Manipulated but direct
Communication with art: Didacticism con brio
Architecture/art interaction: Epiphany in high relief

Clore Gallery at the Tate Gallery, London

James Stirling, Michael Wilford & Associates

Everyone carries on about the coruscating yellow and acidic green that James Stirling splashed all over the lobby of his new addition to the Tate. But what about the Clore galleries themselves? Frankly they are too blah-beige. The famous collection of Turners is strangely suffocated by concealed fluorescent lighting that lulls everything into a grainy haze best left to British World War II movies. The beige carpeting is already wearing thin. Not very cheery, dearie. And the axes established by the plan are strangely aligned. To be sure, there are certain redeeming features: Stirling has designed the rooms to have top lighting so that a soft daylight bounces onto the evanescent paintings below. But these deeply configured ceilings are short on oomph, and the soupçon of cornices, moldings, pilasters, and other Classical paraphernalia can't compare with the detailing of the older galleries of the Tate. The architecture doesn't fight with the art: it can't make up its mind whether to back off or stick it out.


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The Clore's exterior, however, is a different matter. Here the 10,495-square-foot L-shaped annex is in overdrive. With an exaggerated glassed-in pediment surrounding the Clore's entrance, triangular oriel window popping out of the other façade, a grid of Portland stone framing redbrick or yellow stucco walls, the architecture quickly shifts from first to fourth gear and back again.
Ambience: Gloomy in galleries; too sparky elsewhere
Sense of orientation: Good in spite of axes to nowhere
Communication with art: Boring
Architecture/art interaction: Inconclusive

Whitechapel Art Gallery, London
Colquhoun, Miller & Partners, Architects
There are just a few simple design elements that make a museum a great place in which to look at art. The Whitechapel Art Gallery, a chunkily idiosyncratic Arts and Crafts–style building designed by C. Harrison Townsend in 1901 and renovated by John Miller and Alan Colquhoun in 1985, has them. Due to an artful expansion of the original plan, all three galleries on its two floors come supplied with skylights. Even on winter days there is little need for artificial light. The gently gabled iron-and-glass roof of the type in the old Tate has been kept upstairs, cleaned up, and revamped with all the technical fittings inserted in its spine. The job was as difficult as a bone marrow transplant, but the surgery is clearly a success.

The path through the museum is circuitous, but the new and elegantly executed toplit stairs cut an impressive swath to the second-floor galleries and to a new café, auditorium, and offices. While the interior colors swing between white and off-white, the spareness, clarity, and linearity of architectural elements heighten the decorative effect.
Ambience: Top drawer
Sense of orientation: First-rate
Communication with art: Spot on
Architecture/art interaction: Rather!

Saatchi Collection, St. John's Wood, London
Max Gordon Associates, Architects
The way Max Gordon approached a collection of old brick industrial buildings that now house the fabled Saatchi Collection of modern art is deeply instructive. Gordon was lucky in that these buildings came with serrated glass roofs, spreading gable roofs, and gently single-pitched shed roofs. Here the buildings are grafted together by Gordon so that you can move from one gallery to anoth-



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er aware only of a change in level or in the type of exposed ceiling above. The white partitions placed within the brick structures provide the properly understated backdrop for showing art of high impact. Unfortunately much of the Neo-Geo art on display this past winter bounced out at the spectator with more impact than staying power. The quietly crafted setting cries out for art of dynamism *and* quality—one thinks longingly of the Stella retrospective last year at New York's Museum of Modern Art.

Ambience: Poetic no-nonsense industrial aesthetic
Sense of orientation: Subtle variation on a Minimalist theme
Communication with art: High impact needs good art
Architecture/art interaction: Punchy

Museum Abteiberg, Monchengladbach, Germany
Hans Hollein, Architect

If you want to take a dizzying plunge into a mélange of Modernist and traditional architecture which contains a riveting collection of contemporary art, this museum is a must-visit. It is not a museum you warm up to easily, however. Outside, a steel-and-glass tower, aluminum-clad cubes, and concrete boxes have been casually chained together on the crest of a steeply terraced hill. Inside, almost every type of gallery design currently in high regard has been captured alive and confined there. You enter a low space browbeaten by a grid of exposed fluorescent lights. But then as you make your way up toward the top skylit galleries where large New York School paintings are displayed, a calm sense of expansiveness takes over.

But in case you might become too relaxed or possibly bored, the architect has supplied curved serpentine galleries, a rotunda with a domed skylight, and a two-story gallery covered by a barrel vault to punch up the Modernist art. But going from one space to another is often as disorienting as Alice's path in Wonderland. The fluorescent light in some galleries is as oppressively bleak as a parking garage. To be sure, Joseph Beuys's art, combining the repulsive and the aesthetic—embalmed gobs of animal fat artfully arranged inside wood vitrines—is served well by Hollein's fluorescent obsession.

Ambience: Imaginatively schizy—calm, but chilling and eerie
Sense of orientation: Artfully disorienting
Communication with art: Always effective
Architecture/art interaction: Excellent, even when perverse

Neue Staatsgalerie, Stuttgart, Germany
James Stirling, Michael Wilford & Associates, Architects

The sheer meatiness and brawn of Stuttgart's sandstone-and-travertine block masses cascading down a hill make it one of the most striking additions to a museum built in years. The Stirling-designed gallery adjoining Stuttgart's nineteenth-century Neoclassical museum confidently announces it is a bold synthesis of Modernist and traditional concepts of space, movement, light, ornament, and structure. By having a huge open-air rotunda gouged out of the center of the museum, Stirling deftly defers to golden oldies of museum design, including the pivotal 1830 Altesmuseum that Karl Friedrich Schinkel built in Berlin. Stirling's roomlike galleries on the second level for the permanent collection of contemporary art are arranged in enfilade in a U around the rotunda. Stirling's trademark abstract-traditional embellishments applied around centered doorways, large French windows overlooking the rotunda, and the cove-mounted light fixtures successfully bring back the ambience of the great museums of yesteryear.



Yet the ground-floor spaces are out and out Modernist: loftlike galleries, asymmetrical spaces, and now-we-can-save-money materials (rubber flooring and concrete columns) are bold but not often beautiful. The worst part: looking at art under cheap ice-cube baffles of fluorescent lighting.

But the imperfections, including even the overjolly pink tubular handrails outside, serve as important reminders that "Alles ist Architektur."

Ambience: Narrative as eternal return
Sense of orientation: Deft orchestration of old and new
Communication with art: Excellent in upper galleries, blah below
Architecture/art interaction: Highs outnumber the lows

Museum für Kunsthandwerk, Frankfurt am Main, Germany
Richard Meier & Partners, Architects

Richard Meier is best known for his refining and honing of the Modernist vocabulary into luminous architectural objects, but the presence here of the museum's traditional Neoclassical villa (and the client's wishes) laid the ground rules for Meier's addition.

The villa's cubiform shape, proportions, and even the size of its windows, not to mention the creamy color of its stucco walls, provided the cues by which Meier would mold his Modernist museum spaces. His loftlike galleries are subdivided by finely proportioned partitions and vitrines in the Meieresque mode. But because white oak vitrines are arranged in the center of the halls to form small courtyards, the visitor's route through the decorative-arts museum is carefully manipulated and guided. The whirring of the automatic blinds (which adjust to every change in the daylight outside) reminds you that a lot of natural light is coming in from the large windows and glassed-in ramps. But that's about it for shocks to the nervous system: unlike Monchengladbach, there is no perversely idiosyncratic edge. Unlike Stuttgart, no major surprises. Meier's achievement here is a well-calibrated and nicely sustained exercise in aesthetic consistency.

Ambience: Serene
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Fig. 1

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Exhibition Schedule

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Musée d'Orsay
Mar. 7–June 5: "Mary Cassatt."

Centre Georges Pompidou
May 18–Aug. 28: "Frank Stella." June 30–Oct. 10: "Les Années Cinquantes."

Musée Picasso
Ongoing: The regular collection.

LONDON

Clore Gallery
Through July 10: "Turner and Architecture." July 18–Oct. 3: A selection of Turner's works on paper.

Whitechapel Art Gallery
May 13–June 26: "Michael Sandle." July 8–Sept. 18: A Lucio Fontana retrospective.

Saatchi Collection
Apr. 29–Sept.: Works by Sigmar Polke, Joel Shapiro, Leon Golub, and Philip Guston.

GERMANY

Museum Abteiberg
May 8–June 26: "Tony Smith." July 10–Aug. 28: "Barry Le Va."

Neue Staatsgalerie
Through June 14: "Fernand Leger."

Museum für Kunsthandwerk
Apr. 28–June 16: Japanese woodcuts. May 19–July 17: "Otto and Gertrud Schamschula: Gold and Silversmith Work." June 29–Aug. 21: 18th-century Mainz furniture.

Brut Force

Jason Cooper finds dash and distinction in the champagnes of California

When Jack and Jamie Davies first bought the Schramsberg vineyards in 1965, the entire Napa Valley estate was a shambles: all of Jacob Schram's original vines, planted in the nineteenth century, had long since been destroyed by root louse, and by the 1950s the entire property had been abandoned altogether. Today the estate produces what is often considered to be the noblest of all America's champagnes. This is the home of Schramsberg, whose Blanc de Blancs was selected for Nixon's Beijing summit with Jou En-lai in 1972 and whose wines have been sealing toasts made by every president since.

The Davies' first efforts at making champagne were not without problems: a temperamental crushing machine had Jamie treading barefoot on more than one occasion, and Jack once had a narrow escape when an oak cask, thick with brandy fumes, blew up in his face. But making champagne has never been an occupation for the fainthearted: legend has it that when Dom Pérignon made the first champagne centuries ago, well over three quarters of the bottles exploded on him in his cellars. Undeterred, he somewhat gingerly approached one of the few that remained intact and downed the contents. "I am drinking the stars," he said. The *méthode champenoise* was born.



We left Miguel riddling to "La Bamba" in the gathering gloom

As any maker of true champagne is at pains to point out, there are many ways to make a wine sparkle, but only one *méthode champenoise*. Once a number of cuvées have been blended from a selection of base wines, the blend must then be bottled, with a precise liquor of sugar and select yeast, until a second fermentation is completed. The bottles are then riddled—placed neck-down and turned daily—until all the yeast sediment has fallen into the neck. Finally the neck of each bottle is frozen, and the sediment is then disgorged under pressure from within the bottle. The wine, sparkling and clear, is now at last ready to be sealed with cork and wire.

Schramsberg itself—the German translates literally as Schram's Mountain—is largely volcanic and thus ideally suited for a labyrinth of caves that maintain a damp and naturally controlled temperature of 58 degrees. Here I was witness to the curious skills of a Schramsberg's riddler, a man named Miguel Moreno. The vast majority of riddling still takes place by hand with each bottle turned an eighth or a quarter a day for six weeks. Miguel's current record is 50,000 bottles in one day. (If this doesn't sound like much fun, his lot is at least a bit improved by a substantial grotto blaster; we left him riddling to "La Bamba" in the gathering gloom.) I tried Schramsberg's 1982 Blanc de Noirs, made in the classic French style with a blend of pinot noir and a little chardonnay and found a full freshness beautifully balanced with a lovely finish. I was also impressed by their Crémant Demi-Sec '84, whose greatly reduced effervescence allowed the taste of the flora grape full rein.

About a quarter hour to the southeast in the Napa Valley lie the cellars of champagne master Hanns Kornell—a man every bit as remarkable as the considerable reputation of the champagne he makes. The son of a distinguished wine-making family, he was brought up in Germany until, in 1938, after a year in Dachau, he was given 48 hours to leave the fatherland. A year later he was hitchhiking across America with two dollars in his pocket and a small quantity of mother yeast, which he had managed to smuggle out of Germany. Today, 36 years after the production of his first bottle of American champagne, Hanns Kornell is the proud head of his own winery. Kornell does not produce the base wines for the champagnes: he contracts with grape growers who bring the wine to his cellars after the first fermentation. There the wine is left to ferment *en tirage* an unusually long time, from between two to seven years, after which every bottle is riddled by hand and individually checked for clarity by candlelight. (Incidentally their riddling record is held by ace-riddler Dieter Walkhoff at a staggering 67,000 bottles in one day. Sorry, Miguel...)

However it is only in their tasting rooms that Kornell's remarkable achievement is best appreciated. I began with their Blanc de Blancs '82 and found its bold dry fruitiness interestingly offset by a complex apple finish. I must confess I was slightly disappointed by Hanns Kornell's Brut. But certainly the most idiosyncratic of Kornell's work is his Sehr Trocken. Extremely dry—it is given none of champagne's usual dosage of sugar and cognac to increase sweetness—I could have sworn I detected the faintest trace of peaches.

I would also thoroughly recommend a visit to the very charming Folie à Deux vineyard, not ten minutes away from Kornell's door. Its name stems from the principal occupation of its founders, Larry Dizmang, a psychia-

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trist, and his wife, Evie, a psychologist. (*Folie à deux*, or shared delusion, is a genuine psychiatric diagnosis.) Although the vineyard is known primarily for its still wines—if you've never tried their Cabernet Sauvignon, start now!—1987 marked their first year as a champagne producer. The result is a sparkling muscat, Fantasie. It's fruit, youth, and exuberance, if a little sweet for my taste, will earn it the friendship of Asti Spumante lovers.

But by far the largest and most experienced producer of American premium champagne is Korbel, whose vast premises are to be found a good half hour west of St. Helena, high up in the hills overlooking the Russian River. Korbel has now been producing champagne for well over a century, and the result is one of the most impressively broad ranges of champagnes offered anywhere. With the Fantasie still lingering in my memory I began a tasting with Korbel's Brut Rosé. This wine is in fact produced entirely from pinot noir, which, slightly less sweet, offers a lovely delicacy of touch to the faint, characteristically vanilla taste of this grape. In 1985, Korbel's Brut was honored by being chosen the exclusive champagne of the fifty-first presidential inaugural. Once again, however, I found myself disappointed. I suppose the long and short of it is that I just don't much care for the American approach to the brut style. Although admirably clean, crisp and dry, American bruts are short on complexity and taste. But certainly the best of those I tried was their Blanc de Blancs: made from 100 percent chardonnay, I found this a lovely balance of clear crispness and long, silky flavors. An individually numbered, registered release, here is greatness. ♠

Champagnes from vineyards mentioned, with suggested retail prices.

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Korbel
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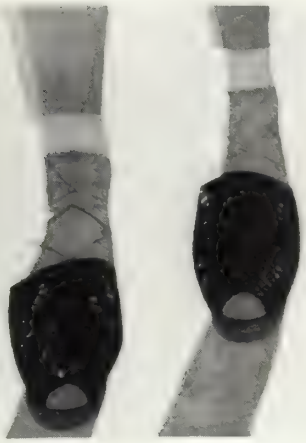


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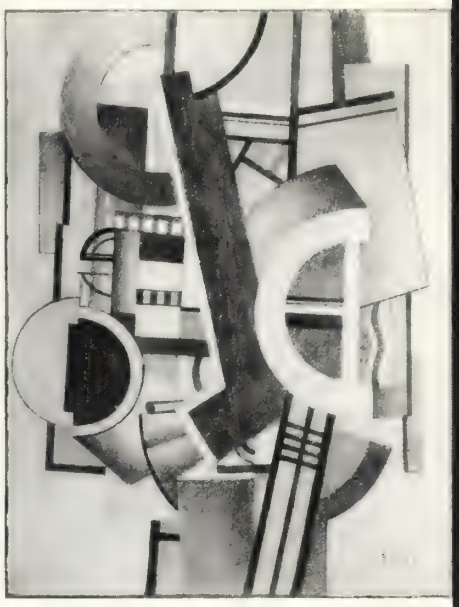
Alex Katz, *Black Shoes*, color etching, Edition 60, 22½″ x 29″

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Dubuffet, *Corps de dame* 1950, India ink, 10½″ x 8¼″ BOOTH 6-117

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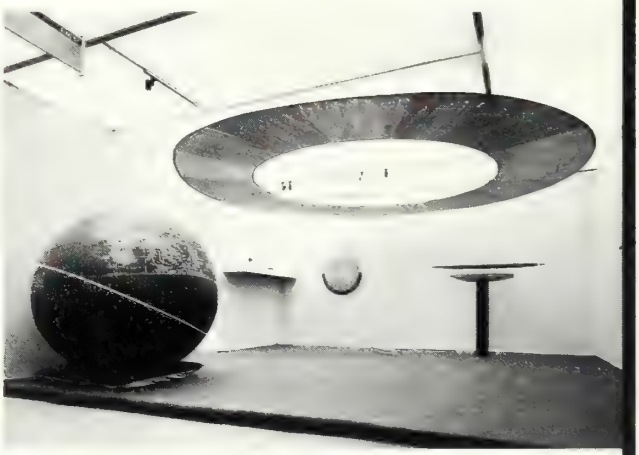
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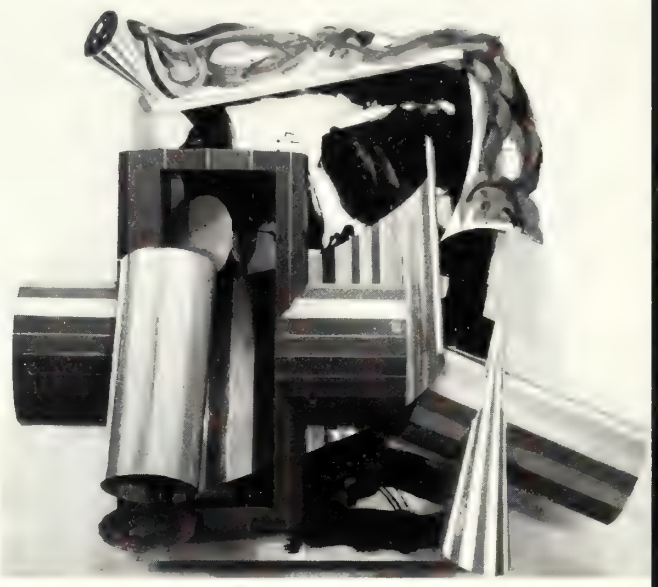


Hans Kooi *Composition of wood, magnetism, acryl, stone, steel-wire*, 1987.

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Frank Stella, *Il Dimezzato* 1987, 88″ x 95¾″ x 53⅜″

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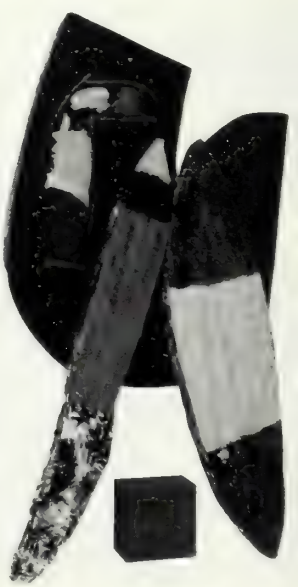
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Clockwise from right: Chippendale mirrors, c. 1760, G. Randall Fine Antiques, Washington, D.C.; Swedish, c. 1785–90, Frederick P. Victoria & Son, NYC; Regency bull's-eye, 19th century (recent gilding by Ann Conklin), Raymond B. Knight, Locust Valley, N.Y.; Irish George III, c. 1770–75, Victoria & Son; English, c. 1810, Gene Tyson, NYC.

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G STYLE

The Middle Ages is being heralded by tapestries at the table and fairy-tale settings





The recent exhibition "Age of Chivalry: Art in Plantagenet England 1200–1400" at London's Royal Academy highlighted the best of this period. And now the influence of the dramatic, heraldic, and allegorical aspects of the Middle Ages is weaving its way into contemporary design. Robert Currie chose the princess and the pea as his theme for Doris Leslie Blau's display at the New York Winter Antiques Show. In the critically acclaimed production of *The Cherry Orchard* at Brooklyn Academy of Music's Majestic Theater, director Peter Brook and set designer Chlöe Obolensky layered the stage with Persian carpets—the effect similar to tapestries in a great medieval hall. The Middle Ages is adding richness to the table: a ceramic pitcher recalls its sixteenth-century Italian counterpart, place mats are cut from tapestries, porcelain dishes have botanical borders. Elizabeth Garouste and Mattia Bonetti's Jardin d'Orient rug combines a medieval branch border and a central motif from Egyptian frescoes.

Laurie Schechter



Victorian pillow, below, from Barneys New York. Below right: Bonetti/ Garouste Jardin d'Orient tapestry.





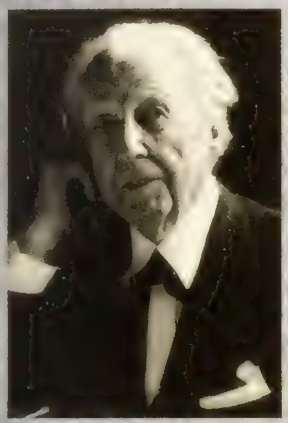


The Cherry Orchard set, top, by Chlöe Obolensky. Above: Doris Leslie Blau display by Robert Currie.

Heraldic pitcher, from Country Floors. Top: *Le Printemps*, tapestry, Chevalier, c. 1710. Above: Cartier place setting and silver candlestick with French tapestry place mat on Lee Jofa's Ashby Groundworks' fabric behind.

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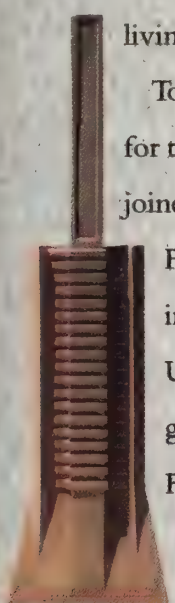
Frank Lloyd Wright: 1867-1959

His architecture was modern before the word was ever used to describe architecture. And for his buildings, he created furniture, stained glass, fabrics, rugs and tableware, that look as fresh and surprising today as they must have seemed startling then. Unfortunately, until now very few people could enjoy the privilege of living with his brilliance.



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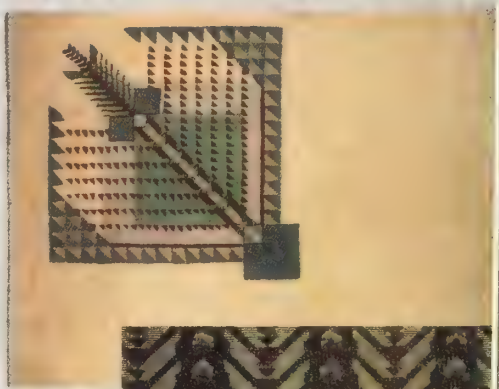
Skyscraper Vase

Frank Lloyd Wright once stated, "Whether people are fully conscious of this or not, they actually derive countenance and sustenance from the 'atmosphere' of the things they live in or with." Now is the time to invite Frank Lloyd Wright into your home, and discover the pleasures of his genius.

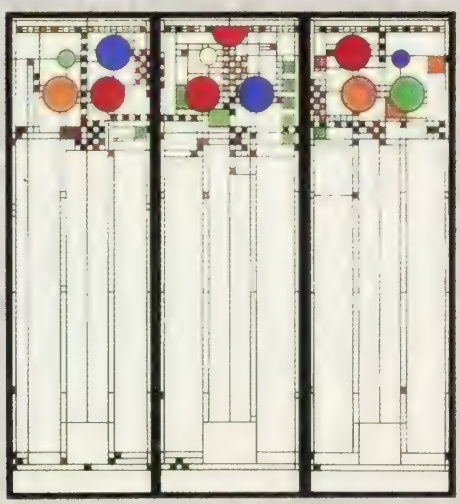


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HG STYLE

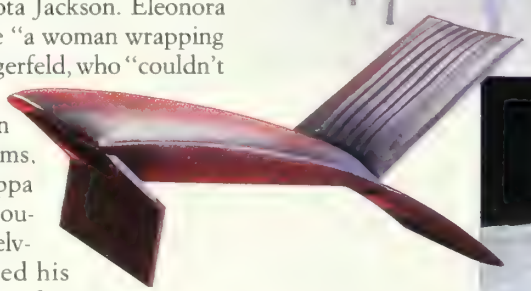
Once hidden away in the master bedroom, the chaise now rests easy in any space

While its beginnings in Europe at the end of the seventeenth century as a sickbed for the wounded were rather unglamorous, today's chaise longue conjures up a more romantic mood. "It expresses the body even when the body is not in it," says furniture designer Dakota Jackson. Eleonora Triguboff intended her chaise to be like "a woman wrapping herself in something luxurious." Karl Lagerfeld, who "couldn't live without chaises," had one made based on eighteenth-century Venetian boats. Chaises can solve space problems, too. The Newport series by Daniela Puppa has a removable headrest so that it can double as a low table or stack to become shelving. Ross Lovegrove designed his chaise to have the "dynamics of a racehorse." Marc Newson's insectlike chaise reflects his background in sculpture and jewelry design. **L.S.**





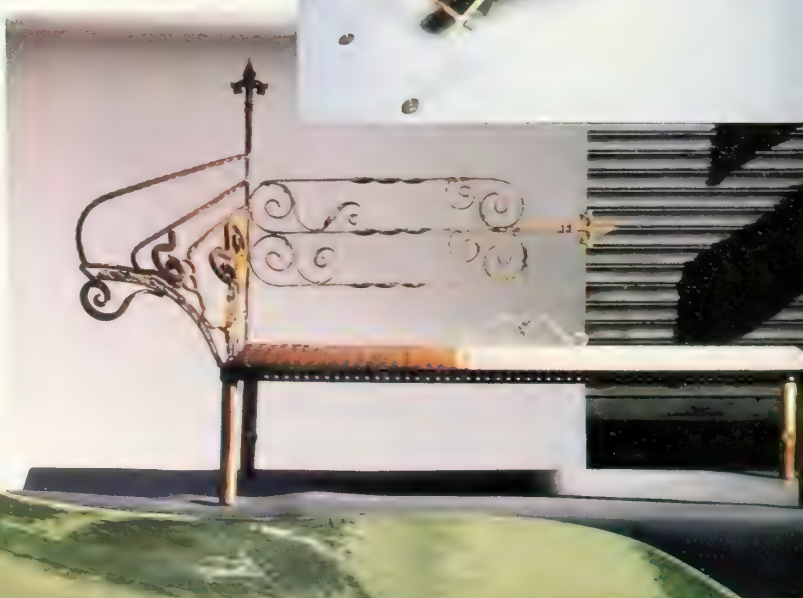
Petal chaise, top, by Ched Berenguer-Topacio. Above: Miami by Zalduondo and Kelly. Left: Newport by Daniela Puppa.







Leather-upholstered Kazoo, center left, by Dakota Jackson. Center right: Equestrian chaise of nickel and leather by Lovegrove/Brown. Right: Linus Coraggio of 2B Furniture, Concepts designs furniture like this chaise, from scrap metal.





LCI, above, by sculptor Marc Newson. Left: Eleonora Triguboff chaise and an antique marble table.



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HG STYLE

Mosaics go for Baroque on every surface—with pattern, color, tiles, even broken plates

It was Antonio Gaudí, the turn-of-the-century Spanish architect, who laid the groundwork for today's mosaicwork. His buildings, with their Baroque quality, were like mosaic sculptures. Now mosaics are giving a Mediterranean feeling to kitchen countertops, ceramic floors, even living-room sofas. New York art gallery owner Holly Solomon enlisted Doreen Gallo to pave her kitchen cabinets and walls in tile. When decorator Jean Paul Beaujard asked Yves Marthelot to create a counter for Barneys New York's Chelsea Passage, Beaujard had in mind the French postman who spent 55 years building his house out of broken plates. Gianfranco Ferrè created a new line of tiles for Ceramica Panaria which form a ceramic Persian rug. New York artist Dan Bleier combined his love of color with his interest in tiles when he hand-painted his apartment in a mosaic pattern. "I made it my ideal, a warm, summer space all year round," says Bleier of the mosaic. "Patterns on top of patterns give an overall feeling—not busy but restful." **L.S.**



MICHAEL MUNDY

DOREEN GALLO

Beaujard's display counter, right, and hanging lamp, top, of broken dishes in Chelsea Passage at Barneys New York. Above: Gallery owner Holly Solomon's kitchen by artist Doreen Gallo.





PETER BOSCH



MONICA STEVENSON

MICHAEL MUNDY

Gianfranco Ferrè "rug" tiles, top, by Ceramica Panaria. Center: Artist Dan Bleier's apartment. Above: Bleier's lamp and table made from mosaics of glass, wire, beads, and jewels on found objects. Above left: Bleier's ceramic vase of broken glass and mirror bits.



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Climbing the Walls

Few roses are as pretty and abundant as climbers, says **Mac Griswold**

Surely the most romantic roses are the bare wintry ones that Mary Lennox saw when she slipped through the long-hidden door into the secret garden: "It was the sweetest, most mysterious-looking place anyone could imagine. The high walls which shut it in were covered with the leafless stems of climbing roses. There were other trees in the garden and roses had run all over them and swung down long tendrils and here and there they had caught at each other or at a far-reaching branch and made lovely bridges of themselves." Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Secret Garden* was published in 1911. But in 1902 in *Roses for English Gardens* Gertrude Jekyll had already written that the great virtue of climbing roses is the way they fall down, cascading from tree and bank and wall.

They're carefree—even if it means teetering on a ladder to prune them

Climbers, ranging in size from 4 to 40 feet, are refreshingly more carefree than other roses, except rugosas, even if it means teetering on a ladder once a year to prune the most vigorous varieties. (Planting them within pruning reach has another benefit: their fragrance will be closer too.) Make sure the supports will last longer than the roses will—and if you plant on a fence, as *Washington Post* garden correspondent Henry Mitchell bitterly recalls, "Don't plant right at the post. It seems so obvious: when the post rots you'll end up replacing the plant *and* the post."

What Jekyll celebrated about climbers as much as their flowers and fragrance was their graceful habit, the year-round quality and character of the plant in the landscape. English rose authority Peter Beales writes that climbers were classified as "decorative roses" in Edwardian catalogues and were used more imaginatively as part of the framework of the garden. Now the vogue for old roses (roses in cultivation before 1867) has made many old climbers available again.

The dictionary does not differentiate between climbers and ramblers. But the acknowledged king of roses, Graham Stuart Thomas—garden designer, writer, and National Trust consultant—says that ramblers are the small-flowered wild species and their domesticated relatives that bloom once, while climbers are the large-flowered repeat-blooming hybrids.

Repeat blooming should not be the only criterion for choosing a rose, especially a climber. We have come to expect from roses what we would be astonished to find in any other flower—people don't rip out their lilacs because they only bloom once! Many old roses bloom luxuriantly for a month and then sport the odd flower or bright autumn foliage and brilliant hips.

Irish textile and clothes designer Sybil Connolly has a small Dublin town garden smothered in roses, including many old climbers. "There's never a bit of the garden one can hide," she says, wisely growing late-flowering clematis with her climbers to provide color once the roses are gone. "Plant *viticella* hybrids," advises Graham Stuart Thomas. "Everything else gets tangled with the roses, but *viticellas* are cut to a foot every winter, making it easier to prune the climber."

If you have only one rose, most experts would recommend 'New Dawn' (25 feet), whose clusters of medium-size flowers bloom from June till the end of autumn. Fragrant and silvery pink with deepest green foliage, 'New Dawn' is hardy and disease-resistant, and its growing habit is strong and graceful.

But after 'New Dawn', then what? There are climbing roses for every situation. Tiny double ramblers upholster arbor and love seat in white, pink, yellow, blush, or mauve. Screens of roses create secrecy and surprise—try 'May Queen' (25 feet), a flat lilac



JACQUES HENRI LARTIGUE

'Allgold' and 'Maigold' roses, top, at Heale House in Salisbury, England. Above: 'Fritz Nobis' roses, the Hughes-Hallett's garden in Gloucestershire



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pink rose packed with petals, which makes a thick network of tiny branches. Some are all-purpose. 'Golden Showers' (8–10 feet), a hybrid tea that Henry Mitchell thinks is the best modern yellow climber, flowers continuously, with good foliage and scent. For a clear pink rose he loves 'Blossomtime' (6–8 feet), a 'New Dawn' cross with classically formed flowers. "It has a tea scent you can smell ten feet away," he says. But like most committed rose lovers, he saves his strongest praise for the old roses. 'Jaune Desprez' (20 feet), he says, "has apricot petals flushed with pink, shading to soft buff, with the texture of waxed silk. It could be in the running for the most beautiful rose ever produced." He adds, "It's hardy as far north as Philadelphia." So now you know the trouble.

Grow climbers together on a big wall. New Hampshire rosarian Malcolm Lowe recommends the deep plum of hardy thornless 'Amadis' (10 feet) with the soft blush-white clusters of tough 'Baltimore Belle' (15 feet). 'Amadis' will bloom for six to seven weeks and 'Baltimore Belle' almost as long. In winter the canes also make a show together—chocolate purple against ice green.

Secret Garden roses that you do not want to plant lightheartedly in a small garden include most of the great species roses, such as *Rosa filipes* 'Kiftsgate', which reaches 40 feet. Slightly less vigorous hybrids look good on a high strong fence—or hide a shed roof you'd rather not see again in a cloud of small white midsummer flowers. 'Bobbie James' (30 feet) and 'Rambling Rector' (15–20 feet) are tough, highly fragrant *R. multiflora* crosses. In the south the same effects are achieved with tiny tender Banksia roses, both white and yellow, single and double (20 feet), and the single white Cherokee Rose, *R. laevigata* (25 feet), which is beautiful in and out of flower. *R. eglanteria* (8 feet and bushy) is a cold-resistant pink single-flowered American species with perfumed foliage and long-lasting hips.

Shorter climbers can be grown on free-standing trellises in the back of any deep border. 'Belinda' (4–6 feet), hardy and fragrant, flowers repeatedly in big clusters of small single bright pink flowers to make a fountain effect. Another good pillar rose is 'White Cockade' (8 feet), a pure-white double. 'Climbing Talisman' (8 feet) and 'Pink Pillar' (7 feet) are, respectively, red gold with a copper cast and pink gold with orange. All bloom repeatedly. The Chatsworth Carpenters, at the estate of the Duke of Devonshire, make the most elegant—and expensive—finial-topped rose trellis pillars according to Edwardian designs.

In Connecticut, Mrs. William Buckley bought old-fashioned rose arches from Burpee to surround her rose garden with a circle of climbers, which she chooses as much for cutting as decoration. Climbers that produce enough flowers continuously for house and garden include the fine single 'Climbing Dainty Bess' (7–10 feet), whose four-inch dusky pink flowers open to show maroon stamens, and 'Climbing Shot Silk' (10–15 feet), as dramatic as its name, cerise shot with gold.

Roses with petals whose reverse is deeper, roses that have a subtle shading or cast of another color, or roses that change with age have extra charm. One such is fragrant, hardy, repeat-blooming 'Buff Beauty' (5 feet) with apricot buds and three-inch old-gold flowers.

If you must have red, Thomas and Mitchell both sing the praises of 'Guinée' (15 feet), whose black-shaded, fragrant, recurrent flowers are the size of a small grapefruit. A





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much castigated though often-grown red rose is 'American Pillar' (15 feet). Old-rose fanciers call its color loud and its foliage coarse. Undeniably it smells like iceberg lettuce, not like a rose. But to me it has the spirit of a Gilded Age pergola rose, erupting in a tremendous garden-partyish display of huge trusses of deep pink single blossoms with little white centers. Henry Mitchell points out that Monet loved 'American Pillar', training it all over the blue green arches of Giverny. So every rose has its own romance. ♠

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Good species collection includes Himalayan musk rose *R. brunonii*, creamy-flowered *R. arvensis*, and August-blooming *R. wichuraiana*. June 21, rose lectures with a field trip; June 28, to the Fuller Gardens in Northampton, New Hampshire.

Brooklyn Botanic Garden, Brooklyn
New York; (718) 622-4433
Nearly 1,000 varieties in the Cranford Rose Garden, one of the nation's largest and oldest rose gardens. Climbers and ramblers on picket fences, latticework pavilion and arches, and thirty pillars. A rose symposium, June 18, with Peter Beales, Beverly Dobson, Harmon Saville, Howard Walters. A video on rose history and culture is for sale.

Capaha Park Rose Display Garden
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Climbing roses, 50–60 varieties, include some very old ones, planted on the fence surrounding this 1-acre formal rose garden.

Elizabeth Park, Hartford, Connecticut
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Filoli, Woodside, California
(415) 366-4640
The 17 acres of formal gardens include Banksia, China, and noisette roses, also many good old singles trained on walls, plus a garden of historically important old roses, which features many ramblers.

Hershey Gardens, Hershey, Pennsylvania
(717) 534-3492
A 4-acre rose garden, established in 1937, displays 'New Dawn' on arches, arbors pillars, and tripods; 850 rose varieties include 'Golden Showers' plus 'Amélie Gravereaux' (8–10 feet), a rare red rugosa that can be trained as a climber.

Michael H. Horvath Garden of Legend and Romance, Wooster, Ohio
(216) 263-3764
Formal rose garden established in 1970 with 500 varieties of old roses suitable for the area, including climbers and species roses such as recurrent white 'Sombreuil' and the Bengal rose, *R. chinensis*.

Huntington Botanical Gardens, San Marino, California; (818) 405-2125
Here is the place in the U.S. to see roses in trees. Older climbers and ramblers are well displayed on a long pergola, arbors, two trellis gazebos, walls, and pillars.

James P. Kelleher Rose Garden
Boston, Massachusetts; (617) 524-0611
Just across from the Museum of Fine Arts is a small enclosed old-fashioned rose garden. Well-maintained climbers and ramblers include 'Summer Snow', covering a circular arbor of arches.

Longwood Gardens, Kennett Square
Pennsylvania; (215) 388-6741
A magnificent display of 'American Pillar'. A new rose garden will feature 200 feet of arches covered with 'Climbing Iceberg', 'City of York', 'New Dawn', 'Dortmund', 'Handel', and 'America'.

Morris Arboretum of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia
Pennsylvania; (215) 242-3399
Marion Rivinus Rose Garden has a fine small collection of species roses, including the delicious Persian musk rose, *R. moschata nastarana*, which blooms well into autumn.

National Arboretum, Washington, D.C.
(202) 475-4815
Old shrub roses and climbers are a major

JACK



part of the design of the herb garden. Also an interesting collection of nearly twenty species roses.

Old Westbury Gardens, Old Westbury New York; (516) 333-0048
About 30 climbers and ramblers include 'Handel', ivory white with deep rose edge. A good display of pillars connected by chains in sheltered walled garden includes the fabulous lemon yellow single 'Mermaid', also 'Climbing La France', a sport of the first hybrid tea.

Wyck House, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania (215) 848-1690
The 37 old-rose varieties include climbers, ramblers, and species, many of a period consonant with the 1825 house restoration.

NURSERIES

The Combined Rose List, Beverly Dobson, 215 Harriman Rd., Irvington, NY 10533; (914) 591-6736
If the catalogues below do not have the roses you want, try Dobson's annually updated compendium, which includes hard-to-find varieties.

Antique Rose Emporium, Rte. 5, Box 143, Brenham, TX 77833; (409) 836-9051
Noisette, tea, and China roses good for the entire South, including about 30 climbers.

High Country Rosarium, 1717 Downing St., Denver, CO 80218; (303) 832-4026
Hardy old roses for mountain climates, with seven climbers, including 'Queen of the Prairies', fragrant, double, and rose pink with a white stripe on each petal.

Lowe's Own-Root Rose Nursery
6 Sheffield Rd., Nashua, NH 03062
(603) 888-2214
An excellent collection of ramblers and climbers with an additional 50 varieties not listed but available in quantity on request.

Pickering Nurseries, 670 Kingston Rd. Pickering, Ontario, Canada L1V 1A6
(416) 839-2111
About 40 climbing roses. A number are cold-resistant, although don't get your hopes up about all of them since this part of Canada is known as the Banana Belt because of its proximity to Lake Ontario.

Roses of Yesterday and Today,
802 Brown's Valley Rd., Watsonville, CA 95076; (408) 724-3537
The most informative catalogue of all includes 60 climbing roses shipped nationwide.

ROSE SUPPORTS

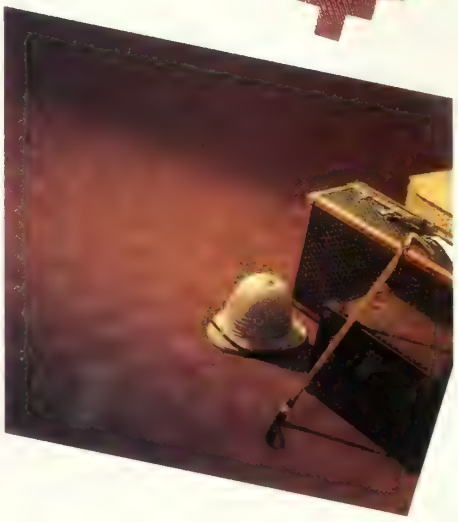
Chatsworth Carpenters, Estate Office Edensor, Bakewell, Derbyshire DE4 1PH
688-2242, ext. 371
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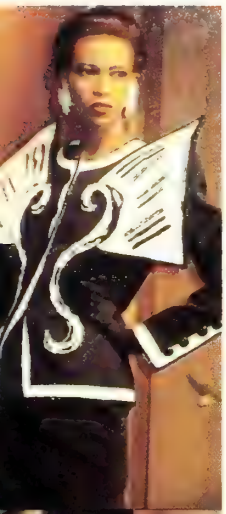
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Talley sheet

State of the arts at YSL . . .

Bedding down in opulence

. . . Racy late-day Loulou





ANDRE LEON TALLEY (2)

Chagall once said: "Braque's colors would be ideal on women's backs." Yves Saint Laurent, the undisputed king of haute couture, looked no further than his Paris living room and Cubist paintings for inspiration. "I have been walking around with Braque and Cubists in my head for a long time," says YSL, who brilliantly mixed fantasy with unparalleled tailoring. Highlights: birds in flight on summer capes, abstract Cubist motifs on shaped suits with short skirts. YSL's longtime associate Loulou Klossowski is another fashion inspiration. • Nineteenth-century rooms: Paris-based antiques dealer Bernard Steinitz, who recently opened a town-house shop in New York, sells fine French antiques from his apartment in Paris to clients Susan Gutfreund, Annette Reed, Jayne Wrightsman. At the annual Winter Antiques Show this year his leopard-covered Empire bed belonged to Marie Louise Bonaparte. • Pierre Bergé, chairman and co-owner of YSL, had Jacques Grange decorate his bedroom with Indian courtly paintings inlaid with semiprecious stones.

André Leon Talley



JOE FUJA



Loulou Klossowski, above, in YSL satin Rive Gauche cycle pants before her Bains-Douches party celebrating YSL couture. Left: Loulou with Saint Laurent.



YSL's universe. Above left: Embroidered Lesage fantasies: a Cubist wool suit; a Braque cape in linen from his spring 1988 couture collection.



FRANÇOIS HALARD



For the Klossowski fete at Paris's Bains-Douches, above, spring apples with white flowers. Left inset: Bernard Steinitz's fantasy bedroom. Left: Pierre Bergé's bedroom with portraits of rajas.

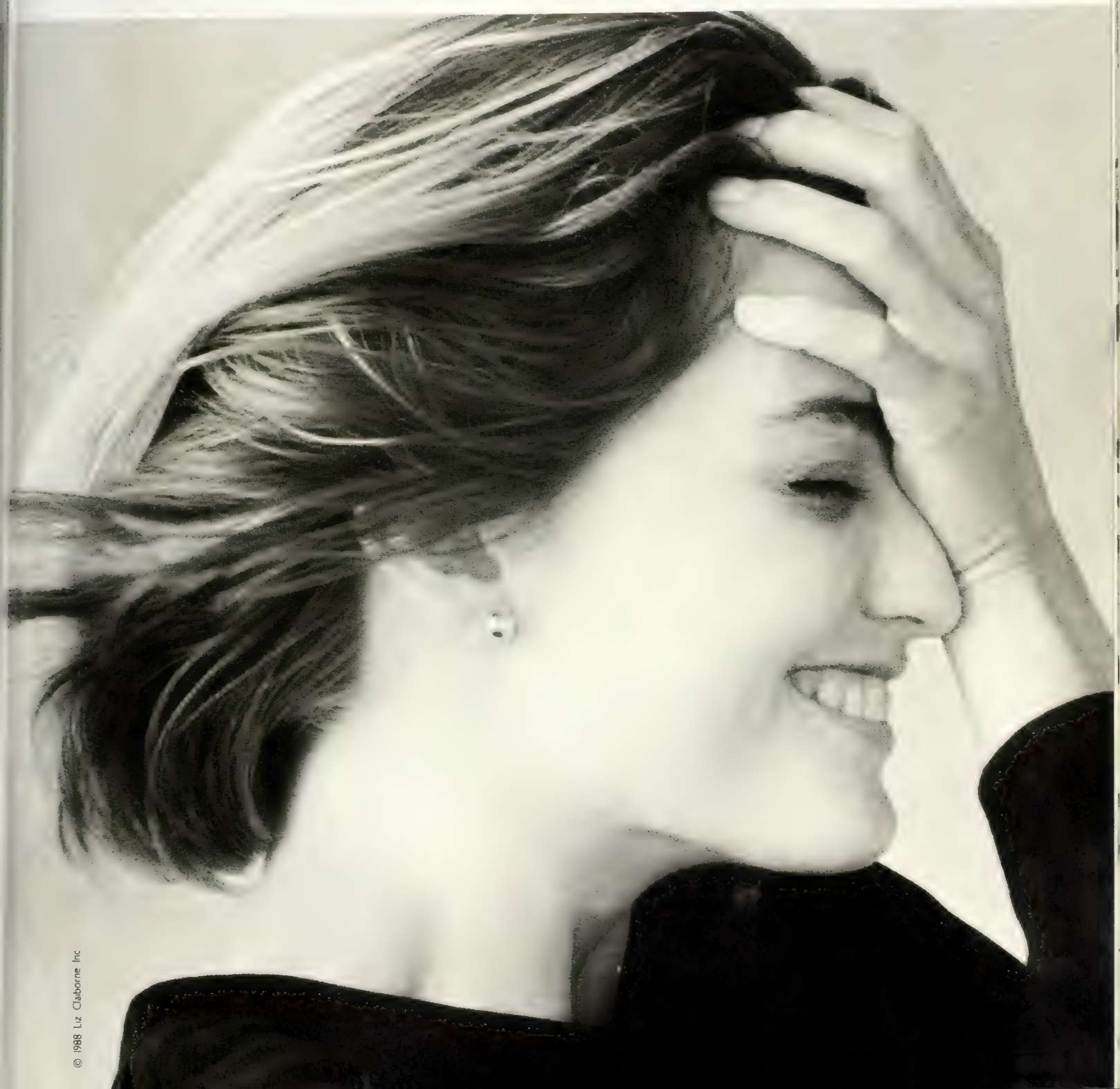


ANDRE LEON TALLEY (3)

A YSL couture show tradition: Spring flowers are pruned into extravagant evening floral ball dresses in silk taffeta from Abraham.

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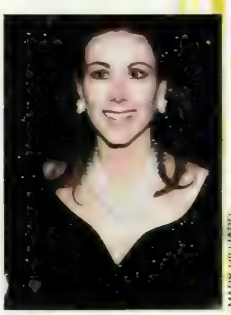


© 1988 Liz Claiborne Inc.

Talleysheet

The pearly way. . .Fancy feet. . . Persian carpets. . .Forever pearls

Pearls symbolize perfection, femininity. For spring they gleam from head to toe. Manolo Blahnik was inspired by Josephine Baker's style and Marie Antoinette's embroidered shoes. "My pearl shoes can be worn with jeans, palazzo pants, a maillot," he says. English philosopher Francis Bacon used to drink a pearl in lemon juice. Designer Carolyne Roehm likes triple strands, a gift from her husband, Henry Kravis, and dessert cutlery in mother-of-pearl, from Mallett's, London. "Pearls are wonderful for every occasion, day or evening," says Roehm. Calvin Klein gave his wife, Kelly, a parure of pearls from the Duchess of Windsor jewelry sale. Paris couture pearls: at Dior, Marc Bohan sprinkles them on a short dress; at Chanel, Karl Lagerfeld likes them down the back of dresses. Pearl *objets* create a sense of richness. New York antiques dealer Linda Horn specializes in everything from mother-of-pearl boxes to inlaid tables circa 1860. Sotheby's found a Persian rug encrusted with pearls. **A.L.T.**



MARY HILLIARD

Carolyne Roehm's mother-of-pearl dessert cutlery, above right. Above left: The designer in pearls from her husband.





MICHEL ARNAUD







Clockwise from top: Blahnik's shoe; Dior's pearl dress; Chanel's single strand; Kelly Klein; the right look: Jacqueline Schnabel in Saint Laurent raffia, Blahnik sling-backs.



An inlaid table, above, from Linda Horn. Left: A Persian rug from Sotheby's embroidered in pearls.

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escape this month into the wild with **fringes, palm trees, and exotic animals!** In this issue we show you a thatched pavilion designed by Hugh Newell Jacobsen; designer *Brian Murphy*'s own house in Santa Monica, with **grass curtains** and palm-fronded garage doors; fringed skirts on *Azzedine Alaïa*'s dresses and on *Elizabeth Garouste*'s furniture; *Sue Golden*'s thatched chair; architect *Charles Moore*'s cutout palm trees; *Gérard Rigot*'s exquisite animal chairs and tables—plus a story on the painter whose life epitomizes escape. **Gauguin,** celebrated this month at the National Gallery. A far cry from the beachcomber look, *Michael Chow*'s New York apartment is filled with furniture and objects by Ruhlmann and Dunand, *Lord McAlpine*'s follies litter an English landscape, and *Diana Vreeland*'s closets overflow with extraordinary shoes. Our food correspondent *Jeffrey Steingarten* spends a week working in a great restaurant kitchen; *Suzanne Stephens* comments on architectural disasters; and in *Picture Post* w show you a dying art, the illustrated letter. —*Anna Winto*

From top: Jacobsen pavilion; Gauguin's *Te Ra'au Rahi—The Big Tree*, 1891; Ralph Lauren fabrics go tropical. Left: A Brian Murphy find; Rigot's cat chairs.


MAHANA no Atua



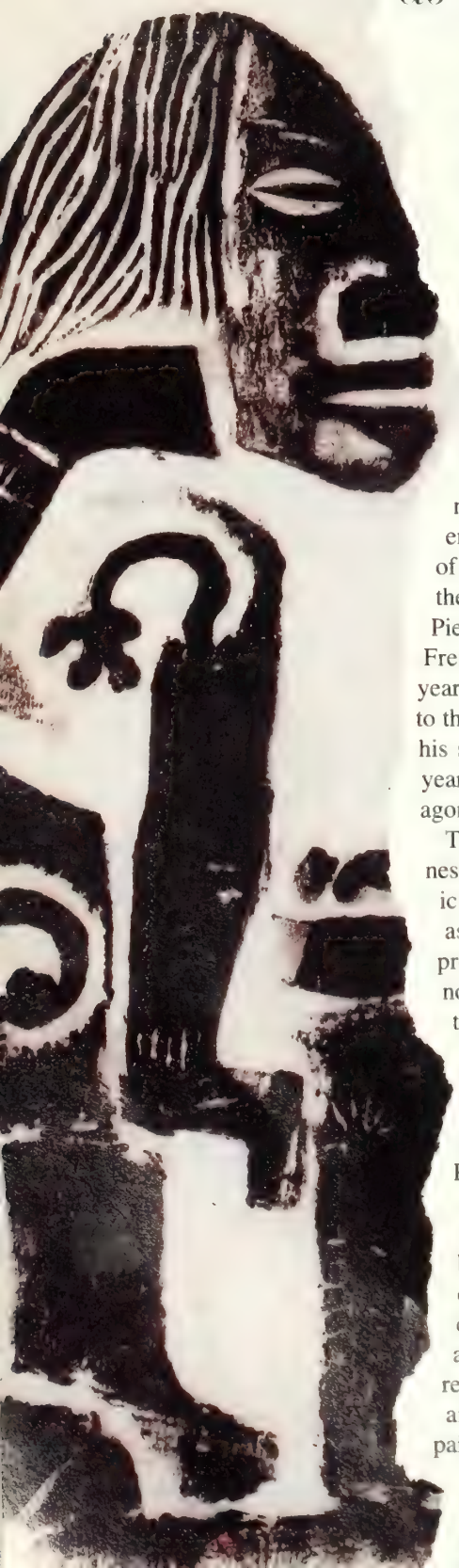
Heat Wave

Throw caution and convention to the trade winds. There's a sybaritic side to architecture, design, and fashion that beckons the adventurous to explore the exotic. Succumb to the temptation of unabashed color, to the allure of uninhibited pattern. Let Gauguin be your guide, through July 31 at the National Gallery in Washington

Paul Gauguin's *Mahana no Atua—Day of the Gods*, 1894, Art Institute of Chicago.

Tahitian **Mythology**

The legend of Gauguin is nearly as pote
as his art. But only the work, says **John Richard**
merits our attention



BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE

Before settling on Tahiti, Gauguin considered Java, Tonkin, and Madagascar as a base for his "studio of the tropics"—a never-to-be-realized commune of modern artists. He was inspired by memories of the thatched native huts he had seen at the World's Fair of 1889, also possibly by Pierre Loti's autobiographical account of a French sailor's romance with a fourteen-year-old Tahitian *vahine*. Gauguin's first trip to the South Seas lasted from 1891 to 1893; his second from 1895 until his death eight years later. Both turned out to involve much agony besides "ecstasy, calm, and art."

The paintings inspired by Gauguin's Polynesian "paradise" have exerted as mesmeric an influence on the Modern movement as Cézanne's—and only Van Gogh has proved more popular with gallerygoers, not to speak of art investors. Yet prior to the present eye-opening exhibition at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., on view through July 31 (with subsequent stops at the Art Institute of Chicago and the Grand Palais in Paris), Gauguin was always rather a puzzle. He was both original and derivative, bafflingly great and on occasion bafflingly bad. With this show—discerningly chosen and exhaustively catalogued by Charles Stuckey and Richard Brettell—all such conflicts have been resolved. We can now see Gauguin as an artist of immense visionary as well as painterly and decorative powers—both victor and victim of the sacred pool of art which figures in the foreground of the great painting *Mahana no Atua*.

The exhibition charts Gauguin's gradual metamorphosis from an inept Sunday painter to a charismatic master—part monster, part martyr. First steps were amateurish: bad Pissarro. Gauguin's gifts only began to emerge when he gave up banking and moved his family to Copenhagen, his wife's hometown. Denmark was a disaster. Leaving his family behind, he returned to France and proceeded to quarrel with a succession of well-wishers, notably Degas and Seurat. After dabbling in Divisionism, Gauguin embarked in 1887 on his first trip to the tropics: Panama. Another disaster! First he worked as a laborer on the Panama Canal, then, after moving to Martinique, he succumbed to fever.

On returning to France in 1888, Gauguin opted for the primitivism of Brittany. And there at Pont-Aven, surrounded by a group of progressive young painters, he finally came into his own and blazed a trail that would be followed by the heroes of the Modern movement: Picasso as well as Matisse, Expressionists as well as abstractionists. Drawing on sources as disparate as Cézanne, Japanese woodcuts, Italian primitives, Romanesque sculpture, and *art populaire*, Gauguin came up with his famous Synthetism: a style that enabled artists to take hitherto unheard-of liberties with appearances. Gauguin's Breton works are as decorative and expressive as medieval stained glass; at the same time, they are deeply rooted in his dark "barbaric heart, which [was] so hard, so loving." After primitive Brittany, Gauguin tried his luck with Van Gogh in primitive Provence. Yet another disaster! Artistic togetherness in Van Gogh's yellow house in Arles came to an abrupt halt when the doomed Dutchman tried to slash Gauguin with a razor. Back north he divided the next two years between Paris and Brittany, making little money but a great name for himself as the leader of Symbolist painters. In April 1891, he took off for the South Seas.

In the light of Stuckey and Brettell's scholarship the old Gauguin legends look decidedly novelettish, especially the notion of the archetypal *peintre maudit:* the

stockbroker who threw up everything to find redemption through primitivism, priapism, and drink. The prime perpetrator of this poppycock was Somerset Maugham or rather his roman à clef *The Moon and Sixpence*. Thanks to a chance meeting in Paris with one of the artist's cronies—a rotten painter named Roderick O'Conor—Maugham had developed an obsession with Gauguin's story shortly after the latter's death in 1903.

O'Conor must have let out a lot of disparaging facts about his former mentor, for in Maugham's first best-seller, *Of Human Bondage*, we come across not only a travesty of O'Conor ("a failure and he knows it, and the bitterness has warped his soul") but a travesty of Gauguin ("he chucked it all to become a painter. . . . He's behaved like a perfect cad to his wife and children. . . the way he treats the people who've helped him . . . is simply beastly"). After the success of *Of Human Bondage*, Maugham decided to base his next novel entirely on Gauguin—a project that necessitated giving up his work as a spy in Switzerland, at the height of World War I, and going to Tahiti in search of local color.

Most of Maugham's research for *The Moon and Sixpence* was done by his shifty American companion, Gerald Haxton, who would scour the local bars for tall stories about the perfect cad who had died of drink and morphine, had run up bills all over the island, and carried on a hate campaign against the local priests and colonial administrators. Years later, I remember Maugham boasting how he and Haxton had driven to Papeete, where in a flyblown bungalow belonging to the children of Gauguin's landlord they had discovered a glass door painted by the artist. Six panes depicting a whimsical rabbit and a bare-breasted woman holding a breadfruit were all that remained of an elaborate decorative scheme. Maugham bought it for 200 francs and stuck it in his study at Cap Ferrat; he sold it in 1962 for $37,400. History would have been better served, Stuckey growls, if the writer had photographed his find in situ and not jettisoned the bottom section.

Maugham's view of Gauguin as the Trader Vic of modern art has inspired many a bored businessman to envision escaping to a never-never land in the South Seas, especially when Kon Tiki added another dimension to the Gauguinesque myth: the swish of surf on the silver strand; topless *vahines* dispensing *dolce fa niente* to middle-aged dropouts. How Gauguin, that sardonic utopian, would have despised the dreams that his example inspired. Brettell rightly complains that his art has come to be admired for "reasons that he would find loathsome or trivial," and he bids us imagine "the snide invective" that one of today's eight-figure sales would invoke.

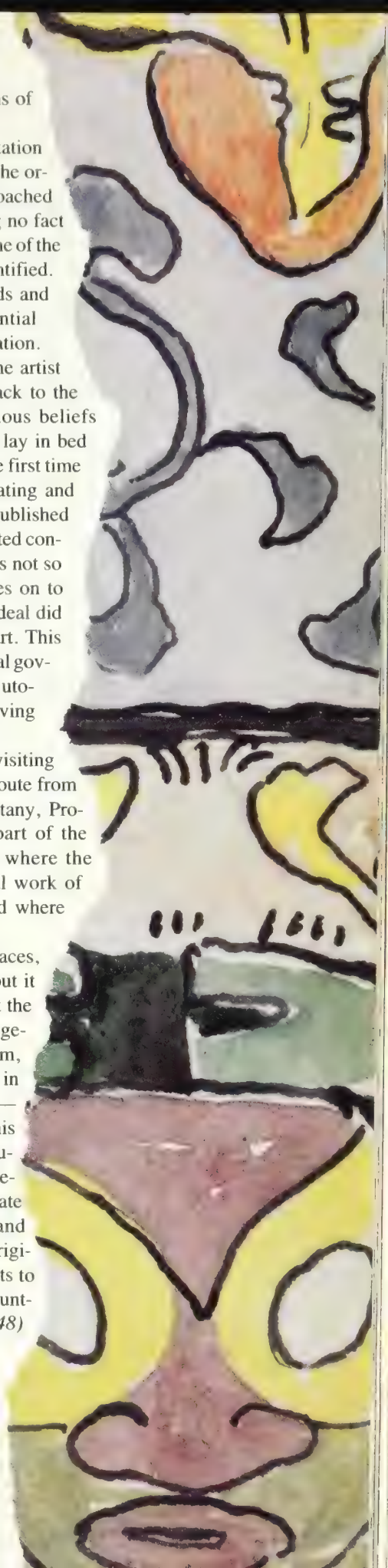
For all that he was unable to endow his drunken boor of a Gauguin (Strickland he called him) with the least glimmer of greatness, Maugham went to the trouble of visiting Tahiti; this was more than most Gauguin experts ever bothered to do. Most academics preferred to stay put, bickering over stylistic and chronological niceties, coming to blows over questions of authenticity.

As a result, the artist's image and reputation came to be in dire need of reappraisal. The organizers of the current show have approached their task with exemplary ardor, leaving no fact or theory or attribution unquestioned, none of the flora or fauna or phantasmagoria unidentified. As well as reviewing all relevant records and documents, they submitted every potential exhibit to exhaustive scientific examination. They studied the hundreds of sources the artist drew upon. They traced his subjects back to the Polynesian customs and ancient religious beliefs Gauguin claimed to have learned as he lay in bed with his mistress, Tehamana. And for the first time they diligently unearthed all his fascinating and underappreciated writing, much of it unpublished or long out of print. Hence their unexpected conclusion that the alter ego of the artist was not so much a banker as a writer. Brettell goes on to claim that Gauguin's "striving for the ideal did not take place only within the arena of art. This constant meddling in the affairs of colonial government was. . . part of his search for a utopia on earth . . . no less important for having been futile."

The organizers also made a point of visiting most of the stops on Gauguin's escape route from bourgeois civilization: Martinique, Brittany, Provence, Tahiti, and finally Hiva-Oa (part of the most remote island group on earth), where the artist busied himself with his last total work of art, the famous House of Pleasure, and where he died in 1903.

Ever since he first kicked over the traces, Gauguin had always had a following, but it was only in the last years of his life that the enormous significance of his instinctive genius began to be recognized—in Belgium, Germany, and Scandinavia as well as in France—by a new generation of painters—above all, Picasso, who at the start of his career filched almost as much from Gauguin as Gauguin had filched from *his* precursors. Didn't both artists have an innate ability to digest stylistic borrowings and come up with a synthesis of the utmost originality? If Picasso acknowledged his debts to Cézanne and Van Gogh while he unaccount-

(Text continued on page 248)



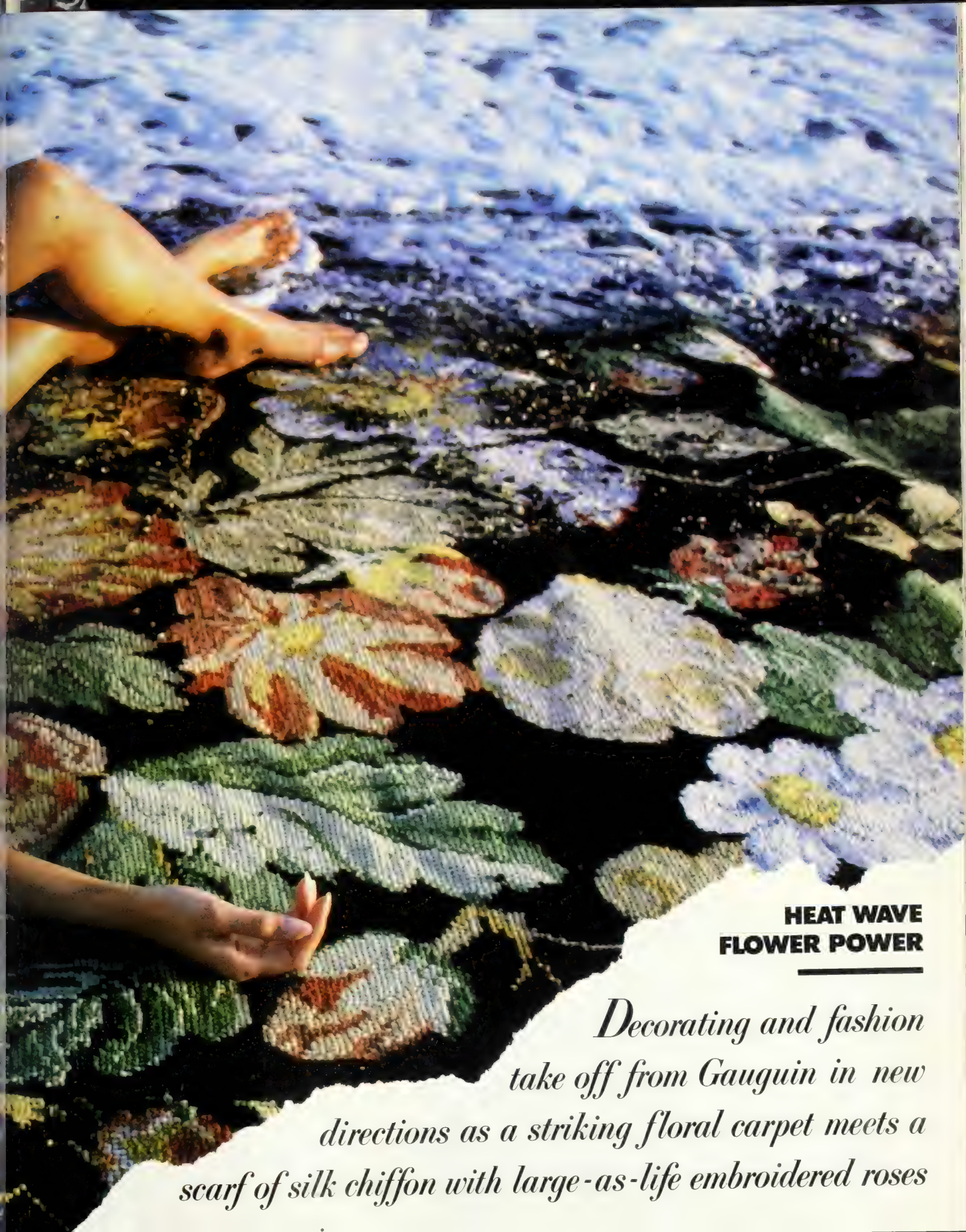
Gauguin's ornamental impulses are clear in the detail, right, of *Ancien Culte mahorie*, 1893. Opposite: His dark power is exemplified in the 1898 print *Three Figures*, detail.

COURTESY RÉUNION DES MUSÉES NATIONAUX



Needlepoint carpet handmade in Portugal from Schumacher; Gauguin scarf of silk chiffon with paillette and bead embroidery by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo; tubular lace headdeau with bead embroidery, Sant' Angelo; hair flowers by Isabel Canovas, Paris. Style throughout, Andre Leon Talley. Details, page 253.

MAX VADUKUL



HEAT WAVE
FLOWER POWER

Decorating and fashion take off from Gauguin in new directions as a striking floral carpet meets a scarf of silk chiffon with large-as-life embroidered roses

HEAT WAVE
BOLD STROKES, SIMPLE STRUCTURES

Architect Hugh Newell Jacobsen goes native with a winsome pavilion for alfresco dining under the rustling palm fronds. The mood is relaxed, lighthearted, even playful—design takes a holiday



Jacobsen's *bohio* in the Dominican Republic was inspired by both Spanish and local architecture. Opposite: A good-enough-to-eat ceramic apple, flown in from Italy, on a sea-blue Confetti plate from Gordon Foster, New York. Right: On the banquette Jay Spectre's glazed chintz for Robert Allen, batik pillow from China Seas, and a madras plaid from Ralph Lauren. Details, page 253.

MAX VADUKUL



HEAT WAVE
SUNSTRUCK COLOR

Exuberant blossoms, exotic fauna, bold colors—almost as Gauguin painted them. A floral fabric echoes the red sarong in *Ia Orana Maria*



Wooden bowl, friendly monkey. Left: Flower handbag by Isabel Canovas, sarong in cotton batik from China Seas, details, page 253. Right: A menu illustrated by Gauguin in 1892.

Menu

timarons assortis

Oeufs au four

Upupa Sauce

Boeuf à la

ade !!! aita

Desserts

ha ! de Tahiti

au Vahine

ERTO GILI


P. Gauguin

Bringing the Tahitian spirit to the table—fanciful ceramics that re-create the colors and shapes of the tropics



Tropical leaves in Chelsea plate by Mottahedeh (details, page 253). Opposite: Gauguin's *The Meal, or the Bananas*, 1891, detail, Musée d'Orsay, Paris.

L MUNDY



Dress of cotton and hemp, shoes by Azzedine Alaïa. Opposite: Painted wood chair with thatch by artist Sue Golden; a surfboard chair with hula skirt fringe by designer Brian Murphy. Details, page 253.

HEAT WAVE
FRINGE ON THE MOVE

Dresses and furniture grow fringes—a chair sprouts a thatch tiara, a beach stool turns up in a hula skirt



ANDREW BETTLES

GAROUSTE & GAROUSTE

Liza Campbell visits the Normandy home of the painter and the sculptor and finds a part workshop, part gallery, and entirely idiosyncratic





High seas in Haute Normandy: A grass-skirted table and stool, a pot, and a three-legged table are among Elizabeth Garouste's exotic designs. The two murals are by Gérard Garouste.



A marriage of styles: Elizabeth in tailored black velvet with the pony-tailed artist in his studio. The painting is *The Annunciation*, one of Gérard's works inspired by *The Divine Comedy*. Opposite above: The Garousteff couture maison. Opposite Elizabeth's office with a tall rose





After a painful start to his career (his first exhibition was in 1969, and he wasn't given another for ten years), Gérard Garouste's creative urge has swelled in direct proportion to his reputation and success. From dawn, when he gets up for the early morning light, until dusk, when he leaves his studio and returns home, his painting is accompanied by music of unimaginable megawattage blasting out of speakers standing on either side of an enormous fireplace. But the work doesn't stop when the sun goes down. In the living room the walls, the telephone, even the ceiling are splattered with paint from Gérard's hyperactive brush. There's a handsome printing press at the back of the room, so in the odd moment between dinner and coffee and playing with his children he can run off multiple editions. "Painting is not my work, it is my pleasure. My best moments are when I'm working surrounded by my family and friends—a bit like a grandmother who sits in her chair knitting while her family recounts the day's events."

Gérard and his wife, Elizabeth, bought their white-shuttered Normandy manor house four years ago so that he could concentrate on his paintings and sculptures in the tranquillity of the countryside. The house was built by a man who trained birds for Louis XIV and rebuilt in the eighteenth century after a fire. Now because of the Garoustes' prodigious combined output, it has evolved into a series of workshops. Two years ago they converted a stable into a large high-ceilinged studio where Gérard works on as many as forty paintings at once.

For Elizabeth the move to the country has been a compromise, and on most days she makes an hour-long journey through Haute Normandy into Paris to join Mattia Bonetti, her partner in decorating and furniture design. Past triumphs of their collaboration include the restaurant of the Palace nightclub, Christian Lacroix's boldly colored salon on the rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré and Geopoly, Paris's hippest hangout for the modeling crowd. At the moment, they are working on the installation for an exhibition for the Fondation Cartier, which sponsors contemporary artists. An exhibition of their pieces at Furniture of the Twentieth Century showroom in New York opens on May 15. Elizabeth also runs the Garouste household and oversees the schooling of Olivier, age eight, and Guillaume, thirteen.

"Sometimes it is frustrating having to travel so much, but I have an office upstairs and a room in the attic where I make work in terra-cotta," explained Elizabeth, who

The house was built by a man who trained birds for Louis XIV and has evolved into a series of workshops

What decoration there is could never be described as finished

has built a career out of designing bizarre furniture with mutant shapes and forms that are frequently molded in papier-mâché. "We use a factory in Italy run by old men who normally produce floats for local carnivals and festivals. I think they are a little bemused by us."

Indeed, Elizabeth and Mattia Bonetti were described as New Barbarians after the first exhibition, in 1980, of their consciously "prehistoric" designs, which made use of rough wood and twine and a favorite medium, papier-mâché, to simulate stone. Some of the more humorous pieces were chairs with hula-girl grass skirts and a side table supported by potbellied, saggy-breasted caryatids.

Animals are everywhere in the house. An outsize black dog called Vasco ambles amiably around, and the dining room houses a guinea pig and a hamster. The humans have yet to colonize this extremely cold room, preferring to eat in the simple farmhouse kitchen, which is reached by passing through the rug-strewn library. The library is the domain of the Garoustes' cat, which stealthily prowls the shelves stuffed with books. On the walls of this sage-green room hang engravings for a book Gérard did on his printing press. Upstairs in Elizabeth's study lives a striped squirrel in a cage she designed. When asked its name, Olivier replied haughtily, "I do not know its name, as it belongs to my brother."

The stylistic influences in the house are African and Oriental. Elizabeth collects African textiles, which are draped over the chairs and anything else that needs camouflage. Gérard's father deals in Far Eastern goods and *(Text continued on page 248)*



Ordinary becomes exotic: Elizabeth's African textiles cover the library chairs. On the wall are framed engravings from a book Gérard illustrated.

THIBAULT JEANSON


PARIS









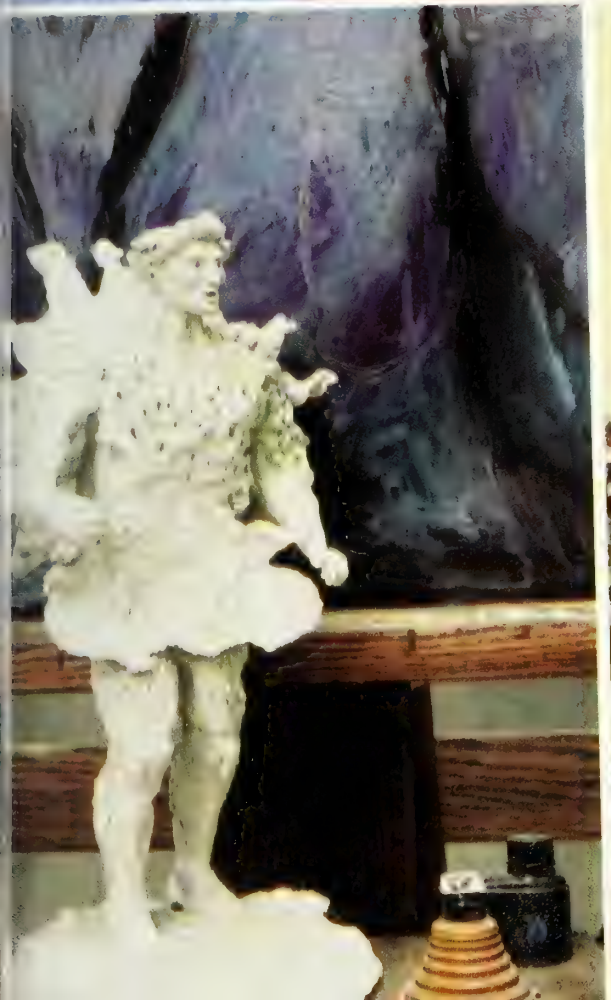
Art is everywhere: Top row from left: In the corner, Elizabeth's "prehistoric" blue lamp and Gérard's plaster maquette on the floor. Studies for paintings. A detail of Gérard's pastel, *The Mirror*. A maquette for *Defying the Sun*, against a Chinese screen

Bottom row from left: Hats and sack form a back-hall still life. Gérard's *Beatrice Portinari*. Another figure from *Defying the Sun*. A Lune lamp by Garouste and Bonetti shines on a Bottom-like figure by Gérard.





The main influences for his monumental landscapes with obscure figures flitting about are Dante's *Inferno* and the music of the Russian composer Arvo Pärt





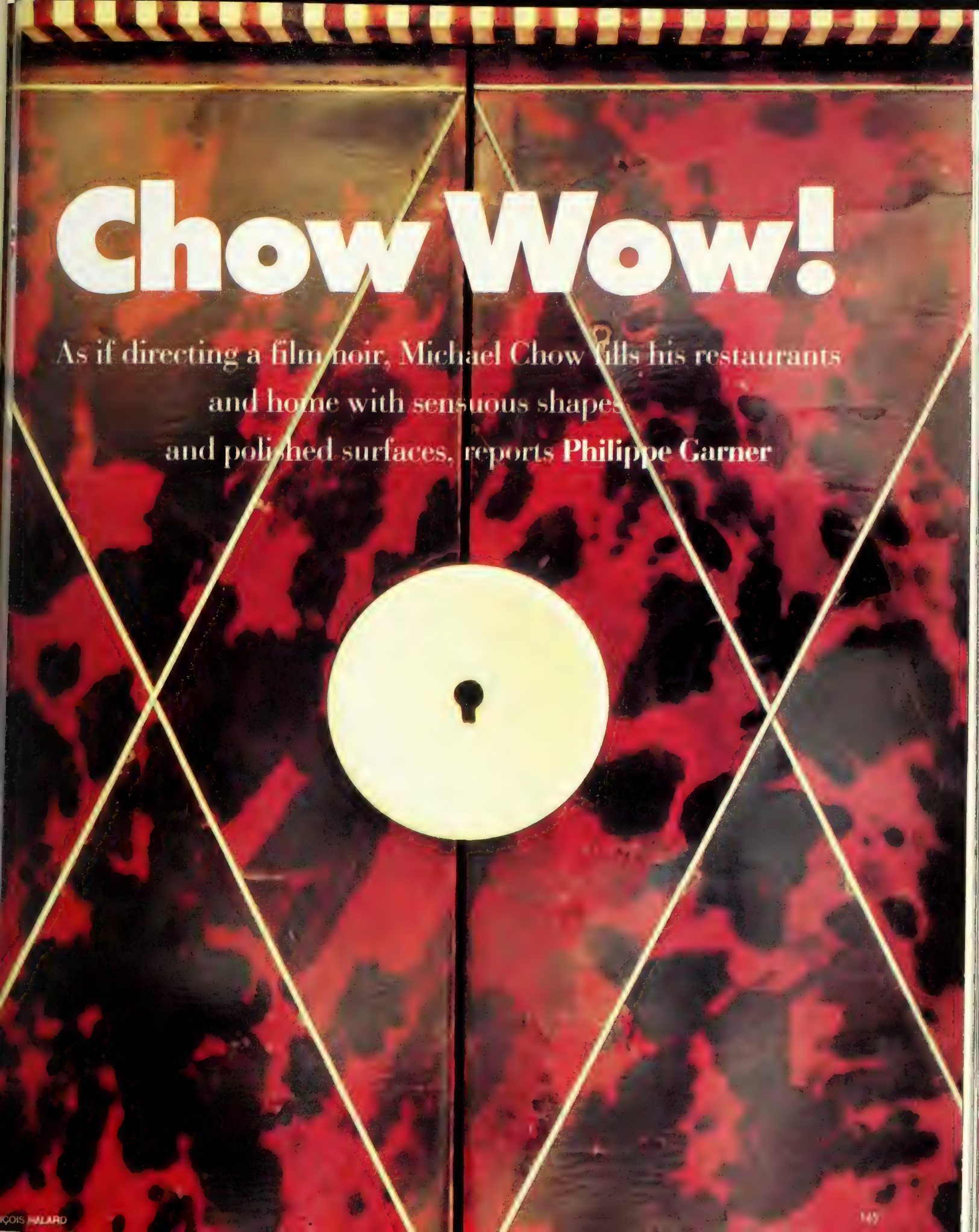
THIBAULT JEANSON



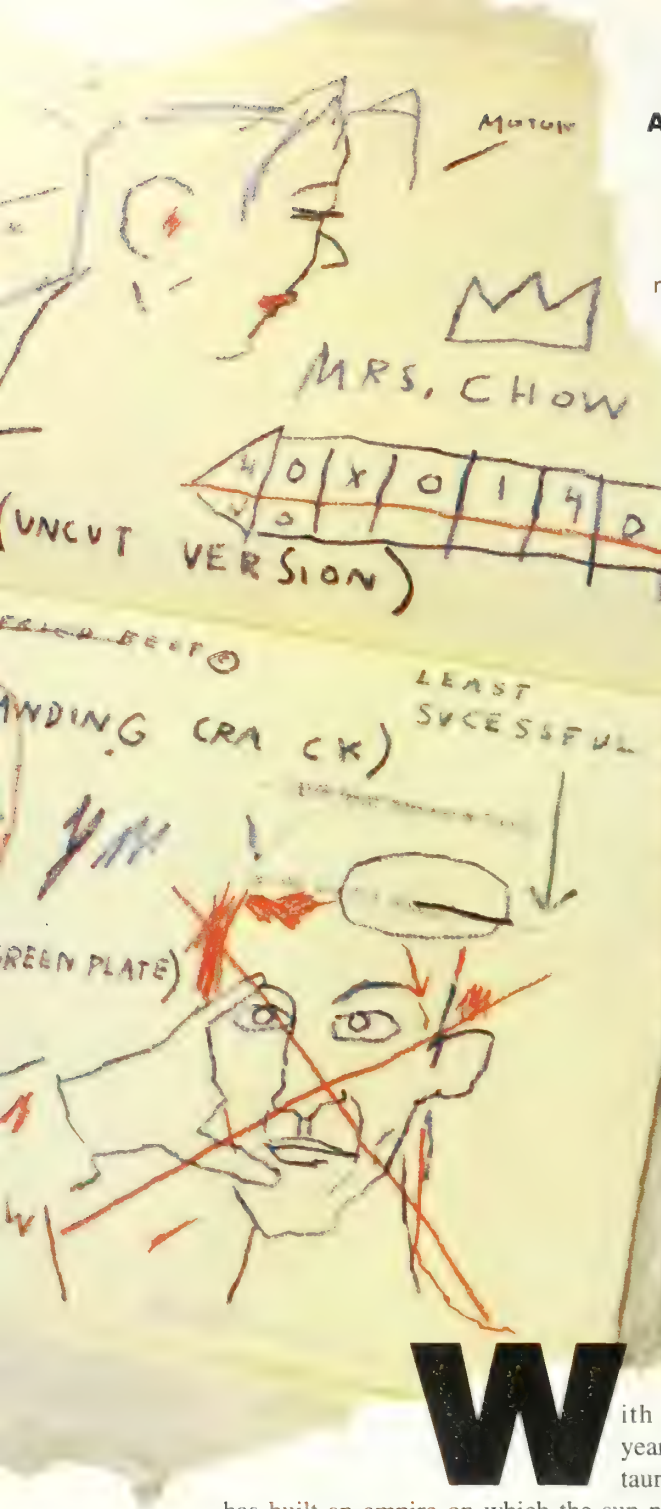
Dramatic positioning: Michael Chow poses beside a black lacquer pedestal by Eileen Gray which holds a vase by Jean Dunand. Opposite: Detail of a tortoiseshell, ivory, and ebony cabinet by Jacques Émile Ruhlmann.

Chow Wow!

As if directing a film noir, Michael Chow fills his restaurants and home with sensuous shapes and polished surfaces, reports **Philippe Garner**



ÇOIS HALARD



Artful details: A drawing of Tina Chow by Jean Michel Basquiat in the guest book of the New York restaurant. Below: In the Kyoto restaurant a chair by René Prou echoes the silvery Keith Haring mural.



With the opening last year of his Kyoto restaurant, Michael Chow has built an empire on which the sun never sets. His Mr. Chow restaurants in London, New York, Los Angeles, and now Kyoto have rewritten most of the rules in the business of serving food. But the restaurants are just the most public facet of Chow's world, and the ideas that have brought them such renown are indivisible from those Chow applies to every aspect of his life.

Chow expresses himself wittily, cryptically, with apt epigrams for complex ideas. Conversation takes on the atmosphere of a chess game or a gentle but rapid interrogation. Film director Billy Wilder calls him "an original, a man with a mind of his own. It is a pleasure to engage in a verbal duel with that guy." His friend photographer David Bailey explains, "He has tunnel vision when he believes in something. You understand the Long March when you talk to Michael."

Chow himself has said, "Most businesses are run on the principle that the customer is always right. My philosophy is the opposite." Another friend, artist Julian Schnabel, confirms this. "I think Michael is a somewhat misanthropic restaurateur. But I say that with affection and respect. He is a critical person, which comes with pros and cons. His standards are high, and he pursues what he believes in to the limit." Chow simply quotes William Blake: "The more personal, the more universal."

Michael Chow is of slight build. He sports a distinctive walrus mustache and hair alternately long or short and slicked. His hands are small with fine fingers, his dress discreetly dandified. He would be the first to remind you that Beau Brummell was not flamboyant.

No sooner is the subject of dress broached than Chow reveals his passion for refinement and quality. From collar to shoes, every detail represents an act of choice: "The shirt collar is important. Once the width is determined, the rest follows. Make it an eighth of an inch out, and you destroy the whole thing." Even his shoelaces represent an ultimate: "Hermès, silk, different widths, different colors, including white. Tina found them for me and bought the entire stock." Tina, his wife, is a half-American and half-Japanese beauty with a considerable sense of style, which she is currently applying to her new venture in jewelry design.

Chow recognizes his intense pursuit of style as a part of his search for an identity, which began with a dramatic rupture from his country and his family at the age of thirteen. He was born in 1938 in Shanghai, "the New York of China." His father was a highly revered classical Peking Opera actor, a stage celebrity from age six, creator of major roles, author of three hundred plays. At thirteen Chow was sent to boarding school in England. It was ultimately for his well-being, for his father was to suffer persecution and death during the Cultural Revolution. "It was tough for me," he says. "I suffered an identity crisis. But I learned to be a survivor." He developed a determination to excel, to be "the best in the world" at whatever he did in tribute to the image he has cherished, with some awe, of his father. "I have a professional refugee mentality," he claims

"He has tunnel vision," explains David Bailey. "You understand the Long March when you talk to Michael"



Deco devotion: A small selection of the eggshell and lacquer pieces by Dunand in Chow's New York apartment.



with characteristic self-deprecating irony.

Chow spent three years at art college in London, then pursued a spasmodic career as an artist and an actor. His first role, in 1957, was as a Chinese laundry delivery boy. His innate sense of elegance was already in evidence, despite his relatively limited means. Artist Peter Blake recalls "first meeting Michael in the autumn of 1957, when Dick Smith and I shared a flat together in Chiswick. Michael lived nearby in a garage behind a house in which Victor Pasmore had lived. Michael and his friends were extremely elegant. I remember dinner, cushions on the floor, the empty space, a Chinese meal cooked on a burner on the floor. He had style then, even in a garage." By the late sixties he had a larger apartment, but his aesthetic remained as rigorous.

Gràce Coddington, his former wife, now design director of Calvin Klein, recalls, "When I met him, he wanted and had nothing. When we lived together, we had four chopsticks, two plates, two chairs, a bed, a pot, and a frying pan—no pictures, nothing. Only when he started the restaurants did he become a collector." In an interview in a 1977 international edition of *Newsweek* Chow described with sharp irony the seeming inevitability of his career: "Being Chinese in the West is very limiting. It's either a Chinese restaurant or a



A harmonic convergence: The living room of the New York apartment full of furniture by Ruhlmann. The photograph on the stand is by Helmut Newton. Opposite above: Cy Twombly's contribution to the guest book. Opposite inset: Michael Chow in a characteristic attitude of concentration.

FRANCOIS HALARD











Polished personal appointments: Clockwise from top left: Antique Mont Blanc pens rest on a gilded mirror. A dressing table by Dunand and Ruhlmann. Animal magnetism in a detail of a cabinet by Ruhlmann, Dunand, and Jean Lambert-Rucki. A Sèvres cup and saucer by Ruhlmann on a Dunand table. Left: The restaurants' matchbooks reproduce a 1969 Hockney portrait of Chow.

laundry and so I chose to open a restaurant."

The original Mr. Chow opened in London twenty years ago, on Valentine's Day, 1968. Chow set the tone with his stylish decor, intimate, carefully considered lighting, art on the walls, and an artist clientele. He commissioned artist friends to create works for the restaurant, their fees a credit to be consumed. Jim Dine painted five hearts for Valentine's Day and, as he was shortly to return to the United States, burned his way through his credit with a quick-fire succession of parties. Peter Blake painted a Pop group portrait, *Frisco and Lorenzo Wong & Wildman Michael Chow,* which now hangs in the New York restaurant, and adorned it with the kitsch chinoiserie so notably absent from the decor. Patrick Caulfield painted a big nude, Dick Smith made a metal wall sculpture, Clive Barker created his silvered bronze *Peking Duck*. "My restaurant started like a party, every night a party that goes on forever," quipped Chow. The Los Angeles restaurant opened in 1974, New York followed in 1979. "I was trying to build a country for me. I feel secure in my restaurants."

Chow talks passionately of abstract ideals yet remains acutely perceptive to light, sound, color, and texture. "I like the sound of walking on carpet, over fine floorboards," he says, "a certain creak between shoes and floorboards underneath—half movie, half reality.

"My big thing is lighting to create a feeling. The colors, textures, and surfaces are chosen to fit the lighting." For the New York restaurant he selected tiles of white marble, a warm white gloss lacquer for the walls. "I wanted it to be translucent, like a swimming pool at night or a film noir."

In creating interiors Chow follows certain principles but avoids formulas. In his restaurants he devises seductive spaces by applying a principle he explains with reference to an instruction supposedly given by John Ford to John Wayne: "Don't annoy the audience! Just walk through the picture. I'll let you know when I want you to do something special." "This is easier said than done," says Chow. "When you design something, make it neutral; let people walk through. Not everything must be a statement. But when you do something special, make it magic."

The new Kyoto restaurant *(Text continued on page 252)*

"Some things have their places waiting," says Chow. "A true collector wills certain pieces to become his"



Elegant severity: In a niche in the Neo-Gothic bedroom a 1986 Warhol painting sits atop a Dunand cabinet. The chair is by Ruhlmann, the crocodile shoes from G. S. Cleverley in London.

FRANÇOIS HALARD



Family influences: The entrance hall, above, with an antique rocking horse lent by the author's brother and Neo-Gothic furniture purchased from his brother-in-law. Opposite above: The author with part of his pig collection. Opposite below: The Castle seen from the main drive.

The English MANNER



CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

Photographer **Christopher Simon Sykes** explains his family's eccentric Gothic-style "castle" overlooking the Yorkshire Wolds. Once dilapidated and allegedly haunted, this proud inheritance of the third son is now the favored hideaway for relaxing weekends and festive house parties





When I was in my early twenties and dating a girl of whom my father particularly approved, he would bring me up to the Castle—a place he knew I loved—and say, "If you marry that girl, I will give you the Castle." I never took him seriously.

The Castle is a farmhouse situated high on the Yorkshire Wolds, a bank of chalk hills. It commands a magnificent view of the surrounding countryside, overlooking Sledmere House, the ancestral seat of the Sykes family. It was built in 1778 by my namesake, Sir Christopher Sykes, from plans by John Carr of York. He designed it as a folly, or eye-catcher, since it occupies a strategic position in the landscaping of Sledmere Park as drawn up by Lancelot "Capability" Brown. The original plans called for pavilions on either side of the main block. But all that was completed was the central portion—two castellated towers in the Gothic style adjoining a great arched doorway. The Castle is often hard to see in the morning when it is in shadow. In the late afternoon and early evening, however, when the dying sun finally hits its twin towers, it is lit up like a beacon, visible for miles around.

The Castle was later offered to me again by my eldest brother who had toyed with the idea of living there himself before deciding it was not for him after all. He then promptly changed his mind and took it back. It was a smart decision. The day came when living on top of my father in the family home became unbearable, and my brother began to make elaborate plans to move. Roofers, plumbers, electricians, and painters moved into the Castle. Architects drew up ambitious plans. A flagpole was all but planted when my father decided to die. The move was abandoned. After a suitable interlude I made a cautious approach, and a few months later, in the summer of 1982, the keys to the Castle were mine. They could not have come into my hands at a more opportune moment, for in September of that year I married.

Belinda and I decided to approach the somewhat daunting problem of the Castle very slowly. My brother had left it in what is known as builder's order, leaving us to paint, decorate, and furnish—no mean task considering its size and our limited budget. As far as the latter was concerned, the location was very much in our favor. The farther away one is from London, the cheaper things become, with no loss of—and often a rise in—quality. We started with the painting, carried out by a local family firm, Dobson & Son of Driffield, which had just completed the somewhat grander job of gilding the ceiling of the 120-foot library in the big house. Since the northern light is cold we chose to use a series of warm bright colors throughout the house, painted on in a wash in the Italian style. Mr. Dobson understood at once—but no expensive oil-based paints and scumble glazes for him. He used emulsion paints diluted like watercolors, applied wet, finished with a dry brush. The final effect was exactly what we wanted.

The next stage involved much begging and borrowing and a certain amount of ingenuity, often both combined. I was forev-

With the exception
of a large community of mice
and a short stay
by a pop group, the house
had not been lived in
for twenty years











Outdoor pleasures: Lily Sykes and a friend, opposite, create a splash in the garden. Top: Guests breakfasting on the terrace on a sunny Sunday. Above left: The terrace table with fresh butter and eggs from the farm. Above right: Babars resting on an 18th-century library steps chair; a Shaker pig standing guard. Left: In the utility room flowers from the garden of the big house await arrangement. The pig was custom-made in New York, the tiles are by artist Jonathan Heale.



Purloined prizes: Belinda and Lily Sykes, right, reading together in the drawing room on the sofa Sykes finagled from his brother's bedroom. Below: In the Blue Hall, a Neo-Gothic side table with a portrait and bust of Sykes's grandfather. The pot was found in the attic of the big house. Opposite: A view from the drawing room across the Blue Hall to the study. The leather side chair was a wedding gift; the club fender allows close warming by the fire.

er padding about the big house with one eye open for things I considered might be surplus to my brother's requirements. On one occasion, for example, he made the mistake of suggesting I needed a sofa in a particular place. Did I know of one that might be suitable, he asked. "Well, yes, as a matter of fact I do," I replied. "It's in your bedroom, at the end of your bed actually. The one you put your clothes on. You never sit on it." He scarcely had time to nod his assent before I'd enlisted the help of two able-bodied guests and whisked it out of his room and into its new home. He learned to curb his tongue.

When we finally moved into the Castle in the early summer of 1985, it was painted and partly furnished. Mitzi Addison, an elderly Austrian lady who had worked for my mother, moved in with us to make curtains and covers. My brother-in-law, a cabinetmaker by trade, also came along. With the exception of a large community of mice and a short occupation many years previously by a pop group with which my younger brother was then involved, the house had not been lived in for twenty years—since the demise of old Cecil Porritt, the previous tenant, whose ghost was thought by many in the village to haunt the place. (We had dealt with this problem the preceding Christmas when we had solemnly walked around the house with a Catholic priest, chanting and sprinkling holy water in each room.) For the first three days of our occupancy the cold and damp of former years seemed to cling to the house. But as fires blazed in every grate and the human presence began to make itself felt, the Castle gradually began to thaw out and feel inhabited. Suddenly we felt welcome there, and after our first ten days we felt as though we had lived there a lifetime.

Even though we only get to spend up to four months a year at the Castle, every moment of that time is a joy in spite of the rain and fog and howling gales which usually assail us (the east Yorkshire coast is not noted for its climate). It is a time for walks, for reading and cooking, for catching more than a fleeting glimpse of friends, and for our daughter, Lily, to learn about the country.

The Castle surprises everybody who visits it, as well as some who have not. Once when Belinda, a television producer who then worked for the BBC, returned to her office, a colleague asked, "Do you have a title or something?" "No," she replied, "what do you mean?" "Well," he said, "when I rang up the number you left and asked to speak to you, a grand voice said, 'I'm afraid that madam is at the Castle and will not be returning to the big house till later.' " How could they ever have guessed that working among them was the chatelaine of a country castle? ♠

We dealt with the ghost by solemnly walking around with a Catholic priest, chanting and sprinkling holy water



CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES



Picture Post

The almost-lost art of the illustrated letter is kept alive by a coterie of correspondents around the world



PETER BEARD

Artist, author, photographer, and wildlife expert, Beard has traveled between his Thunderbolt Ranch on Long Island and his Hog Ranch in Nairobi for the past thirty years. ABC airs *With Peter Beard—in Africa* this month. (This photograph is on his passport.)

Why not draw your own?

Everybody likes getting letters—even dull ones. A telephone bell is an irritant, but that gentle thump on the doormat is always a heart twister. Sometimes the sight of a familiar, much-loved hand on an envelope is so rewarding it is hardly necessary to open it.

I am of a generation that wrote and received letters as regularly as we brushed our teeth. My parents lived in India, as did many of my relations. We children grew up in England, and before the days of airlines we got together with our families only at intervals of two or more years. Weekly letters—they took six weeks each way—were our only contact. We wrote every Sunday evening at school, where the letters were read before dispatch by the headmaster, and every Sunday afternoon during holidays.



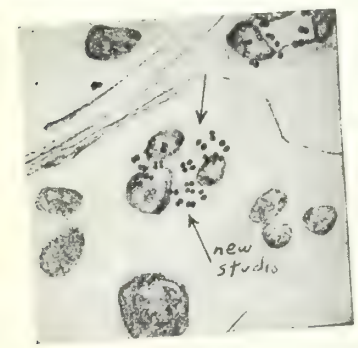
HUGH CASSON

An architect, painter, and author and illustrator of many books, Sir Hugh Casson frequently exhibits his work in London and elsewhere. He has recently retired as president of the Royal Academy of Arts, a post he held for eight years. His latest book is *Hugh Casson's London.*

I didn't drop the habit, nor did my parents, until I left university, and I still handwrite about five letters a day, often on the back of a letter received. Many of them are illustrated with marginal sketches, a popular habit among my parents' generation, all of whom learned to draw as unselfconsciously as they learned to sing or swim or play simple tunes on the piano. Sometimes the drawing was just a decoration, sometimes a descriptive sketch, sometimes a more elaborate concoction that needed time to decipher.

I adopted the habit as a child, partly because I enjoyed drawing and partly out of laziness. Drawings are the best and most attractively efficient form of shorthand. They can be witty, disarming, pointed, or explicit. They are immediately interpreted and magically personal. The picture is unique to you. However clumsily drawn, it is fresh-minted for the sole enjoyment of you and your recipient. Nobody else has done it exactly the same way or ever will. Words get fatigued (Rose Macauley said all of them run downhill)—drawings never. Why not have a go? **Hugh Casson**

PRUDENCE CUMING





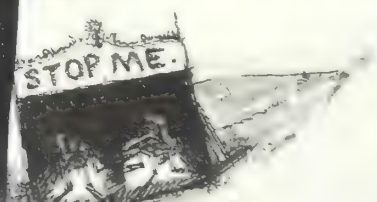
STEVE GALLOWAY

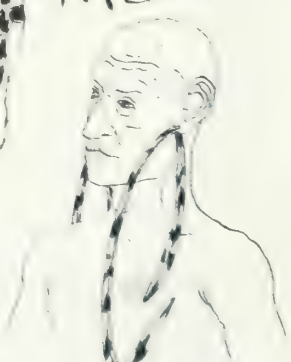
Artist Galloway met Edward Henderson in California, where their correspondence began in the 1970s. Their tandem works, which look as if they were illustrated by one artist, were recently exhibited in Santa Monica.



EDWARD HENDERSON

When asked how correspondence with Galloway began, Henderson, who lives in New York, says that they both share "similar demented attitudes toward ational communication."







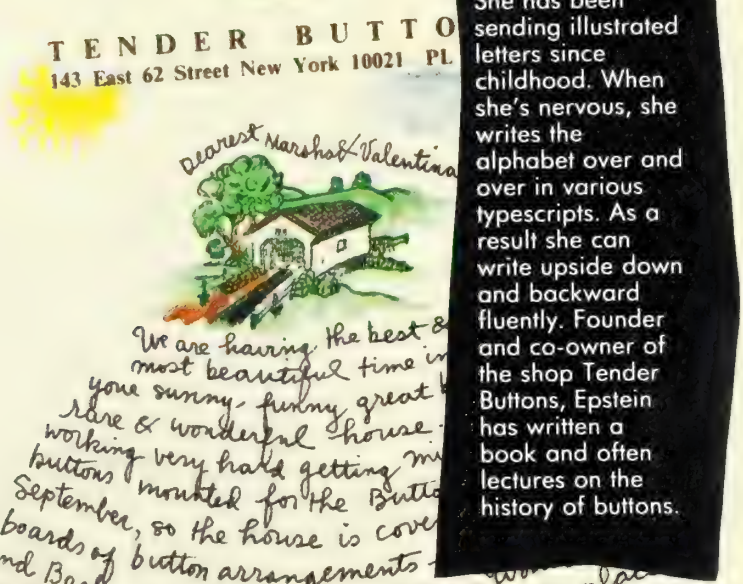

NO-MO CRYING TOWEL BOUTIQUE
c/o STRANGLER GALLOWAY UP
238 Mills St.
Santa Monica Calif.
90405
TENDER BUTTONS
143 East 62 Street New York 10021


NDER BUTTONS


re: Valentina & Marsha AULISEA
FOX SWIM FARM,
Amsterdam, New




DER BUTTONS
Joseph G. Aulisi
c/o PALTROW
304 21st Street
Santa Monica, CA


TENDER BUTTO
143 East 62 Street New York 10021 PL
Dearest Marsha & Valentina
We are having the heat &
most beautiful time in
your sunny, funny great
rare & wonderful house
working very hard getting m
buttons mounted for the Butto
September, so the house is cove
boards of button arrangements
and Barker & Ashcan & Mr. Green
really giggle to see all your favorite pla
Covered

DIANA EPSTEIN
She has been sending illustrated letters since childhood. When she's nervous, she writes the alphabet over and over in various typescripts. As a result she can write upside down and backward fluently. Founder and co-owner of the shop Tender Buttons, Epstein has written a book and often lectures on the history of buttons.





MORE, MORE, MOORE!

Architect ***Charles Moore*** *describes the eighth house he's built for himself—the crowded center of a crowded life*

Sometimes architects have at hand an extraordinary opportunity to test their most evanescent and unprovable (that is to say, slippery) notions about space or light or color or fit or function. The opportunity comes in their own houses, with minimum penalties if the evanescent notions slither out of hand. This house in Austin is the eighth I have done for myself and presumably one of the last. It is larger than others I have made for myself and considerably more comfortable, more inhabitable, than its predecessors.

Inhabiting, as I claim from lecterns everywhere, is a basic human need, not far behind eating and sleeping, though far less universally achieved. It involves a place of one's own, a center of one's universe, where one has that feeling of well-being dancers call being centered. The architect's task is not to make or purify some abstraction, but rather to design a stage for the centered inhabitant, for him or her or them to act out their lives. "Bah! This is

Charles Moore, opposite, by the pool at his home-and-office compound in Austin, Texas. The plain stucco exterior of Moore's house gives little hint of the richness within, including, left, whimsical cut-outs over the fireplace.







Most of the remodeling was selective erasure, which left the critical act of adding something

Moore's inspirations for his own house, top, include the pool at architect Geoffrey Bawa's office in Colombo, Sri Lanka, center, and the wagon entrance to the Sherwood Ranch in Salinas, California, above.

theater!" snorted angry Harvard architecture students when I first lectured to them twenty years ago, and I would say, "So be it." But by now I have an architect-nephew, David Weingarten, who thinks the architecture-as-theater figure suggests far too loose a fit and that architecture should be more like clothes, fitting snug.

My tall narrow town house in Los Angeles was fitting rather too tightly around me four years ago: I had been ordered to bed for several weeks with a troublesome back, and the walls of my sixteen-foot-wide dwelling were pressing closer and closer while I focused my mind on an offer from the University of Texas at Austin and the spread—in my mind it was always a spread—I would inhabit when I got there.

When I did get there, at the height of Austin's high-priced prosperity, the spreads were elusive: there were ten-acre parcels of rather claustrophobic brush too far from town and big and little houses shoehorned onto inadequate lots. Where was the spread? When suddenly the wife of the dean of the architecture school, who was also my agent, found it—a gently sloping acre of Spanish oak and post oak in a pleasant old neighborhood, fairly close to town, where fancy and modest houses mingle comfortably. The house that shortly became mine was one of the modest ones, but heavy with pretension: it was all too easy to imagine it as something a minor mafioso in, say, New Brunswick, New Jersey, might have established for his paramour in 1936. Actually a nice old lady had lived there, but it had been built in 1936, a two-bedroom, one-bathhouse, with an extra two bedrooms, bath, and glass porch added at some architectural nadir in 1949. But the oak trees were beautiful. The property, zoned for two houses, had been bought by developers who meant to make it for seventeen. But within the area alerted to the zoning changes lived something like 44 lawyers, so the developers were in full retreat. I went halves with Arthur Andersson, who had come to Austin to take charge of my office there, and I had my spread.

Then it was time to design something. The process included architect Richard Dodge and Arthur Andersson and went on for many months. We decided that I would remodel the existing house, and we'd add a studio and a smaller house for Arthur. We would try for a courtyard, out of the wind but able to catch the breezes, where we could have a swimming pool. I had an image of it, remembering a long raised tank at Geoffrey Bawa's office in Colombo, Sri Lanka. I had another image, from an old Roger Sturtevant photograph, of an entrance for wagons to the Sherwood Ranch in Salinas, California—big but very simple. And for the living room I kept remembering the lift of wide stairs in Bantry House in the west of Ireland.

Curiously, I felt a kind of archaeologist's morality about the existing house, awful as I thought it was: I didn't want to cover up anything or to change anything unless I had to. Perhaps that qualifies as frugality, or is it only eccentricity? However, I did end up with all the windows left as they were, except two, and I added one big one. A pitched roof was added over the flat one, and the ceilings were removed along with many of the interior partitions.

Most of the remodeling was very selective erasure. That left the critical act of adding something, the dramatized act of inhabitation, the gesture that would settle us in. It had to be a big gesture to include my house, Arthur's house, the studio, and the courtyard. That gesture soon became an ellipse. The plan also provided the best suggestion for a house name: Lazy Oval, or Lazy O in the language of cattle brands.

Once you are inside my front door, which is Viennese and came from a splendid local architectural fragments shop, the curved wall takes over. Its passage is marked by pilasters, with bookshelves between, then openings to the kitchen, an alcove, the fireplace, and then more alcoves before the curve sweeps outdoors again. The pilasters themselves owe much to the airy suits of armor on top of an early Karl Friedrich Schinkel scheme for the Neue Wache in Berlin, except mine are plywood (painted by members of my class at the university), surmounted by masks, over pilasters of galvanized metal with dowel fasces.

The warriors' chests are open to reveal various wonders, including giant kachinas my sister makes me for Christmas. Long before the armorial pilasters were finished, though, the curved wall was evoking responses. I note a positive one from Hal Box, who is the dean of the architecture school at Austin: "It's like canoeing along the steep bank of a curving stream toward a point out of sight. I like canoeing, so I like this." The curved wall swings around past the fireplace to the view out over the oak trees. Up a few steps is a seating corner that looks out through the giant window to the courtyard, where wisteria will soon spread summertime shadow.

The removal of the ceilings revealed the underside of the roof, which is complex, contradictory, and mostly just confused and which I like to think is a suitable foil to the single-minded sweep of the enveloping ellipse. Also, it is painted almost white in restful contrast to the hubbub elsewhere. The floor is the original 1936 wood and 1949 concrete with the handsome patterns of mastic left after the green asphalt tile was peeled off and with a net of colors in a pattern of squares and circles painted over it all to camouflage some of the more serious disasters. On it are kilims. The biggest rug in front of the fireplace, brought home from a London antiques store when the dollar was up, provides the color scheme for the rest of the room.

On the high green wall, facing an area for dining, hang my great-great-grandparents Moore, whom I first remember hanging in my grandfather's stair hall in Michigan. They have moved to California twice with me and to Connecticut not very far from the town in Vermont where they started, and now they seem to take in Texas with the same equanimity with which they faced the rest.

A fine Baltic plywood is the material for the sofa in the dining area, locally built. The design is the first in a series that owes something to Karl Friedrich Schinkel and a host of Biedermeier designers as well as to really good plywood.

The fireplace in the elliptical wall received no more than several coats of paint and a new tile hearth. Above it is an overmantel meant to house a few objects and to filter light from an upper window. It is presently made of Fome-Cor to simplify the numerous changes we'll make before we get it just the way we want it, whereupon it will be recut in everlasting plywood.

The kitchen is worth a note: the original was well made, but narrow and tight. We retained the side with sink, dishwasher, refrigerator, and cabinets, and demolished the opposite wall, which included a stove. That became an island counter with a cooking top that extends to the elliptical wall, and additional cabinets were built along the outside wall of what had been the dining room. Everything old and new was then covered with a marbleized laminate, which makes the kitchen an acceptable neighbor to the living room.

Through a door just left of the entrance is my study/dressing room, bedroom, and bath with a giant shower, which is the only addition to the original house. The shower is bright with a translucent roof, walls of metal roofing, and duckboard flooring. A sliding glass door separates the shower and bedroom and lights up the bedroom with a bright and even glow. Adjoining the shower is the remodeled bath, the one place where I allowed myself some fancy surfaces: stainless-steel counter, nickel lavatory, black faucets. And on the walls of bathroom, bedroom, and study, as well as living room, are shelves jammed with books and objects. The books are very tidy, but the whole house is filled with objects—awash with objects—and that is its most notable characteristic.

From earliest youth I have collected things that appealed to me: miniature buildings and figures and objects, puppets and cars and ornaments, kachina dolls and pictures—mostly toys. They are souvenirs of places I've been, they form pieces of miniature cities or of little scenes with staggering contrasts of scale. I used to see myself as a pack rat, and only lately has anyone called me a collector. So the next step is to figure out how to insinuate into this house miracles of organization: vitrines, glass-top tables, and new ways to look at little objects made into miniature worlds. If I don't take charge, they will. Or maybe they have. ▲ *Architecture Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*

MORE. MORE. **MOORE!**



Moore's love of "little objects made into miniature worlds" is reflected in an installation he designed for an exhibition of toys at his Hood Museum at Dartmouth College.

LANGDON CLAY



The curving wall of the entry corridor continues into the living room. Totemic pilasters contain niches for kachina dolls and are topped by primitive masks. The ceiling, says Moore, "is painted almost white in restful contrast to the hubbub elsewhere."

For the living room I kept remembering the lift of wide stairs at Bantry House in west Ireland


MORE. MORE. M ORE!

TOWERS OF *Weakness*

Frank Lloyd Wright said every building with a roof leaks. Leaks are the least of it, reports **Suzanne Stephens**

Buildings have always leaked. But these days you can add problems of heat, cold, glare, and noise to the list of malfunctions that frequently plague new construction. While architects carry on about new advances in design and technology, the drones living and working in and around the new buildings form their own opinions from firsthand experience. Last summer when the new United Airlines terminal designed by architect Helmut Jahn of Murphy/Jahn opened at Chicago's O'Hare Airport, critics salivated over its sensuous curvilinear forms. But the air-traffic controllers in their tower insisted that glare from the terminal's glass roof prevented them from seeing the planes. Although some cynical travelers claimed O'Hare's air controllers had never shown that much concern about air traffic before, it was clear that something needed to be done. United ended up slathering 27,000 square feet of the glass roof with wax. The next step is to scrape off the goo and etch the glass with acid to cut the glare for good.

The problem was fairly minor compared with having a structure collapse (as did Murphy/Jahn's award-winning Kemper Arena in Kansas City in 1979) or with having windows pop out (as happened in the mid 1970s at the John Hancock tower in Boston designed by the much-respected I. M. Pei & Partners). Since the construction process involves so many people, including builders and suppliers of materials, the architect can hardly be blamed as the sole villain if something goes terribly wrong. Nevertheless, when it comes to the mundane matters of temperature, noise, and the like, there is always the lurking suspicion that the architect is more obsessed with innovative design than the comfort of the building's inhabitants. Frank Lloyd Wright provided a favorite role model for the profession: when one of his clients complained that a leak in the roof made dinner guests a little soggy in rainy weather, Wright suggested moving the dining-room table.

Building botch-ups are often linked to some adventurous design feature. Observes Thomas Fisher of *Progressive Architecture* magazine: "All great architects push their materials to the limit. They have to take risks." But architects are also designing in an age when materials and methods of building are entering the marketplace faster than new wrinkle creams. Like any purchaser of the latest bee pollen or Retin-A cosmetic miracle, architects also want to believe that new building products and techniques will work all the time.

The employees toiling in the upper reaches of the State of Illinois Center in Chicago found Helmut Jahn's scheme had provided them with a 110-degree sauna in the summer months

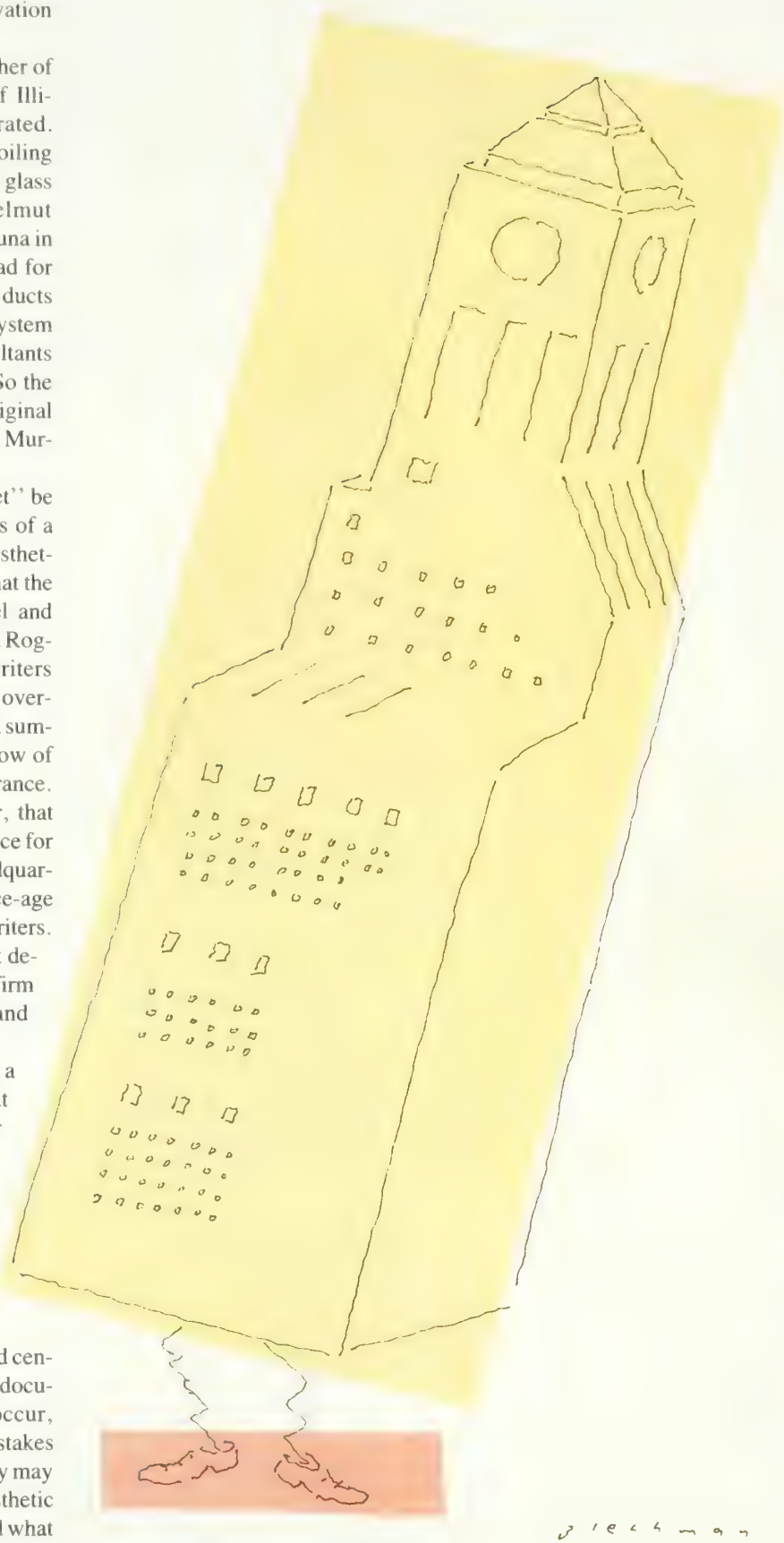
Sometimes the gap between faith and fact is not visible right away. The Faculty of History Building at Cambridge University designed by England's James Stirling is a case in point. The twenty-year-old landmark L-shaped structure of brick and tile wraps around a fan-shaped glass reading room, and over the years it has come to look like a creature from the deep. Water seeping through apparently porous concrete terraces has left a residue of chalky encrustations on the now grotty-looking glass walls. Elsewhere parts of the building tiles crumbled. Inside the building heat loss and leaks have created an atmosphere too dank even for the hardy English. Several years ago Cambridge University was advised that the requisite repairs would cost about £1.4 million. A bit steep. The suggestion that the whole building be torn

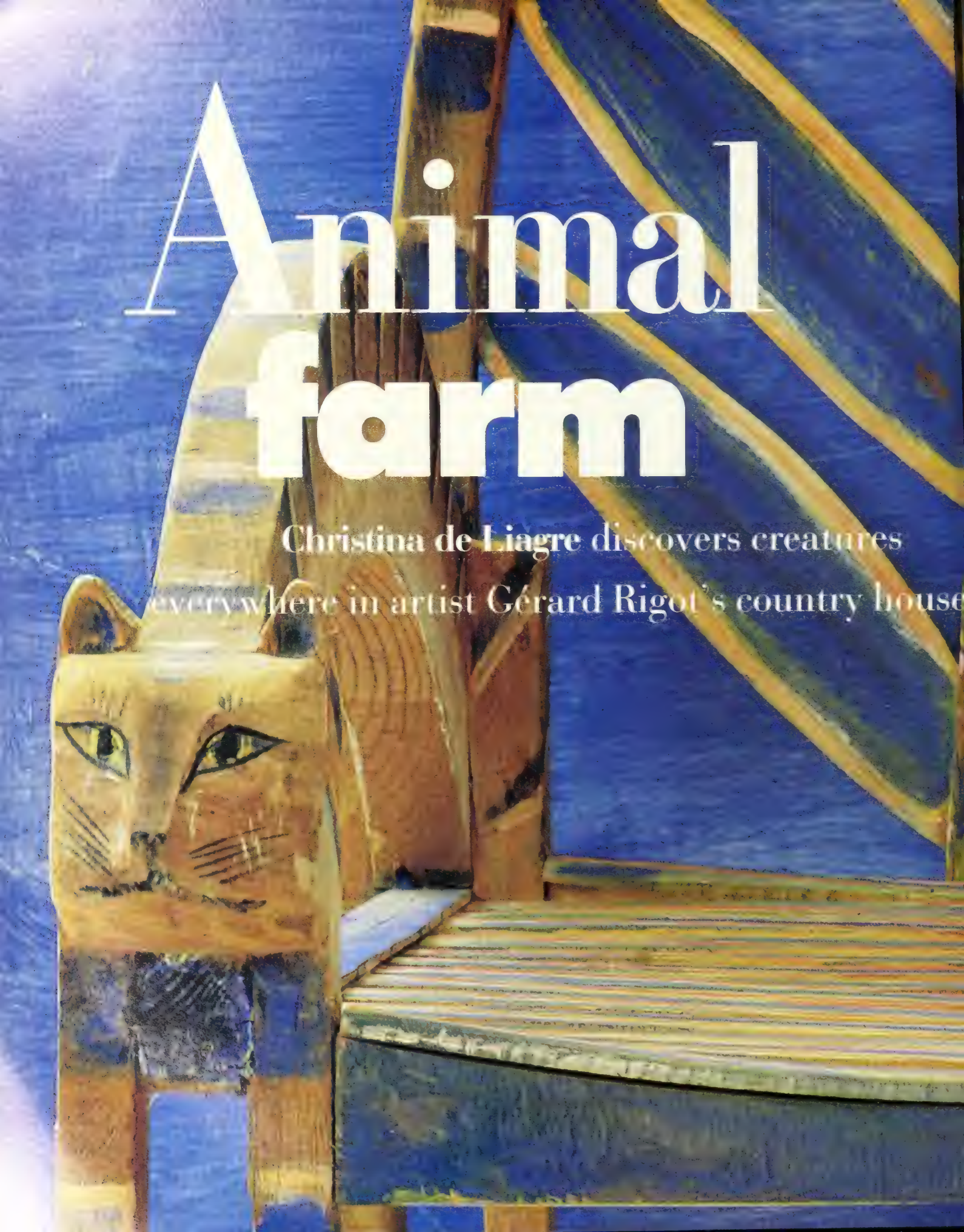
down seemed like a good idea to some. But a hue and cry arose from Modernist architects turned preservationists (once a contradiction in terms). So now a more modified renovation is being undertaken at a cost of £700,000.

Such renovation costs often lead to lawsuits, as another of Murphy/Jahn's buildings—the three-year-old State of Illinois Center in Chicago—has dramatically demonstrated. Soon after the building's completion, the employees toiling in the upper reaches of the truncated beehive's gigantic glass atrium—onto which their offices open—found Helmut Jahn's scheme had provided them with a 110-degree sauna in the summer months. Good for losing water weight, bad for concentration. It turned out that the air-conditioning ducts and ice-making equipment of the innovative cooling system were not big enough. State-hired engineering consultants charged $10.9 million for the necessary corrections. So the state filed a $20 million suit against the architects, the original engineers, and others involved in the project. Since then Murphy/Jahn has sued the engineers.

Some observers would prefer that "Helmut's Helmet" be taken to court on aesthetic grounds. In fact, criticisms of a building's function may really be about its looks, but aesthetic issues are hard to prove. For instance, it is thought that the brouhaha over Lloyd's of London, the stainless-steel and concrete tube and pipe assemblage designed by Richard Rogers, is based on style rather than function. Underwriters working in the building contend that their open offices overlooking the vast atrium are noisy, drafty in winter, hot in summer, but most important the many levels hinder the flow of business. Many complained they couldn't find the entrance. One of Lloyd's spokesmen has conjectured, however, that the gripes actually stem from the underwriters' preference for the traditional gentlemen's-club look of the 1928 headquarters building, which had been torn down for the space-age structure. Lloyd's had a research outfit poll the underwriters. After an overwhelmingly negative response last fall, it decided to bring in Fitch & Company, an architectural firm with experience in the design of airport terminals and shopping malls, to modify the interiors.

One minute the architect of a high-profile structure is a celebrity lauded by critics, and the next a scapegoat blamed for all the building's glitches. You pay a lot for public life. Indeed, because of their potential liability for structural and technical failures, architects are paying more than ever for insurance. John Loss of the Architecture and Engineering Performance Information Center at the University of Maryland estimates that at least one claim each year is filed against 43 to 47 percent of all insured architectural firms. Now, however, some sort of help is on the way. The Maryland center is compiling data on building failures. With more documented case studies about why certain problems occur, architects should soon be able to learn from others' mistakes in ways that were not feasible before the computer. They may not be able to do much about grumblings that have aesthetic underpinnings, but knowing in advance what works and what doesn't should give them an edge on innovation. ♠





Animal farm

Christina de Liagre discovers creatures everywhere in artist Gérard Rigot's country house



Captive cats: The artist harnessed a team for this fanciful *fauteuil chat*

JACQUES DIVAND



Unlike those you could not keep down on the farm once they had seen Paree, Gérard Rigot decided quite the reverse route was to be his. After a frustrated career as a painter and a marriage that produced eight children and a divorce, Rigot picked himself up and put down roots in the middle of nowhere. When making arrangements from Paris to visit his farmhouse, I called to suggest I stay nearby. After a pause on the line I was told, "There is no nearby."

Indeed. His pastoral paradise in the rolling hills of Gascony, west of Toulouse, is foie gras country where unlucky ducks are force-fed corn kernels by strong-armed peasant women traditionally known as *gaveuses*. Although these robust women still gather to do the plucking together, this is about the only form of contact from farm to farm. It's a lonely life.

Gérard Rigot has spent twelve years down on his farm, an animal farm if there ever was one. "I came here to lose myself," Rigot says, as I settle into a blue wolf armchair in the storybook living room. "You were lost and then found," I say. "Exactement, ça va ensemble," he replies, easing into an elephant armchair.

Running his hand through a shock of gray hair, he recalls, "I was showing my paintings in Paris, and on the night of the opening I got into an argument with the gallery owner, so I took all my paintings off the walls that instant. Then I came here. I had just been divorced. I was totally lost and thought I'd try to start my life over again, raising sheep, without thinking much about painting." The entire house now looks like illustrations come alive from the pages of Aesop's *Fables* or *The Jungle Book*, with Ol' MacDonald thrown in for good measure.

"There was nothing here when I came," he continues, "only a rusted car that dated from 1908—an Ursus—one of the first and proof of how prosperous the farm had been. Vineyards used to cover these hills, but they have long since disappeared. When I arrived, the land was used only for pasture."

While Rigot's sheep grazed, he tackled the farmhouse to make, no doubt, the first improvements in two centuries. A coin found in one of the walls dated the house to 1792. "The king hadn't been guillotined yet," Rigot is quick to specify, the way the French do as though that happened only the day before yesterday. It was customary among peasants to place a coin in the wall to bring prosperity to the house.

Agnès, Elisabeth, Marie, Anne, Alice, Jérôme, Antoine, and Jean Baptiste joined their father during vacations to help fix up the house. "This is the first thing we did together," Rigot says, turning around to look up at a blue hanging cabinet through his no-nonsense granny glasses. "I constructed it out of window frames I found in an abandoned building. Then the children did paintings on each pane of glass." Patchwork art is thumbtacked to the walls, as are some of Rigot's paintings. "Frames create distance."

The point of departure in this effort to see what he could salvage and transform was Algeria, where Rigot and his *famille nombreuse* spent several years in the 1960s. Directing my attention to a table, which is painted green and decorated with small diamond-shaped mirrors, Rigot says "That piece comes from Mascara, where I did a stint as a schoolteacher to support us all. It's made out of soap crates. I loved the



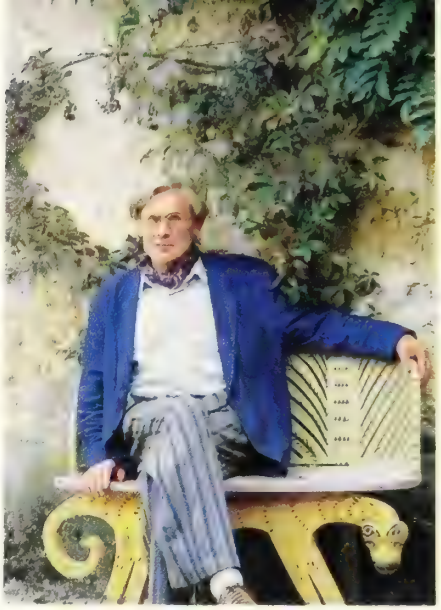
Wild kingdom: Kissing giraffes form the back of a chair, left, and lotus flowers, above, stand tall for another. Details, page 253. Right: Denise Dessirier feeds the real chickens.



JACQUES DIRAND



Loup de loup: [illegible] room a wolf wrestles the table's carved animal life



way they would create things out of whatever they could find. It gives such freshness and spontaneity to their decoration. If you don't have any means, you have to find other ways of bringing joie de vivre into your life. Above all, it's the colors they use—the transparent colors you see on the walls of their houses, inside and out. That was my prime source of inspiration because I rely on somewhat the same techniques: I don't use pure color; I use very diluted color on a white background." Not only his furniture but all the walls in the house are painted this way.

As I look about the room, taking in the luminosity of Rigot's Arab palette, like the perfect pastels of Easter eggs, a flaming redhead suddenly introduces herself into this quiet color scheme. I had heard there was a woman on the premises with fatal-attraction hair. Denise Dessirier, a Parisian poet who for ten years has been mistress to this manor (her handwoven tapestries adorn the walls), muse to the artist, and Jane to the animal kingdom. "Company!" she exclaims, as though I were Dr. Livingstone. "How wonderful. We never see anybody around here. I'll make tea."

Arab fabrications became Rigot's fabulations; his imagination was triggered. "To continue furnishing the house, one day I made a cat chair for my daughter Marie. Then I made a chest that looked like a sheep for my son Jean Baptiste." That was it: Rigot decided the only sheep he wanted to raise would not go to the slaughterhouse but to the museum. He brought the two original pieces to the Musée des Arts Décoratifs for a show in 1980, and before he knew it he was asked to shepherd his flock around the world. ("Americans are very hygienic: the customs people burned the straw I used for packing material!") Neiman Marcus found their *berger de luxe* in Gérard Rigot, and *le tout* Texas turned out to cart off his menagerie in limousines. The Gallery of Applied Arts in New York heralded Rigot as the Douanier Rousseau of French naïf furniture and gave the artist his first comprehensive show in 1986, which was a sellout—even Mick Jagger and Jerry Hall took home one of Rigot's love seats.

Gallery director Patrick Steede, who is planning another show for autumn, says, "Some people are nervous about choosing furniture on the forefront of design, but in this case people make their choice as if they're choosing a pet." Although he has termed Rigot's work naïf, Steede is quick to disassociate it from the more anonymous folk-art traditions of early American and Mexican painted furniture. "Rigot's pieces are so distinctive, clearly identified with one artisan, and much more knowing than pure naiveté."

"What do the farmers around here think of your animal farm?" I query, as Denise returns with a cup of tea on a *plateau maison:* her fingers are slipped into the open mouths of two tiger heads Rigot has carved as handles on the tray. "They think I'm an oddball who tinkers about," he says.

"Remember when we showed our neighbor Madame Chauvin the toy?" Denise interjects, laughing. She turns to me: "We showed her a chicken Gérard had made out of wood—the wings flap when you roll it along its wire wheels—and Madame Chauvin asked, 'How much do you sell that for?' When we told her 400 francs, she said, 'My God, some people sure have money to throw out the window!' "

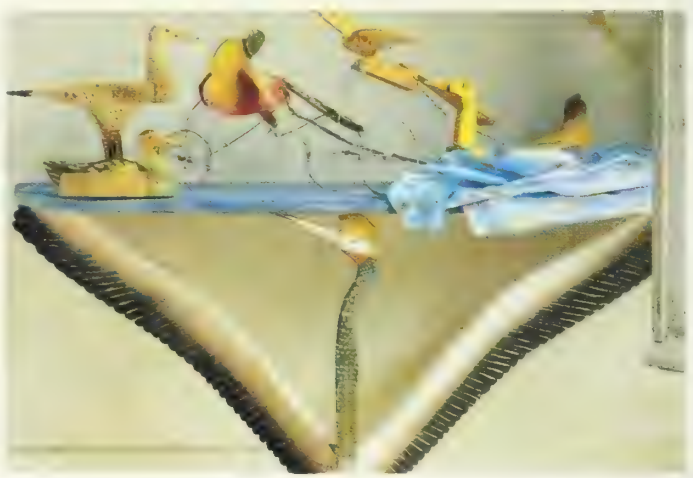
Rigot proposes a tour of his works in progress in the atelier across the courtyard, and Denise goes to the piano room. The Bach Fantasie she plays is illuminated by tin-owl appliqués that Rigot has set into the upright. Denise, sitting erect on her wolf bench, is not alone in her Fantasie. Two identical cats lie on the radiator. One is real. One is not. A bulldog guards the front door: it is in fact a storage chest.

"You can't do just anything with wood, it's not plastic," Rigot continues as we walk across the courtyard, where I swear a real-live rooster set his alarm clock extra early for me the following morning. "There are constraints in working with wood, which is why I like it. It is within constraints that you have to use your imagination. That's the trouble with modern furniture designers who use materials that can be shaped every which way."

Rigot's exuberant imagination and sense of whimsy are in full force in this atelier, which used to be the chicken coop. There is a swinging giraffe cradle, a peacock chair, an owl cabinet, a lion bench. As we pass a chair formed by two kissing giraffes, I note there seems to be a lot of smooching going on. "C'est normal—this is a Noah's ark of sorts," he says shyly, a bit like someone who's been found out.

Yes, many of his constructions are based on "two of every sort," as the Great Book says. A project to make a dragon love seat for three was put into question by Denise: "That'll never work. It's hard enough to get along as two." Heeding these wise words, Gérard Rigot shelved his plans for the *conversation à trois* and decided instead to do a double bed. ♠

Decorating Editor: Babs Simpson



Game preserve: Rigot, above, seated on a cheetah bench. Right: Handcrafted toys on a bird console. Opposite: A chair struts on the patio while a wooden cat lounges on the table and a real dog appears from behind the door.



Apprentice to Four Stars

Jeffrey Steingarten spends a week at work in the kitchen of Le Bernardin

I have nearly learned to cook the perfect fish. My tutor was Gilbert Le Coze, the celebrated chef-owner of Le Bernardin restaurant in New York and one of the finest fish cooks of them all. For no good reason, Le Coze agreed to let me hang around his kitchen for a week and make away with his most essential secrets.

Unfortunately the first most essential secret is a visit to the Fulton Fish Market at three in the morning on the second-coldest night of the year. For two hours Le Coze and I roam about the market, a vast shed open to the icy air. The catch is late today because of storms off the Florida coast and unusual cold in the northern fishing grounds. Everybody complains that there are no fish to be had, but all I see are several city blocks covered with boxes, sacks, crates, pallets, racks, handcarts, forklifts, and vans crammed with fish.

In one hand Le Coze holds an elaborate shopping list on a metal clipboard, in the other an iron hook with a wooden handle. We pass the crates of salmon—Le Coze can tell from twenty feet away that they are inferior. He takes a live green sea urchin from a box lined with seaweed and snips it in half, and we share the yellow roe inside. In front of one stall tuna are butchered by two Japanese fishmen, who will array the 25-pound fillets on a rack and pin a customer's number on each one. Le Coze keeps circling back to the tuna men, watching for his number.

Le Coze uses his hook to open a box of perfect Dover sole flown in from Portugal and smiles approvingly. Their stiff bodies, protruding eyes, and the slime that covers them are signs of freshness. He explains the problem of buying fish: some of the boats have been out for ten or fifteen days. While a fish may reach the market only a few hours after the boat docks, it can still have been dead for two weeks. His favorite supplier seems to be the Blue Ribbon Fish Company, whose young president, David Samuels, takes me aside to extol Le Coze's talent, his willingness to try underused species, his passion for fish.

Born in Brittany 41 years ago to a family of fishermen, Le Coze worked on his father's boat and in the family's restaurant from age thirteen. When he and his sister, Maguy, opened their first tiny restaurant in Paris, Le Coze was at the fish market at two every morning. Before deciding to open his restaurant in New York, Le Coze made several trips here to check the quality of the fish and learn about North American species. He uses only sea creatures, ignoring freshwater varieties because, he says, he is a man of the sea. Le Coze has never worked in anyone's kitchen except his father's. "I went to school with the mussels," he says. He loves the market and the men who work here.

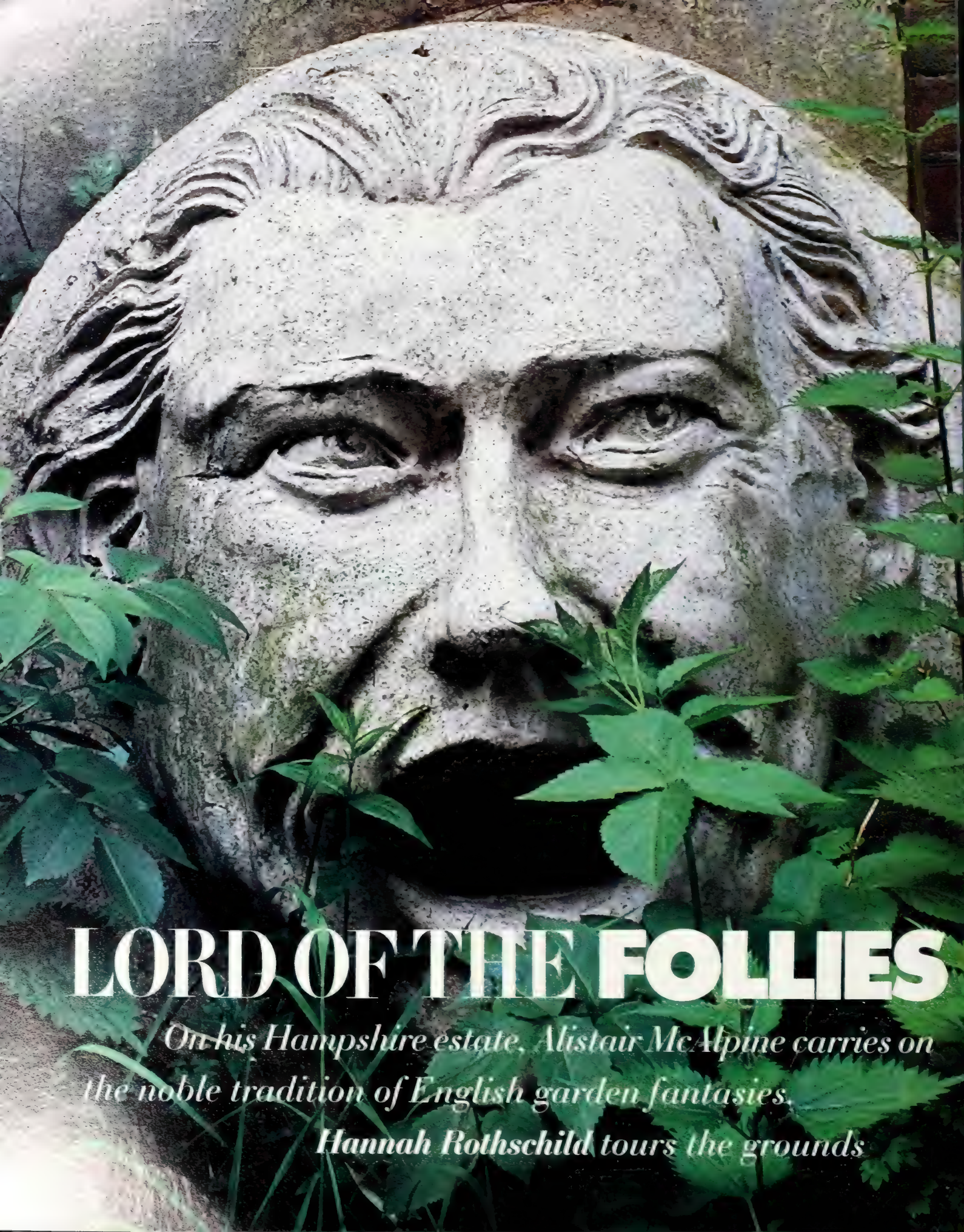
> I discover dessert cooks are the most generous souls in the kitchen. I munch on warm millefeuilles as Diane forms *oeufs à la neige* by rolling a handful of meringue against the rim of a bowl. She encourages me to try, resulting in a puffy white smear on my hand

As we move among the stalls, Le Coze buys a hundred pounds each of black sea bass, grouper, monkfish, red snapper, mahi, and skate; fifty pounds each of pompano, codfish, halibut, squid, fresh shrimp, and tuna; four cartons of salmon flown in from Norway; one bushel bag each of mussels, periwinkles, and bluepoint and chowder oysters; four boxes of live sea urchins and one of Belon oysters. There is no crab today, no tilefish or rouget, no sea trout or blowfish. Finally, at five thirty in the morning, Le Coze's number appears on two fine tuna fillets. He grunts with satisfaction. Now we can leave.

Two hours later twelve

(Continued on page 250)


Executive
Chef



LORD OF THE FOLLIES

On his Hampshire estate, Alistair McAlpine carries on the noble tradition of English garden fantasies.

***Hannah Rothschild** tours the grounds*



Lord McAlpine's likeness carved in stone, opposite, at the base of a garden wall. This page: One of the follies by architect Quinlan Terry is a primitive Doric hut with tree-trunk columns and block capitals based on a 1758 Laugier engraving.



"I'm a congenital builder. I can't resist building things. It's just as well, as that's my family's trade"

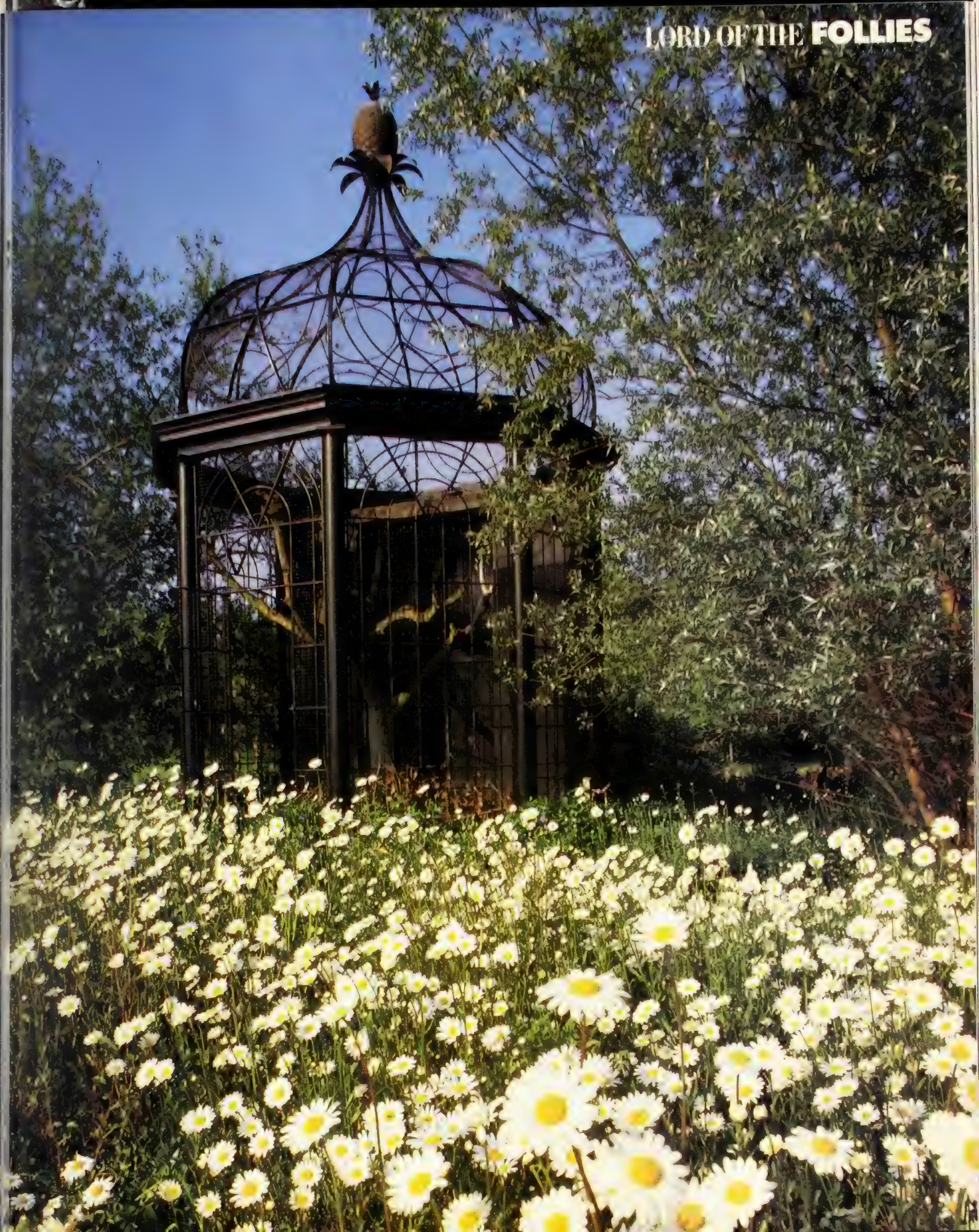
Alistair McAlpine's curriculum vitae makes very confusing reading. How can one man be involved in so many and such diverse activities? He is treasurer of the Conservative party and owns a herd of camels; he has a seat in the House of Lords but spends as much time championing the causes of aborigines in a remote part of Australia; he donated his remarkable collection of modern sculpture to the Tate Gallery yet really enjoys wheeling and dealing with customers at his London antiques shop; he has been involved with theater, opera, museums and is a committed partner in his family's construction company; he has a list of directorships that would make most businessmen weep with envy; and he still finds time to help his wife, Romilly, devise recipes. If visions of his daily schedule are making you feel rather tired, there is more to come—Alistair McAlpine also manages to travel extensively and maintain several homes in different corners of the world.

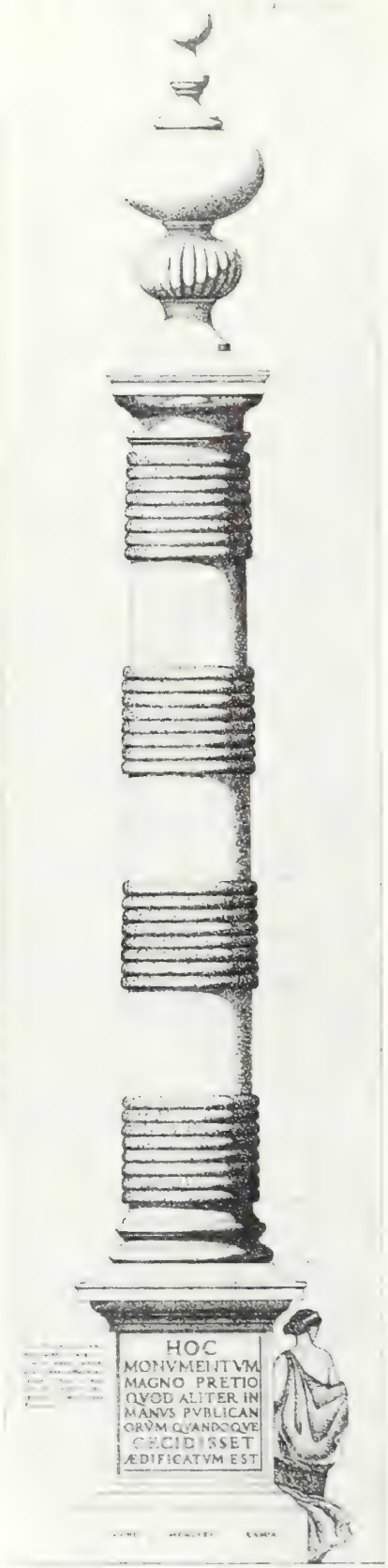
One of these is West Green, the Hampshire estate where Lord McAlpine has let his imagination run riot in a garden that is a startling combination of the natural and the artificial. If your idea of a beautiful garden is the well-ordered manicured model, then you should not attempt a visit to West Green. It has as much in common with Sissinghurst as a little black Azzedine Alaïa dress has with a Scaasi ball gown. The general effect of West Green is overblown and rundown—in short, carefully cultivated dilapidation. Weeds creep up through loosely graveled paths, borders explode with a profusion of flowers, bushes and trees fight for space, roses wrap themselves around hedgerows, and great areas have been taken over by single species. This wild unkempt appearance is cleverly contrasted with sharp contours; clumps of flowers are kept at bay in a bed by smartly clipped box hedges, or an elegant piece of topiary stands at attention at the end of a long line of cabbages. Avenues of clipped hornbeams and hollies frame sweeping vistas and provide contrast with a runaway spring garden.

What really distinguishes this garden, however, is the mixture of animate with inanimate: at the edge of a great clump of

Alistair McAlpine, left. A wrought-iron aviary, opposite, stands on an island in the garden lake.

JEAN PIERRE GOD





Quinlan Terry's drawing for 1976 memorial column: Latin inscription says money used to build it would otherwise have gone for taxes.

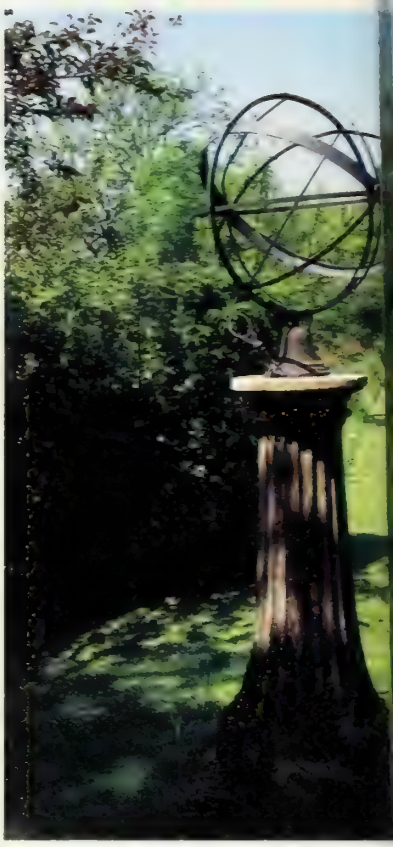
There is an exquisite Classical folly which turns out to be a trompe l'oeil façade hiding a cow shed

giant daisies there is a beautiful wrought-iron folly crowned with a pineapple. Or wander through the kitchen garden, for example, and you will suddenly come across a mass of terra-cotta urns or some of Oliver Ford's circular fruit cages. Around the swimming pool you will find a strange collection of *objets trouvés*, and do not be surprised by the odd gargoyle propped against a redbrick wall. "It is a fanciful garden," McAlpine admits. "It doesn't stick to any rules, probably because I didn't know any. When I started it, I wasn't remotely interested in gardens, but I became absolutely passionate."

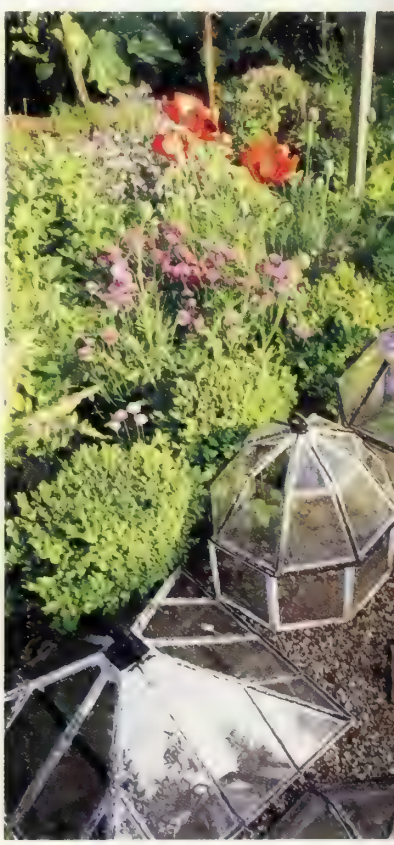
West Green House, originally a farmhouse, was remodeled in the mid eighteenth century by the infamous General Henry Hawley and today is owned by the National Trust. There was no garden to speak of when McAlpine leased the house in the mid 1970s. "The whole thing is rather whimsical and a bit confused, but I always knew it would sort itself out. I suppose I have tried to maintain it in the eighteenth-century mold, in keeping with the period of the house."

This vision was greatly enhanced by the involvement of the architect Quinlan Terry, who has designed most of the garden's hardware—the columns, gateposts, palisades, huts, seats, and grottoes. Says Terry: "The exciting thing about garden buildings is that they are one of the purest forms of architecture. They are judged on their design and not on their practical considerations." It is certainly rare for one architect to be so closely involved in the evolution of one garden. The obvious parallel is William Kent and Rousham. West Green, however, has more jokes: there is a large stone column with a Latin inscription dated 1976. One would expect this to contain some earnest Capability Brown quotation, but a translation reveals that the column cost a lot of money, which would have fallen sooner or later into the hands of the Inland Revenue. (And this coming from the treasurer of England's ruling party!) In another part of the garden there is an exquisite Classical folly, which turns out to be a trompe l'oeil façade hiding an ordinary cow shed.

By his own admission, McAlpine is not too interested in the details of gardening but has broad ideas about what he wants and leaves their execution to his gardener. "I tend to garden by extraction," he says. "If I don't like something, it is exterminated. But on the *(Text continued on page 248)*



Astrolabe on a pedestal



Miniature glass hothouses



Cow trough with trompe l'oeil nymphaeum



Bolted timber bridge leading to the island aviary



West Green House rebuilt by McAlpine after a 1982 fire



An assortment of terra-cotta urns in the mixed-bed garden

JEAN PIERRE GODEAUT



The Moon Gate and formal mixed-bed garden.
Left: Old watering cans and gardening equipment stand in the path leading through the Moon Gate to the nymphaeum.



"It is a fanciful garden," McAlpine admits. "It doesn't stick to any rules"

JEAN PIERRE GODEAUT



BEYOND THE *Fringe*

James Truman talks with Brian Murphy about the limitless options of "found architecture"





Designer of the moment: Brian Murphy, above, in his newly remodeled Santa Monica bungalow. Left: Found objects and materials serve other uses: hula skirts become a room divider, fencing a table, Astroturf a rug, terra-cotta flowerpot a side table.

OBERTO GILI

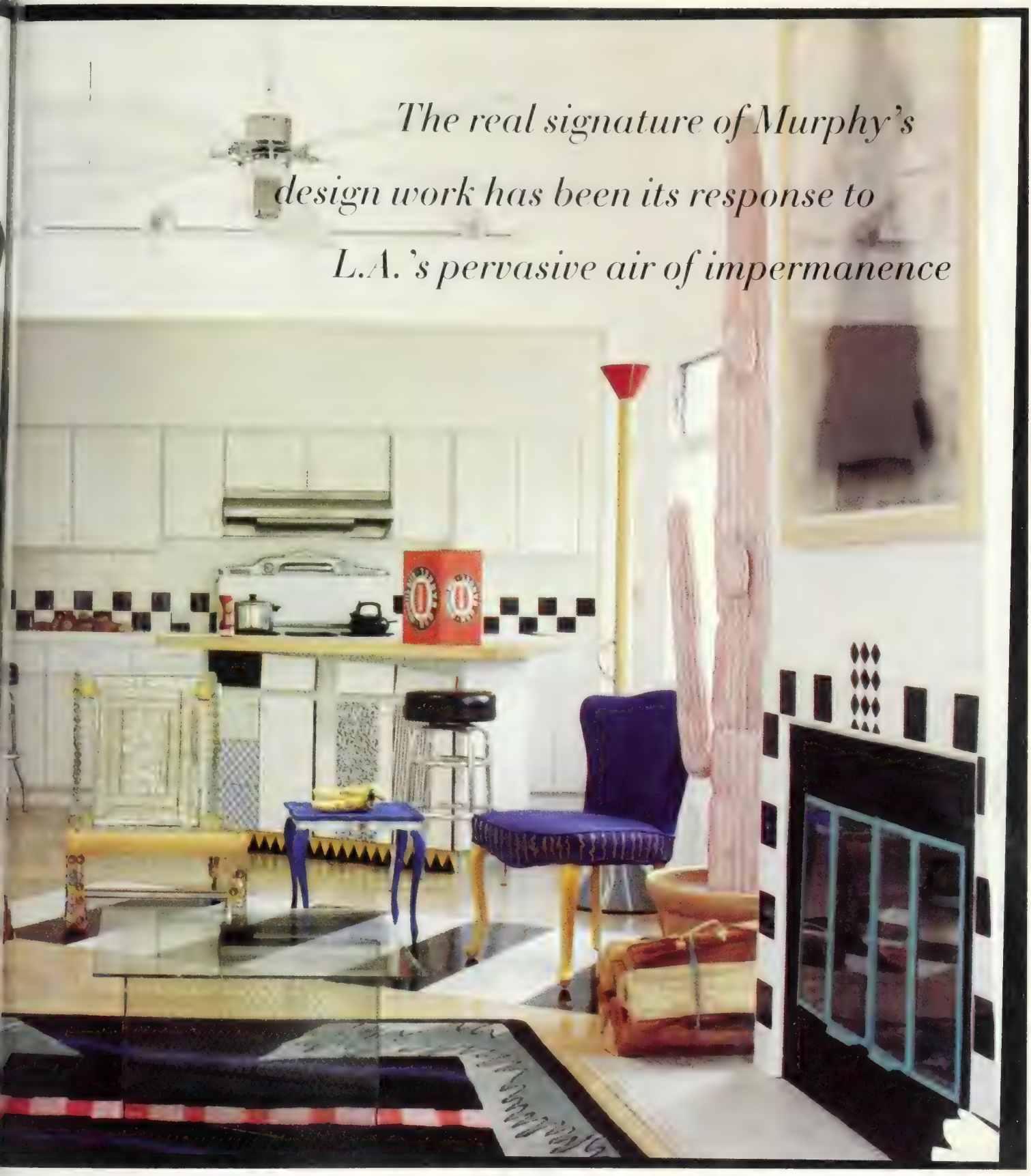


The architectural jumble stacked up behind the Venice and Santa Monica oceanfront is a significant achievement—even by the advanced standards of Los Angeles. "Everything is possible," says Brian A. Murphy, of BAM Construction/Design, as he drives past a particularly notable hillside cluster. "You want Tahitian Fiesta, you can have Tahitian Fiesta. Or Fascisti Moderne. Or Santa Fe Baroque. The options are limitless." At the top of the hill, overlooking the ocean, sits a timber cottage with a white stucco wall in front. Except for the garage doors, which have been upholstered with palm fronds, the exterior is bland Seaside Generic. The interior, which Murphy recently remodeled and furnished with Kaye Secomb of BAM as major contributing designer, could be described as Beachcomber Contemporary. Awash with light and planned around a tropical atrium, it is filled with found objects pulled out of context and given new functions: the slate top from an old pool table has been mounted on four automobile jacks to form a dining table; a chair is fashioned from a cut-up surfboard and skateboard wheels; a ceiling fan is made from bicycle gears, fishing rods, and silk; on the deck one bale of straw serves as a table, and a second, topped with a surfboard tail, functions as a bar.

Brian Murphy's work has often incorporated visual puns and pop references—he once decorated a bodybuilder's studio with barbed wire and finished another studio, for himself, with Astroturf and sandbags. If in this new house he occasionally lapses into self-conscious cleverness, he has also proven his belief that original design can be cheap, fast, and, in the literal sense, organic. "Cohesiveness and continuity come from grabbing whatever's around you, putting it together, and making it work," he says. "In third-world countries people use the trash. As Bucky Fuller said, pollution is just an untapped resource."

With more pollution and a better class of trash than most other cities, Los Angeles is Murphy's natural environment. He grew up around the beaches, studied fine art at UCLA, and, after dropping out of architecture school, worked construction locally for ten years. It was here that he learned the economic advantages of using discarded and unconventional materials. But the real signature of his design work has been a response to the city—to L.A.'s unique polyglot architec-

The real signature of Murphy's design work has been its response to L.A.'s pervasive air of impermanence



Playful inventions: Painted yucca rises at left of family room toward ceiling fan, made of bicycle gears, fishing rods, and silk, from Casablanca Fan Company. Movable counter in kitchen has swatches of patterned laminate. Seen behind sofa is a display case for old-fashioned men's collars. Rug was designed by Billy Al Bengston.

OBERTO GILI



Imaginative details: Every corner of Murphy's house shows his idiosyncratic use of the ordinary: here, a hinge is painted in bright colors.



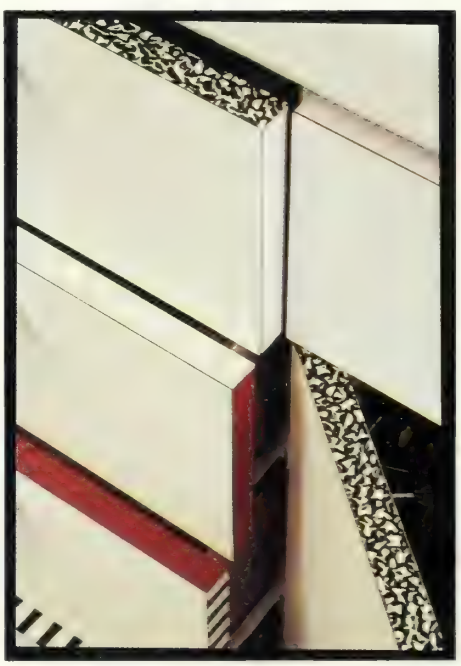
Sports enthusiast: Murphy keeps his bicycle beneath his painting of palm trees, beach, and ocean—a "window" onto the Pacific scenery.



Something old, something new: Murphy left the original window frame of the kitchen as is; black and white tiles are used as accents along floor and elsewhere in the bungalow.



Temporary solutions: Side table in family room was made by Murphy from two beer cartons, covered with Guatemalan fabric and glass top.



Edged for effect: Kitchen drawers and cabinet doors are decorated with strips of colored, striped, checked, and patterned laminate.



Fringe benefits: Near the hula-skirt room divider hangs a pair of palm fronds. Cardboard table with glass top was designed by Frank Gehry.

Patchwork: Floor is a combination of different tiles and stones left over from other projects.

ture and pervasive air of impermanence. Rather than address these as aesthetic or philosophical conundrums, Murphy takes them as an invitation to indulge in playful invention. For Dennis Hopper's Venice studio this took the form of a giant rolling-wave roof planted on a steel-wrapped Minimalist box. In the house he built for himself in Santa Monica Canyon three bridges connect the building and its entrance across a narrow gulch. The bridge house also reveals a softer side to Murphy's work; it is unabashedly romantic, restoring freshness and vigor to California's self-image as a Pacific Mediterranean. Nine months after completing it, Murphy sold the house.

"Right now I have this client who wants to remodel a house, live in it for eighteen months, and then tear it down. To me that's so stimulating I can't believe it. That's pure Hollywood, it's temporal, it's almost façade-itecture. It's what L.A. is best at, yet we can't acknowledge it as high art. High art is still something that arrives on the boat from Italy."

As an architect who also operates as contractor on his projects, Murphy has made each building his own. Though he insists that the impetus begins with the client, it is also true that he is his own best client. Currently installed with a mattress and a skeleton staff in a large 1960s shed that he plans to renovate and remodel, he lives a renegade and financially risky life—dependent on a small but rapidly growing coterie of admirers. "I've come to realize that my work alienates a lot of the potential market out there," he says. "But if you alienate 95 percent, then I figure that the 5 percent—once they see it—can't live without it. And the 95 percent, even if they hate it, come back with their families and children to show them that these possibilities exist. Either it's that or they figure it's cheaper than going to Disneyland." ▲

Architecture Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron





"Continuity comes from grabbing whatever's around, putting it together, and making it work"

Beachcomber Contemporary: Murphy's materials emphasize the moment. Palm fronds line the garage door, above, and on the deck, top, bales of straw serve as a table and bar.



A studied indifference: In the bedroom tile squares are laid at a precise angle on wood floor. Pepper-shaped Christmas lights, another Murphy favorite, line the windows. Painting by Ed Ruscha, James Corcoran Gallery.

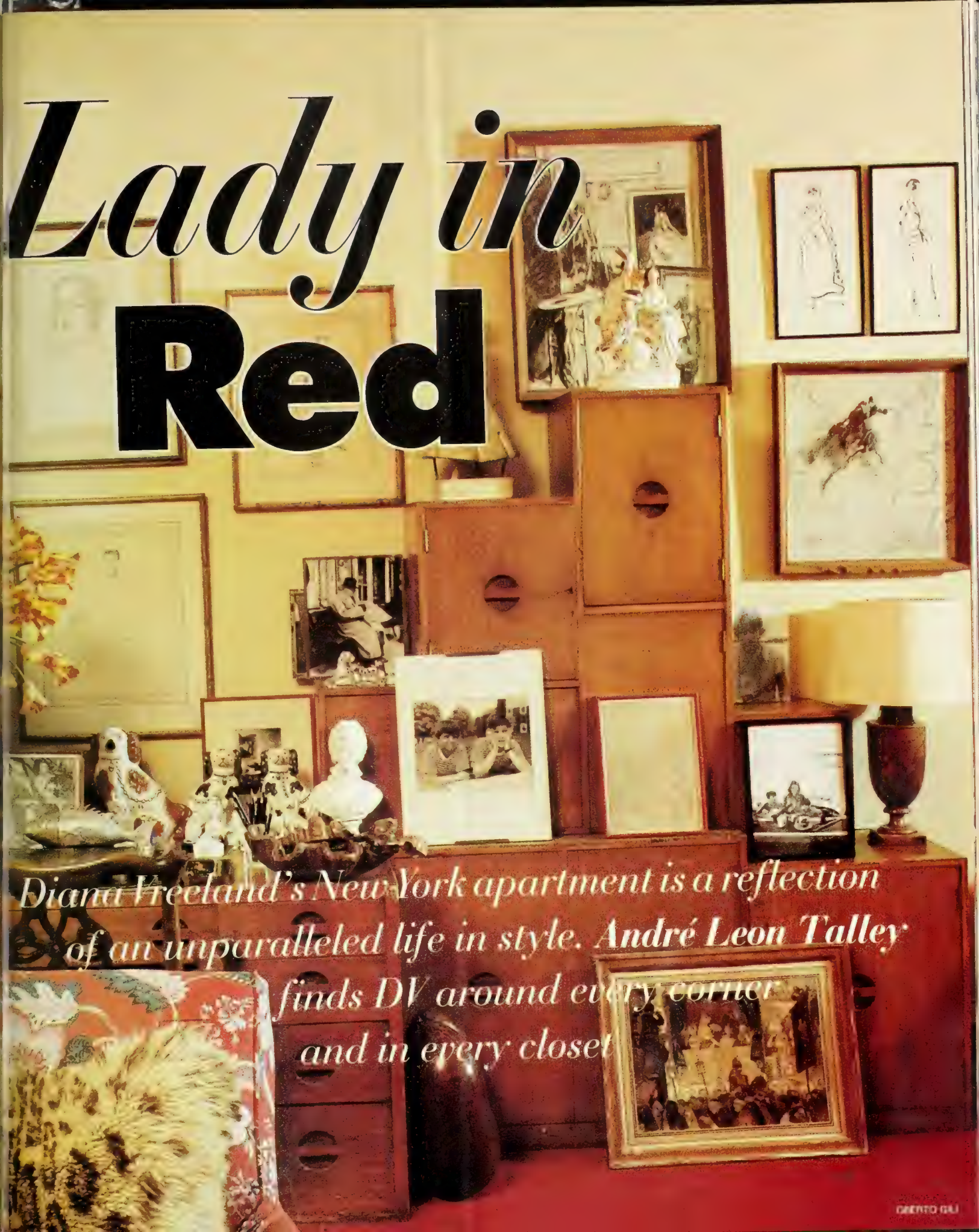


Vreeland on display. In the living room among the elegant clutter are a Dufy watercolor of a Venetian canal, DV's pencil portrait by Augustus John, a Zuloaga scene of Seville on Easter Sunday, which sits on the floor, as well as photos of family and friends.

FRISCILLA PATTAZZI

Lady in **Red**

Diana Vreeland's New York apartment is a reflection of an unparalleled life in style. André Leon Talley finds DV around every corner and in every closet



"Now you must not forget that I was not a society woman," says Diana Vreeland in her legendary voice. "I had no time to sit around posing. I was always working, not hunting valued antiques. Couldn't afford them anyway. Frankly antiques bore me to death." The Park Avenue seraglio of the woman who was *Vogue*'s editor in chief from 1962 to 1971, and an editor at *Harper's Bazaar* for 25 years before that, was created over three decades ago with the assistance of the late Billy Baldwin. Nothing has been changed since then, only replaced, except that her Jansen slipper chairs, which had been spotted in leopard, are now done in scarlet Persian flowers.

She wanted a "garden in hell," which Baldwin translated into the Persian chintz from John Fowler's shop in London covering everything in the living room: chairs, bulletin boards, curtains, and the massive sofa with banks of needlepoint pillows made by Vreeland. Set on the scarlet wall-to-wall carpeting are the Tinkertoy stackable varnished wood cases that Baldwin called Vreeland's shoeboxes. These units, flanking a writing desk, create a proscenium for her valued treasures: pictures of friends such as Marella Agnelli, two Christian Bérard portraits of Vreeland as a working editor, a Dufy watercolor of a Venetian canal, a plaster cast of her mother by Jo Davidson, porcelain leopards given to her by the late jeweler Jean Schlumberger, a school of brass fish, a small kennel of Staffordshire dogs, and a favorite gift her husband, Reed, gave her one Easter Sunday in Biarritz, a Zuloaga scene of Easter Sunday in Seville.

"The desk," says Vreeland, "was entirely me! I drew my living-room arrangement on a piece of brown wrapping paper. Reed and I found this great carpenter on Lexington Avenue who thought he was designing the most incredible kitchen. Had his heart set on it. I just let him think he was installing a kitchen in the living room."

Vreeland recalls time spent with their sons, Frederick and Thomas, in a converted carriage house in Brewster, New York. "I loved that house. It had one pink door, one blue, one yellow. And I had a ball getting each color just right. The painter did samples fourteen times. When he finished, it was perfect. I said to this local painter, 'No one but Picasso could have done this.' He said, 'Mrs. Vreeland, who is Picasso? May I have the spelling of his name? I would like to look him up. Does he work out of Danbury?' "

Eventually the Vreelands sold the house and its contents, including some 7,000 books. The treasures in the New York apartment remain intact—the giant seashells, the chorus line of Venetian blackamoors, the Scottish snuff horns with the silver tops and cabochons. Most are presents Vreeland collected "one by one" from people who knew what she liked.

As special consultant to the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, Mrs. Vreeland invented a new theatrical way of presenting fashion exhibitions. The inspiration came from her own approach to fashion and life. At home her closets are repositories of essential DV style: her 29 pairs of T-strap shoes, originally designed by the husband of the late Madame Vionnet, and her 11 pairs of rock-star boots from Roger Vivier and Dal Co of Rome. Yvonne, her maid for 38 years, would polish the shoes with rhinoceros horn and lacquer the soles with bootblack after each wearing.

She also polished the Vuitton cases. "The cases would go back after each trip to be restored no matter if I had been to the Argentine or Russia. It pains me today when I hear what things cost. When I think of the luxury so available to a poor young bride like me in those days. Everything was so easily accessible. I mean you could stop in and have Augustus John do your portrait, then sweep off to lunch!" ♠



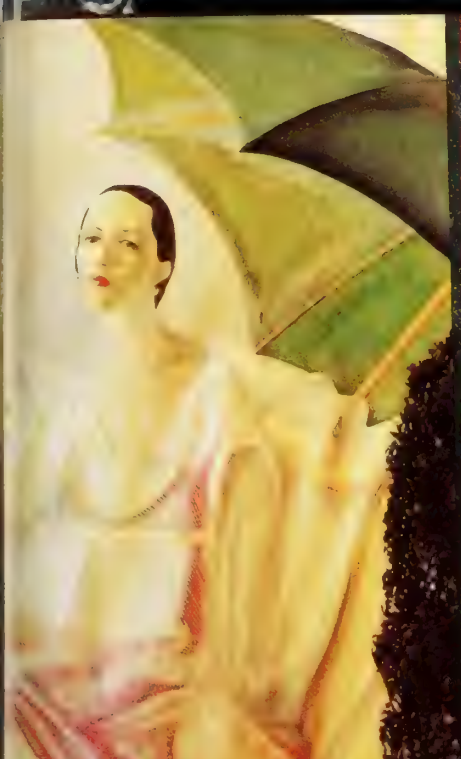






Top row from left: The DV look, captured in 1942 by Louise Dahl-Wolfe; 1930s portrait by Ned Murray; her favorite portrait, by William Acton at Villa La Pietra; Jonathan Becker's grand Vreeland in red pumps and Madame Grès. Middle row: Seascape of shells and coral necklace with jade clasp; detail of Mrs. Vreeland's needlepoint. Bottom row: China leopards guard photograph of Churchill; signature red lacquer door; fish in a row.

OBERTO GIL



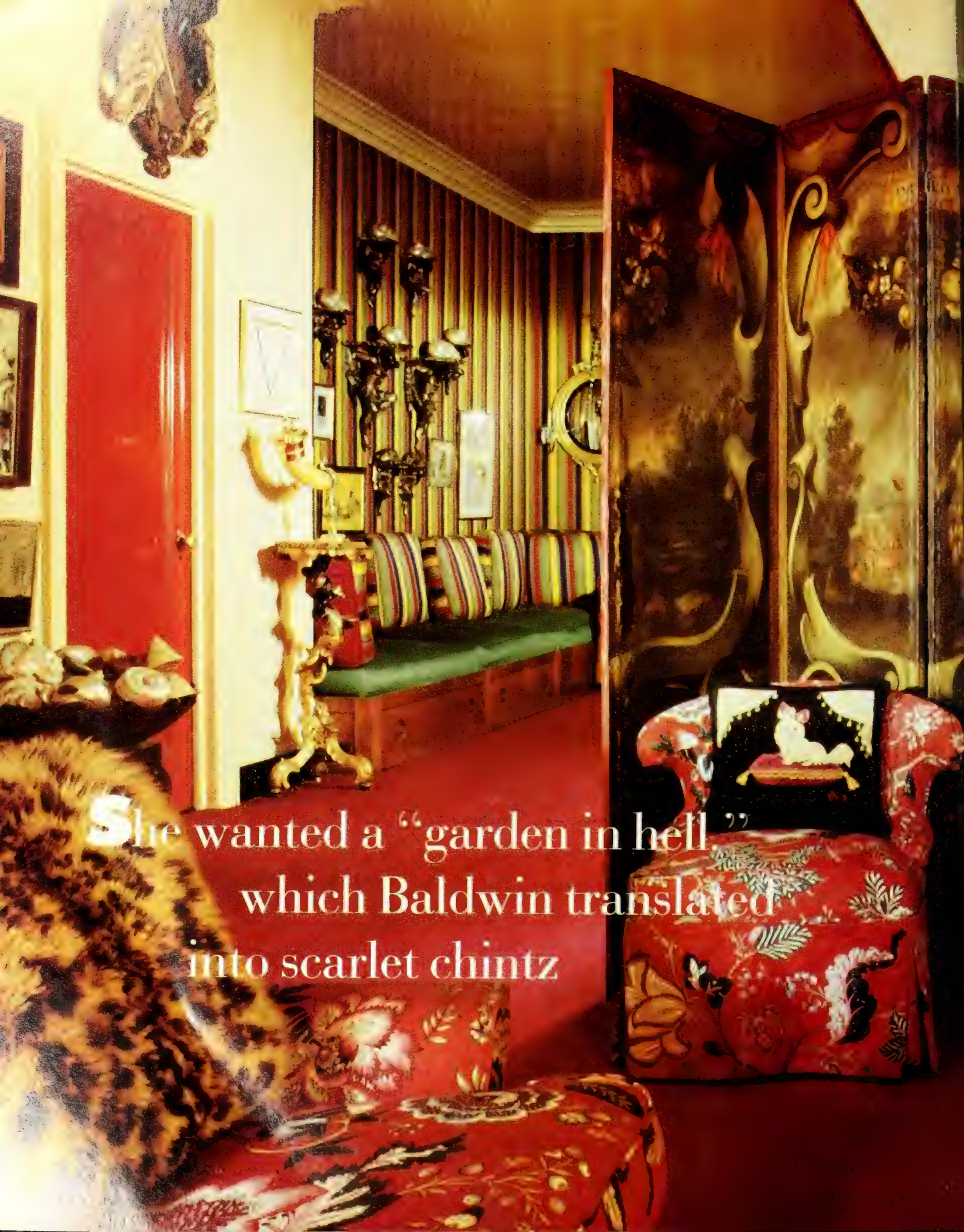


"I was always working,
not hunting valuable antiques.
Couldn't afford them anyway"







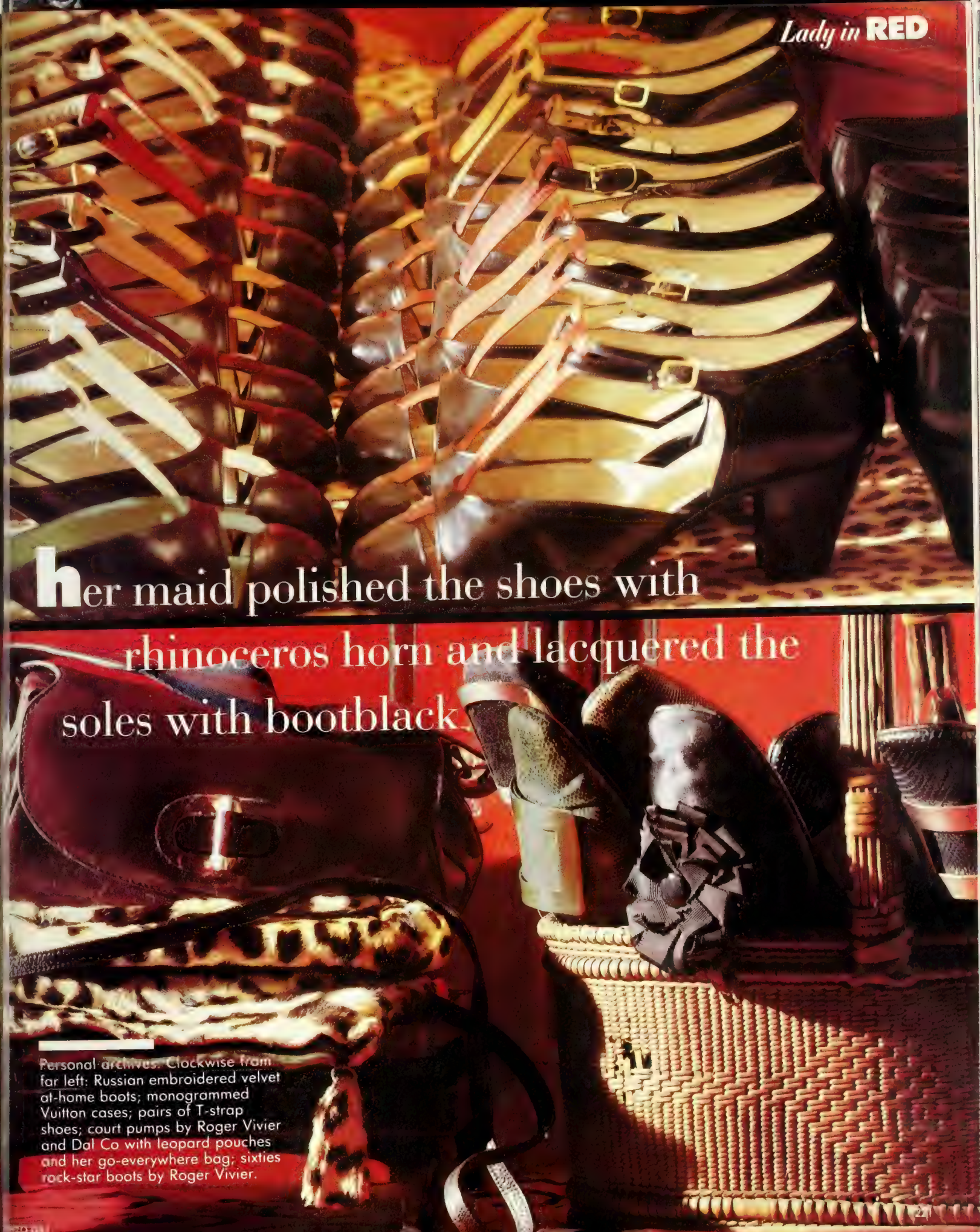

She wanted a "garden in hell,"
which Baldwin translated
into scarlet chintz



The Great Red Room holds DV's treasures: Scottish horn snuffboxes, painted leather screen, Jansen slipper chairs, the one at left with needlepoint cushion designed by Bébé Bérard. On the wall at left, Venetian blackamoors parade shells and turtles.

OBERTO GILI

D.D.V
D.D.V
D.D.V
3
D.D.V
2
D.D.V
1



Her maid polished the shoes with rhinoceros horn and lacquered the soles with bootblack.

Personal archives. Clockwise from far left: Russian embroidered velvet at-home boots; monogrammed Vuitton cases; pairs of T-strap shoes; court pumps by Roger Vivier and Dal Co with leopard pouches and her go-everywhere bag; sixties rock-star boots by Roger Vivier.





Painted furniture, whirligig, boxes, above, from E. G. H. Peter. Left: 1910 GOP sign, 19th-century coverlet from Three Ravens.

Simply New England

From early American furniture to twentieth-century folk art, antiques abound in the region's country shops

The letter A was almost as much a curse for my mother as it was for Hester Prynne, the heroine of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*. Luckily my mother's compulsion was not for adultery but for old furniture, a passion that led her to stop at every road sign that started with an A for antiques. And by the quirk of inheritance this penchant for wobbly old four-poster beds and blue-and-white spongeware has passed from mother to daughter, leading me, too, down many unmapped country roads and into the homes of strangers.

In my experience there is no place more pleasurable in which to roam than the hills of New England. On a recent trip to southern Vermont, the Berkshires in western Massachusetts, and Litchfield County, Connecticut, I sampled a wide variety of some of the best antiques shops in these areas. My selection, by no means comprehensive, can give you a place to start, but don't take your eyes off the road: if you do, you'll miss many other shops along the way. Another tip: if you

JON JE NSEN

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are driving a long distance, it pays to call ahead. Antiques dealers are independent folk, and as Robert Jones of Mullin-Jones Antiquities in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, says, "It's an unwritten code that you can put up a CLOSED sign on an antiques store at any time."

SOUTHERN VERMONT

Schommer Antiques, William and Shirley Schommer, Rte. 30, Newfane; (802) 365-7777. Hours: 9:30 A.M.–5:30 P.M. daily; late winter–early spring by chance or appointment. Newfane is the type of town where they play Bingo in the firehouse every Saturday night at seven thirty. It is also home to some of the handsomest white-columned Federal buildings in New England. Just north of the village green is Schommer Antiques, in a white Victorian house, which, like the rest of the village, is a national historic landmark. In the main part of her house and in the woodshed and barn attached she also sells dolls and doll clothes, linens, paintings, china, and furniture from the nineteenth century. "Everything in our shop has come out of a local house," says Shirley Schommer.

Colt Barn Antiques, Howard Graff, Peaked Mountain Rd., Townshend (off Rte. 35, 2 mi. north of Townshend toward Grafton); (802) 365-7574. Hours: 8–5 daily. When Howard Graff, a New York photographer, decided to flee city life, he headed to southern Vermont to breed Morgan horses. Somehow an antiques store "just happened." In an old red colt barn he has primitive furniture—including cupboards, tables, and chests—old washboards, spongeware, farm equipment, and a vast, unusual collection of windmill weights. He also specializes in iron tools. Graff, who calls himself a frustrated designer, particularly enjoys finding small pieces of furniture to fit cramped city spaces. "I did so much photography in New York and know the limitations of small spaces that I'm constantly on the lookout for narrow pieces," he says. Last year over nine hundred people found their way off the beaten track to the Colt Barn. It's worth the trip.

Unique Antique, Jonathan Flaccus, Main St. (Rte. 5), Putney (exit 4 off I-91); (802) 387-4488. Hours: 9–6 daily by chance or appointment. What, you might ask, is ephemera? Jonathan Flaccus, who has been dealing in ephemera for eleven years, can explain. It is a variety of paper things, such as old bookplates, autographs, catalogues, letters, postcards, dance programs, political advertising, and broadsides. This shop, in a yellow Victorian house with light blue trim and a black cast-iron fence out front, also carries old and rare books, maps, drawings, prints, and nineteenth-century paintings. Books are arranged by subject, such as cookbooks and children's books, and by state, including an entire room on Vermont. "I wear many hats," says Flaccus, "and I buy basically what interests me and what's unusual."

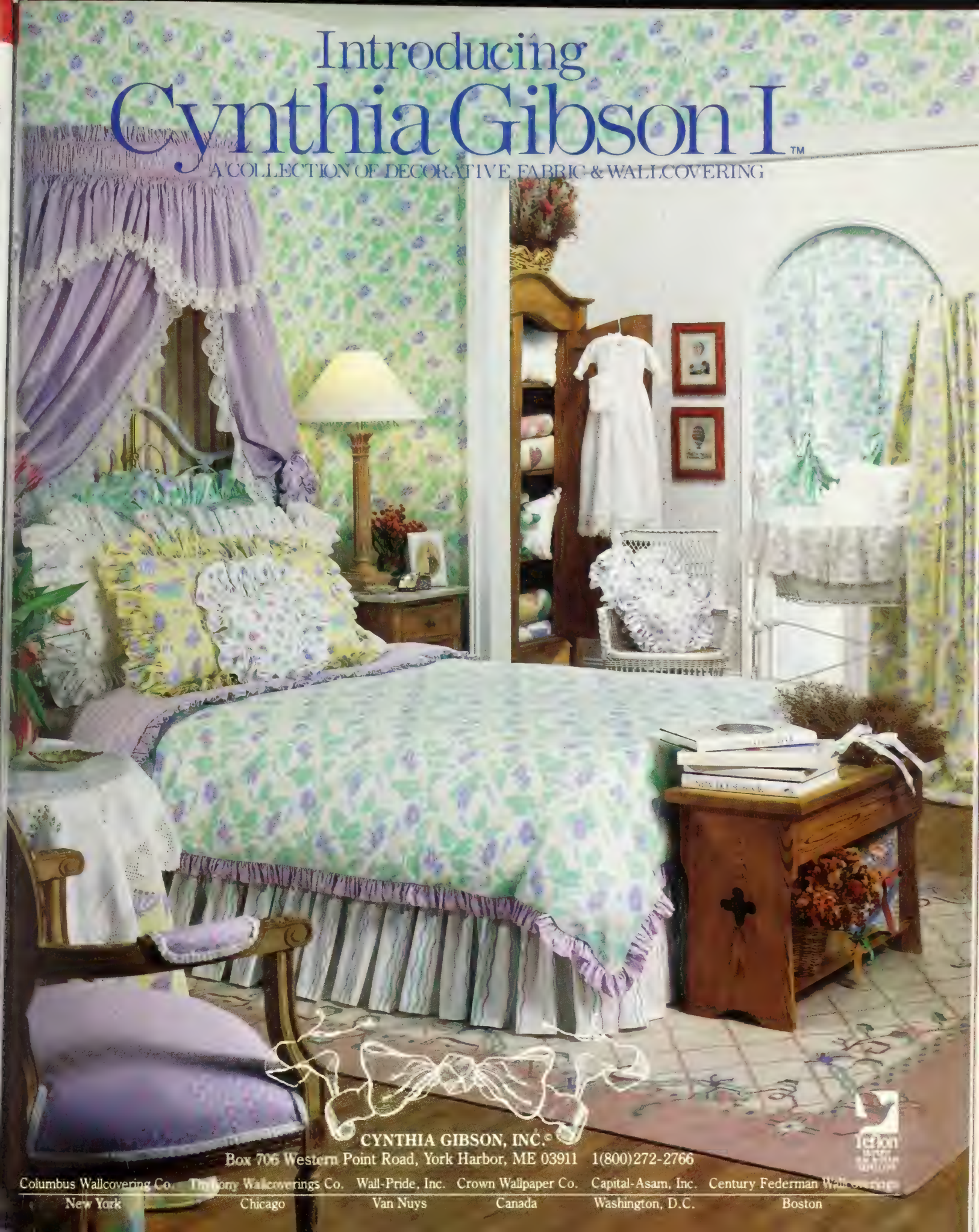
Schoolhouse Antiques, Faith Boone and Sandy Saunders, Rte. 121, Saxtons River (2.2 mi. west of town); (802) 869-2332. Hours: 9–5 daily by chance. When else, except while antiquing, are you invited into strangers' homes, allowed to see how they live and what they wear on a normal day, and sometimes even offered a cup of coffee? A nicer experience cannot be had than in the house of Sandy Saunders, a school principal, and Faith Boone, a music teacher, both of whom retired from the Huntington, Long Island, school system in 1972 (hence the name of their shop). Their stock, displayed in two rooms attached to the house, includes tavern tables, blanket chests, Nantucket baskets, hutches, and Shaker buckets. In a workroom behind the shop, Boone refinishes many of the antiques herself.

Equinox Antiques, Mark Reinfurt and Charles Dewey, Historic Rte. 7A, Manchester (opposite Equinox Hotel); (802) 362-3540. Hours: 10–5 daily except Mon. This shop carries museum-quality American furniture and accessories from the late eighteenth to the early nineteenth century. "We're dedicated to quality and to building private collections of merit," says Mark Reinfurt, who often entertains his clients by practicing the harpsichord in his shop. Here you will find highboys, banquette tables, Hepplewhite chairs, a tiger-maple drop-leaf table, a black walnut Chippendale table, brass candlesticks, china service plates, Oriental rugs, portraits, and sterling silver. He offers a written guarantee of authenticity on what he sells and a trade-up policy so



From top: At Elizabeth S. Mankin: 18th- and early-19th-century English pieces. At E. G. H. Peter: Windsor chair, geese decoys, pewter. At Three Ravens: Lester Gaba painting, 1940s, French Jaspé pottery, English delft tile, tapered-leg stand, Federal sofa.

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that customers may exchange at full price anything purchased in the shop. He also keeps a file of items his clients are looking for and calls when such pieces have been located.

Four Corners East, Douglas Millay, 307 North St. (Rte. 7), Bennington; (802) 442-2612. Hours: 10–5 daily. In a yellow house with white trim, this small L-shaped shop has large glass windows with green awnings. The opinion of Doug Millay, one of the four owners, on how antiquing has changed in the past few years echoes that of many dealers: "I think people look for better quality than they used to. They buy more for investment now." And he carries many fine pieces to satisfy their rising expectations: a maple drop-leaf table, a cloisonné tureen, china and pewter pieces, prints, brass fireplace accessories, and cut glass.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS

Hamlet Antiques, Brooks Butler, 116 East St., Lenox; (413) 637-2309. Hours: by appointment. Brooks Butler, an inveterate collector of English Staffordshire, deals in three types of the china: figures, often historical, such as the Duke of Wellington; cottages and castles, like Shakespeare's house; and a combination of figures and greenery, commonly called bocages. While these delicate porcelain figures may seem obsolete now, Butler reminds us, "You have to remember that back in the Victorian age these things sold like Scotch tape." The reason for their popularity, he explains, is that people either couldn't afford or didn't pay attention to newspapers, "so when something dramatic happened, they created a figure to commemorate it." They cast sports figures, political figures, criminals, nursery-rhyme characters, and theater people, all of which Butler sells from his house in Lenox. The average price is $300–$800.

Henry B. Holt, Inc., Henry Holt, Golden Hill, Lee; (413) 243-3184, (201) 316-8883. Hours: by appointment. Henry Holt's ancestors were among the original settlers of Lee, Massachusetts, in 1777, and his love for paintings began when he inherited twelve family portraits dating as far back as 1824. From his country home with a view of the Berkshires, Holt now sells nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American paintings, including the works of James E. Buttersworth, Daniel Garber, William Harnett, and W. L. Metcalf. Some of the paintings are on the premises, others in his home in New Jersey, but he always has a complete portfolio to show his customers.

Mullin-Jones Antiquities, Patrice Mullin and Robert Jones Jr., 525 South Main St. (Rte. 7), Great Barrington; (413) 528-4871. Hours: 10–5 daily except Tues. The French flag at the tip of the driveway gives away this shop's specialty: French antiques, including country furniture, fabric and lace. This husband and wife team go on buying trips to France two or three times a year where they buy armoires, buffets, settees, rush-seated chairs, tiles, marble mantelpieces, clocks, and terra-cotta pottery.

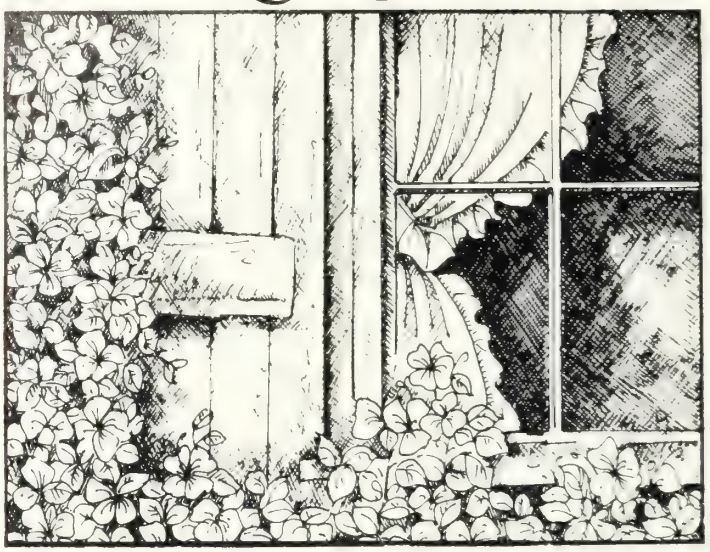
Kahn's Antique and Estate Jewelers, Steven and Nancy Kahn, 38 Railroad St., Great Barrington; (413) 528-9550. Hours: 10–5 daily, closed Sun. except in summer. A country shop this is not: it has gray carpeting and Art Deco glass cabinets and is located on one of Great Barrington's crowded side streets. But if you're looking for antique jewelry, this is the place to come in the Berkshires. Steven Kahn has been in the jewelry business for fourteen years selling earrings, stickpins, watches, and rings as well as picture frames, silver, and glassware.

Compass Antiques, Edward P. Lotz Jr., 224 State Rd. (Rte. 23), Great Barrington (at Belcher Sq.); (413) 528-1353. Hours: 11–6 daily. This shop sells antique scientific instruments, including scales, a specialty, and weights—made of brass. Lotz, who with his gray hair and mustache looks as if he too is right out of the nineteenth century, has been collecting these unique objects for 22 years, mostly because he likes brass: "The subject has been neglected, like all metalware. It has always been painting, porcelain, or glass." The heavy mahogany display cases are also filled with other brass and copper items, such as kitchen cranes, candlesticks, hooks, bowls, and fire screens.

Dovetail Antiques, Judith and David Steindler, North Main St. (Rte. 7), Sheffield; (413) 229-2628. Hours: 11–5 daily, except Tues., by chance or appointment. No need to wear a watch here. Walk in and you hear the ticktock of about forty clocks—wall clocks, grandfather clocks, and shelf clocks, most of which were made in nineteenth-century America. "We were collectors first like everyone else," says David Steindler. "You become a pusher to support your habit." He also repairs and restores clocks, and the ones he sells are guaranteed for a year. Blue-and-white spongeware is a subspecialty, and the shop also features tables, blanket boxes, chests, and other furniture.

Lewis & Wilson, Don Lewis and Tom Wilson, East Main St., Ashley Falls; (413) 229-3330. Hours: 10–5 most days. You can't

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miss any of the antiques stores in the quaint village of Ashley Falls because of the prominent sign at the only crossroad in town. It reads ANTIQUES IN ASHLEY FALLS with arrows pointing to each of the town's five shops. Housed in the renovated train station, Lewis & Wilson carries a mélange of English, American, French, and Oriental furniture, paintings, china, ginger jars, and lighting fixtures. Before the building was a train station, it was a general store; look for the old green kerosene pump in front of the green building with yellow trim.

Elliott and Grace Snyder Antiques, Undermountain Rd. (Rte. 41), South Egremont (½ mi. south of Rte. 23); (413) 528-3581. Hours: by appointment. The Snyders became "increasingly obsessed with antiques" while they were in graduate school and have been full-time dealers since 1974. The shop consists of two rooms in their meticulously restored 1753 house; other pieces for sale are scattered among the family's living area. They specialize in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American furniture, textiles, and folk art, but Grace Snyder admits their inventory is "quite eclectic." This mixture currently includes some seventeenth-century European pottery, a large hooked rug, a cow weather vane, fireplace tools, assorted chairs, chests and beds, and a recently acquired carved and painted bureau made in Ohio. Ask Mrs. Snyder the story of how she came to live in this historic house; it'll make you believe in predestination.

LITCHFIELD COUNTY, CONNECTICUT

Kenneth Hammitt Antiques, Main St. South, Woodbury; (203) 263-5676. Hours: 10–5:30 Mon.–Sat. From all accounts, the elegant Kenneth Hammitt is the granddaddy of antiques in Woodbury, a town famous for its antiques. In the business since 1954, he has stocked an entire house, built in 1753, with American antiques from the Colonial and Federal periods. Most of the furniture is formal: highboys, lowboys, chests on chests, dining-room tables and chairs, candlestands, tea tables, and a 1758 pencil-post bed. The accessories, many of which are English, include mirrors, sterling silver, paintings, Persian rugs, samplers, and a vast array of fireplace tools, lined up in front of a wide, open hearth. Hammitt gives a guarantee on everything he sells, including when and where it was made and a description of what alterations have been made on it.

Steven Calcagni Fine Art and Antiques, Rte. 47, Washington Depot; (203) 868-7667. Hours: 12–5 Mon.–Sat. "I sell a lot of



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dining tables. It's my specialty," says Stephen Calcagni, who has been in the antiques business for ten years. He also sells the accessories that go with dining-room tables—chairs, sideboards, mirrors, china services—and, if you fancy, he currently has on hand a green birdcage, which might be just the thing for that empty corner. Chinese export porcelain is a subspecialty.

Black Swan Antiques, Hubert and Susan van Asch van Wyck, Main St., New Preston; (203) 868-2788. Hours: 10–5 Wed.–Mon. An unusual pair of four-foot wrought-iron candlesticks ($700 the pair) can be found at this three-year-old shop. Hubert van Asch van Wyck's passion is early English furniture, what he says the British refer to as English country. He carries a wide array of tables, hutches, and chairs. This old river town also boasts three rare-book dealers and another antiques dealer.

Elizabeth S. Mankin Antiques, Main St., Kent; (203) 927-3288. Hours: 11–5 Mon.–Sat. Follow the red sign on Main Street to the mustard-colored house, circa 1840, and here you'll find paintings, English pottery, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century formal and country American furniture, and folk art. Of particular interest is the rare Queen Anne maple slant-front desk with nineteen interior drawers and a pair of late-eighteenth-century fiddleback andirons with penny feet. Look as well for the 1797 wedding chest on which the bride's and groom's names are inscribed.

Buckley & Buckley, Don and Gloria Buckley, Main St. (Rte. 44), Salisbury (½ mi. west of Town Hall); (203) 435-9919. Hours: 11–12, 1:30–5 daily except Tues., 1–5 Sun. Housed in an exquisite white Colonial house behind a long picket fence, this shop carries William and Mary and country Queen Anne furniture and accessories. Three rooms of the house—one with an imposing black and white–checkerboard floor—are devoted to the antiques, which include drop-leaf tables, cupboards, chests, pewter, and a four-poster bed, all surrounded by personal touches. Ask if you can take a look at their kitchen mantelpiece (not for sale) with its inscription, "Old Wood to Burn, Old Wine to Drink, Old Books to Read, Old Friends to Trust."

Three Ravens Antiques, Harold and Florie Corbin, Main St. (Rte. 44), Salisbury; (203) 435-9602. Hours: 10–5 daily by chance or appointment. If you happen to notice here a small, elegantly produced book of poetry thrown on an antique chair, chances are it was written by Harold Corbin, owner with his wife, Florie, of this shop. A gracious man, Corbin used to teach at the nearby Salisbury School. "There was only one thing to do when we left the boy business, and that was to go into the trinket trade," he jokes. Three Ravens, however, carries far more than just trinkets: quilts, pottery, china, brass, and, in the barn out back, several architectural elements, such as louvers, fanlights, and doors.

E. G. H. Peter Antiques, Evan G. Hughes and Peter Ermacora, Rte. 44 and Canaan Valley Rd., East Canaan; (203) 824-1112. Hours: by appointment. Last July, Evan Hughes and Peter Ermacora moved from Bleecker Street, Manhattan's downtown antiques alley, to the sleepy town of East Canaan, Connecticut, where they bought and are restoring a farmhouse built in 1780. Color is the theme of this shop, which features hand-painted American furniture—such as a blue chest of drawers or a reddish yellow Boston rocker—and accessories like a green marbleized mantel, red and black–painted checkerboard, or redware pottery. "One of the things that originally attracted us to the antiques business was color," says Ermacora. "Color with two hundred years of grime on it." Painting furniture, he explains, was how people back then gave life to the house. "It was their decoration. They didn't have fancy wallpapers and those things." The popularity of painted furniture is a relatively new phenomenon. Until recently, people stripped painted furniture of all its color. "Only in the last five years have people begun to appreciate the paint," says Ermacora. His antiques are masterfully displayed in a room with no color at all—beige floors and walls, white doors and ceilings—making the pieces shine like colors in the rainbow.

Ed Clerk Antiques, Goshen Rd., Norfolk; (203) 542-5884. Hours: by appointment. If the honesty and simplicity of Shaker design is your calling, Ed Clerk is your man. His parents dealt in Shaker furniture, as has he for twenty years. Some of the things he has on hand at the moment are a dining-room table, a sewing desk featured in the Whitney Museum's 1986 Shaker exhibit, rocking chairs, a washstand, buckets, and a stack of ten different-colored boxes (not for sale), all graduated in size, which fit snugly one on top of the other (the tiniest one, on top, is a pincushion). Besides the sect's furniture, he also sells country furniture: "You can't live by Shaker alone, so I also carry American country furniture." Clerk's house and barn are surrounded by nine barking Toulouse geese—described by Clerk as great watchdogs—as well as a goat, four dogs, two cats, and two ducks.

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Tables of Content

Bold colors and handpainted patterns are speaking up at mealtimes

Gone are the days when freshly starched white damask table napkins in silver rings and place mats decorated with hunting scenes were de rigueur. Here is a varied and imaginative choice of today's table settings, ranging from lily pad mats for botanists to boldly handpainted napkins for the artistic. All would enhance any spring or summer meal, grand or informal. **Amicia de Moubray**



Above: Printed colored napkins, $20, Porthault, NYC and Palm Beach; also East & Orient, Dallas; Country French Connection, Atlanta; Elizabeth's Staircase, L.A. Leaf mat, $7, Frank McIntosh for Henri Bendel; also Stanley Korshak at the Crescent, Dallas. Crocodile mat, $18, and napkin, $14, Barneys New York. Right: Nikitia mat, $18, and matching napkin, $14, handpainted cocktail napkin, $20–$35, floral napkin, $20–$35, Barneys. Folded napkin, $60 doz., China Seas, for nearest showroom call (212) 420-1170. Ceramic ring, $34 pr., Thaxton. Green silk mat by Jim Thompson, set of four with napkins, $90, Bloomingdale's.



Above: Napkins, clockwise from top left, handpainted by Liz Wain, $20–$35, Barneys New York; plain sea green, $4, D. F. Sanders, NYC; by Liz Wain, $20–35, Barneys; handpainted, $32, Frank McIntosh for Henri Bendel. Folded napkin, $14, Barneys. Gold-painted ceramic ring, $34 pr., Thaxton, NYC. Green Ballauf mat, $7, Frank McIntosh for Henri Bendel. Handpainted mat by Liz Wain, $16–$28, Barneys. Mail order: Barneys, 106 Seventh Ave., NYC 10011; (212) 929-9000.

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Control Central

The new home systems automatically manage everything from security to watering the lawn

Houses have always been suspected of having lives of their own, spirits that dwell in the floorboards and fireplaces and either welcome guests or repel them. The methods of repulsion have often been grotesque. Witness the modern security system, which meant sticking foil on each window, attaching the foil to wires, then drilling dozens of holes in walls and snaking the wires down to the basement where the system control box was kept. When the circuit was broken, the house would shriek its alarm. The price was ugly windows, white and brown wire stapled to woodwork, and false alarms whenever an inhabitant unthinkingly opened a window for fresh air.

All that has changed: the house does not now have to look "wired" to respond to intrusion. Small sensors subtly placed on windows and around the house respond to breaking and entering; infrared sensors on baseboards detect motion and changes in heat; radio transmitters send information about a room to a central control without the use of wiring; handsome control panels are now designed to be seen rather than hidden.

AT&T, for example, has just introduced Security Systems 8000; it uses a newly designated radio frequency for wireless transmitters which send signals to the alarm control box. A wireless remote can even set the alarm—or defuse it—from any location in the house.

Some systems use wiring but are just as unobtrusive. For a decade a company named X-10 USA (185A LeGrand Ave., Northvale, NJ 07647) has been making inexpensive control modules that plug into ordinary electrical outlets. Now licensed to other companies and sold in Radio Shack and Sears, X-10 equipment sends digital signals through the power lines, instructing any appliance or electrical apparatus to shut on and off, any light to dim or brighten or flash. When controlled by a computer program, these control modules can operate an intricate schedule of lighting, sound, and activity.



RICHARD CLINE

By using digital signals, more sophisticated sensors, and computer programs, the security system of old can now be merged with the other lifelines of the home—the telephone, the electrical system, the water supply, the heating system—giving the house the equivalent of an electronic nervous system. The same system can answer the phone and set the alarm, cool the house, turn on the washing machine, and make a cup of coffee. In fact, so much attention is being devoted to home automation that the industry now has its own magazine, *Electronic House*. And there is already considerable rivalry over just what standards should rule the house. NEC Home Electronics has devel-



CONSTANCE HANSEN

The Portable Office

Gadgets for those who like to work 24-hour days (and for those who don't) can all be carried in pocket or purse: From top: **Day Filer,** from Seiko Instruments USA, an electronic Filofax stores memos, schedules, and phone numbers and beeps to remind you of meetings, $129. **Psion Organiser II,** $250, a portable computer—compatible with Lotus 1-2-3 and IBM—can do word processing, filing, calculations and be linked to a home or office computer. **Expense Recorder,** $79, by Seiko, holds up to two months of expenditures, changes currency, and totals by day, week, or type of expense. **Porta Copy,** $299, hand-held rechargeable copier makes 3-inch strips of copy. **QuoTrek,** $399.95 plus a monthly subscription fee, from Lotus Information Network Corporation, keeps trading information, major-market indexes, and the Dow Jones News Retrieval Service transmitted via FM stations in thirteen cities. All available from Spectra Audio Research, 595 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022.



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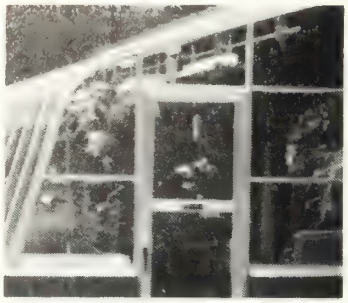
1035

oped a method of sending intricate signals over power lines, so not only can appliances be controlled, but a computer can receive data through an ordinary electric outlet. A project called Smart House, directed by the National Association of Home Builders, is attempting to create a different system; manufacturers of home appliances and equipment essentially buy into it, purchasing the right to use the technology that will allow their products to communicate with one another (so the vacuum cleaner can shut off, for example, when the doorbell rings). Rejecting the Smart House's notion of a proprietary system, the Electronics Industry Association will propose its own standards for the automated home later this year.

But it is already possible to glimpse the "smart" home in the intricate systems now being installed by such companies as Hometron USA (Bethesda, MD). Each offers a twist on the basic idea. The Home Manager (Unity Systems, 2606 Spring St., Redwood City, CA 94063) uses a wall-mounted touch screen that displays a map of the house: touch any room on the screen and the lights can be dimmed, temperature changed, the VCR turned on, the alarm armed. Like HomeBrain (Hypertek, Rte. 22E, Salem Industrial Park, P.O. Box 137, Whitehouse, NJ 08888), the Home Manager can be programmed for any heating or lighting schedule, can create zones within the house that deny access to those without the proper security code, and even water the lawn automatically when it's dry. Such systems range in price from $5,000 to over $25,000; the majority are installed in new houses but may also be added to existing structures.

Mitsubishi is about to introduce a more modestly priced system, Home Automation System (beginning at about $1,500), that will be controlled through the keypad of a telephone, announce the condition of various rooms around the house with a synthesized voice, and control strategically placed video cameras. But the future belongs to systems like Max (Archinetics, 1750 Northwest Front Ave., Portland, OR 97209). Max can sense where people are in the house, talk with them over the intercom, and actually *learn* from observing living patterns how best to control the alarm system, the thermostat, and the telephone. It can announce messages to individuals, and even decide that the house is likely to be empty at noon, and adjust heating and security accordingly. Max is the first example of the next evolutionary stage in dwellings—the intelligent home with a life and voice all its own. **Edward Rothstein**

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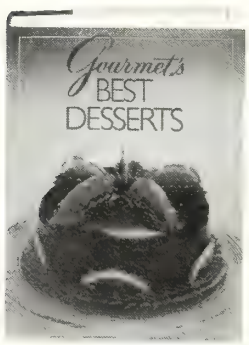
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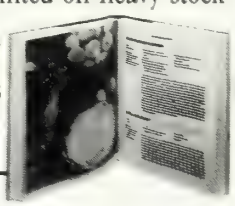
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Eminent Domains

If you're looking for an architectural landmark, be prepared to pay a premium

If you called up one of the more eminent architects in the country tomorrow morning, say, Charles Gwathmey or Richard Meier or Robert A. M. Stern, and asked him to build you a house, you would have to wait two or three years before calling the movers. Provided your architect of choice accepts the commission—and frequently they decline—design takes approximately twelve months and construction another eighteen—longer if you're what's known as a difficult client. (And who is not?) Don't want to wait or run the risk of rejection but still want to live in an architecturally distinguished house? Buy one. Gwathmey, Meier, and Stern each have residential works now on the market, as do a host of other high-profile architects from present and past generations.

There is a certain cachet to owning a house by Frank Lloyd Wright or Ward Bennett, just as there is to owning a painting by Mark Rothko or Julian Schnabel—at least among the cognoscenti. In both instances, of course, ownership has its price. "These houses are special properties deserving of a premium," reports Crosby Doe of the Los Angeles–based real estate firm Mossler, Deasy & Doe. That premium can run from 70 to 200 percent over comparable houses, estimates Doe, who has specialized in this particular segment of the residential market for fifteen years and who, more remarkably, possesses that all-too-rare quality among realtors, a genuine appreciation of architecture. To stay abreast of market activity, Mossler, Deasy & Doe recently went high-tech with a computer system that provides current data on "two thousand architecturally significant houses in greater L.A." Points of professional pride include linking up film producer Joel Silver with Frank Lloyd Wright's 1923 Storer house in the Hollywood Hills and art dealer Lou Baskerville with Richard Neutra's 1960 Loring house in Nichols Canyon. Current listings range from a 1933 International Style fourplex by R. M. Schindler on South Cochran to the 1949 Miesian Modern Broughton house by Craig Ellwood in Beverly Glen.





Le Corbusier, right, designed some of the most important houses of the 20th century. One of them—actually two—is Les Maisons Jaoul, above, completed in 1956 and now for sale.



The rugged concrete-and-brick construction of Les Maisons Jaoul just outside Paris serves as a not-so-subtle reminder that Le Corbusier's residential portfolio is not limited to crisp white houses.

Another Los Angeles firm with an impressive lineup of "world-class residential architecture," as it is regrettably referred to, is the Jon Douglas Company. Its communications director, Jann Hiller, reports that actor Mark Harmon visited Mandalay, architect Cliff May's sprawling twenty-acre compound in Brentwood, four times before deciding against the $20 million estate and that farther up the coast Frank Lloyd Wright's 1940–46 retreat for the late radio dramatist Arch Oboler has also attracted considerable interest, though its 105-acre site in the Santa Monica Mountains might be partly responsible.

Sotheby's International Realty, as its name implies, does not limit itself to one particular region or to one particular style, notes Stuart Siegel, vice president of marketing. Which means that clients can choose between a 1981 Sol LeWitt–like vacation house overlooking a lake in Wisconsin by Chicago architect Helmut Jahn and a 1929 Mediterranean villa overlooking the ocean in Palm Beach by Addison Mizner. Al-

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though Sotheby's also offers important houses by H. H. Richardson and, again, Frank Lloyd Wright, the architectural feather in the realtor's cap is surely Les Maisons Jaoul by Le Corbusier. Located in the Paris suburb of Neuilly-sur-Seine, fifteen minutes from the Eiffel Tower, the pair of houses included in the 1956 compound occupies a central position in the history of Modern architecture. "We're selling the mystique of living in an architectural monument," concludes Siegel. The current price of mystique is 20 million francs (about $3.5 million).

Despite the allure that living in a landmark holds, a certain reserve is advised. Architect-designed houses, at least the best ones, tend to be highly personal statements that speak of very particular visions. So if your taste runs to flocked wallpaper, a great International Style house is not for you. On the other hand, some houses are so extraordinary they might be worth giving up the flocked wallpaper.

Charles Gandee

Architecture for Sale

From Sotheby's International Realty
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Le Corbusier **20 million francs**
Les Maisons Jaoul are two adjoining houses in Neuilly-sur-Seine outside Paris. Joined underneath by a shared garage, a wine cellar, and storage basement. Maison A includes two living rooms, interior garden, five bedrooms, two with terraces. Maison B includes living room plus library, five bedrooms, and studio plus three terraces.

Frank Lloyd Wright **$380,000**
National Landmark solar hemicycle house on three acres in Middleton, Wis. Approximately 2,500 square feet with three bedrooms, one and a half baths. Indoor–outdoor reflecting pools, sunken garden, 6-foot recessed limestone fireplace, balcony, guesthouse.

Helmut Jahn **$350,000**
Located on 3.5 acres on Catfish Lake, Wis., this is the architect's only built design for a house. The cubiform three-level cottage has three bedrooms with spaces arranged around a gridded central open skylit stairwell. Fireplaces in family bedroom and living room. Open-plan guesthouse also comes with fireplace.

H. H. Richardson **$2,900,000**
The two and a half story Shingle-style Stoughton House in Cambridge, Mass., was built 1882–83. The seventeen-room house has approximately 8,000 square feet and includes six bedrooms and four and a half baths plus five staff bedrooms and two baths, ten fireplaces, a conservatory with two skylights, music room, and 10-by-59-foot gallery.

Addison Mizner **$9,000,000**
This Spanish Mediterranean–style residence in Palm Beach, Fla., sits on 3 acres with 268 feet of ocean frontage. The two-story plus tower house has approximately 16,000 square feet. Included in the nineteen rooms are five bedrooms, seven and a half baths. Three fireplaces, elevator, wine cellar. Tiled pool with pool house, tennis court, four-room apartment over garage.

From Randolph Properties
(914) 238-9001

Richard Meier **$995,000**
Wooded 10-plus acres on secluded hilltop in Mount Kisco, N.Y. Two-story living room with sculptured fireplace, dining room with curved glass wall, skylit library. Two bedrooms, two baths. Pool and two-story guest/pool house with two bedrooms.

From Jon Douglas Company
(213) 859-7007

Frank Lloyd Wright **$3,500,000**
The redwood-and-stone fifteen-room house on 105 acres of Malibu, Calif., mountainside with panoramic ocean/canyon views includes built-in Wright-designed furniture. Four bedrooms plus staff quarters, three fireplaces, pool. Guesthouse nearby.

Richard Neutra **$1,475,000**
Secluded one-story house on wooded 2¾ acres in Montecito, Calif., features soaring 21-foot windows in gallery–entry, 27-foot windows in library. Four bedrooms, four and a half baths. Library room has brick-and-marble fireplace. Comes with pool, guest/pool house, four-car garage.

From Mossler, Deasy & Doe
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R. M. Schindler **$335,000**
The Mackey apartment building in Los Angeles, built in 1939, consists of three units, plus a large penthouse with rooftop garden. There are nine bedrooms and five baths. The two-story detached five-car garage includes a loft and roof garden.

From Housing Solutions (213) 665-4145

Greene & Greene **$310,000**
Pasadena, Calif., bungalow built in 1911 has shingle siding, arroyo rock foundation, and wide porches. Three bedrooms, two and a half baths, living room with fireplace, sleeping porch, and six-car garage.

From George Elkins Company
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Richard Neutra **$2,400,000**
Once the residence of Mae West, this estate on a beach lot in Santa Monica, Calif., was refurbished by Charles Gwathmey. Its 5,400 square feet include four bedrooms, six baths, formal living and dining rooms, three fireplaces, pool, Jacuzzi.

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Topless Thrills

James Truman takes four brand-new convertibles out for a spin



Back in the 1940s psychologist Ernest Dichter delivered himself of the observation that a man looks on a sedan as his wife, whereas he regards a convertible as his mistress. For all his failings as a progressive socialist, Dichter would surely have made a sporty addition to the national sales team: in the cutthroat competition of postwar Detroit, even pop Freudians could become team players. In newly opened offices of motivational research, they were employed to puzzle over the mysteries of the automobile's social function and the subconscious desires that determined the public's car-buying choices. What they discovered about the convertible owner was made readily apparent in the gloriously profane chrome-and-steel sculptures that rolled off the assembly lines from the mid fifties to the late sixties. Although the European designers of the Jaguar XKE or the Mercedes 300SLR were clearly no slouches in the area of sexual symbolism, it was the American models with their extended bulges, heightened curves, and racy lines that defined the convertible as an object of desire; they were the unembarrassed purveyors of locomotive erotica.

The good news is that the convertible is no longer gender-specific

Aside from the Chevy Corvette, there are no current American convertibles that meet this description. The good news is that the convertible is no longer gender-specific. The bad news is that during its nearly decade-long absence the energy crisis, emission-control laws, and aerodynamic advances killed off the convertible's classic virtues—that is to say, its speed, size, and rococo styling. So far, Detroit's attempts at a solution—an exotic fuel-efficient, flip-top compact—have been less than thrilling. Except in price, they have been consistently upstaged by imports from Europe, where the smaller-scale sports car is a long-standing tradition.

In what sounds like an enterprising response, Chrysler will shortly unveil a two-seater convertible, built in Italy in conjunction with Maserati. Meanwhile, they have redesigned their own LeBaron. As a coupe, the new LeBaron has been positioned against the Ford Thunderbird which it closely resembles. As a soft-top, its smooth elegant lines make Ford's Mustang look increasingly dated and boxy. The LeBaron's principal attraction is value for money: loaded with extras, including the optional 2.2-liter turbo engine, the price is still under $20,000. The interior, finished in billowy vinyl and noticeably fake-wood trim, boasts more gadgets per dollar than any car I've seen. The digital speedo sits between a fluorescent RPM graph and fuel and temperature gauges; at the press of a button these become oil and battery gauges, rather more bright than seems necessary. The central console houses the standard radio and cassette player, optional CD player and graphic equalizer, a trip computer, digital temperature control, and something called a message center, which alerts the driver to any one of sixteen potential problems. Opening the glove compartment, I was unhappy not to find a courtesy phone; I would have liked Lee Iacocca to explain these to me personally.

Driving the car through downtown L.A., I was disappointed to find that even with the turbocharged engine the new LeBaron felt as sluggish as the old LeBaron, which is to say that on the freeway it cruised comfortably at 60 mph but couldn't summon enough power to get me out of the fast lane in time for my exit. Traveling at high speeds with the roof down, taller drivers are likely to find their foreheads unprotected from headwinds and spray from the washer jets. If I owned this car, I'd experiment with hair gel in the fluid bottle. The LeBaron might not win any drag races, but I'd accept Don Johnson's hairstyle as compensation.

The Saab 900 Turbo convertible looks like a gondola, which is not how a motorcar should look. Even stranger is the fact that the soft-top has breathed new life into a body shape that was overdue for retirement. With the top down, the car's reduced height and accentuated concave body lines give it a sprightly, even jaunty appearance. That's also how it feels on the road. A slow starter—at least with automatic transmission (the standard model is five-speed manual)—it accelerates nicely when the turbocharger kicks in and maintains reserves of power way past the legal speed limit. The four-wheel disc brakes engage smoothly and ease the car around tight corners with surprising agility; the distance between the driver's seat and steering wheel encourages a racing posture, so one tends to hit curves hard.

The Saab's principal drawback is visibility. The electronic roof is blissfully easy to operate, but once it is up, one has to rely on wing mirrors for rear vision. The back window, which is real glass, is also real narrow; three-quarter visibility is nonexistent. Another annoyance is the built-in alarm system, which starts to squeal unless the key is put into the ignition within twenty seconds. Since the ignition is unconventionally positioned between the two front seats, this takes some practice. It also caused three valet parkers in Los Angeles to feel insecure about their professional skills.

The BMW325i convertible quietly arrived on the market last year in the shadow of BMW's new top-of-the-line 7-series models. Perhaps this was for the best: shortly after its debut the car's prospective clientele was pronounced an extinct species. Can the BMW survive the disgrace of the yuppie? As a preliminary measure, to test its potential for

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downward mobility, I packed the car with date, popcorn, and Mexican takeout and drove to the Valley, where Chuck Norris's latest was playing at a drive-in. Chuck Norris once explained to me that although America was the greatest nation in the history of the world, he personally drove a Mercedes, so the film didn't make me feel unwelcome. The BMW's heated seats proved useful, the interior acoustics excellent, and the engine idled so noiselessly that we could enjoy the advantages of trilevel heat without missing the finer points of the dialogue. As in many foreign cars, there turned out to be inadequate facilities for the storage and display of foodstuffs. Looking over at the 1966 Mustang parked next to us and the drama unfold-

The BMW's heated seats proved useful, and the engine idled noiselessly

ing therein, I was reminded of another criticism of the BMW: they're simply not sexy. Even with a drop-top—a modification that the BMW hasn't accommodated all that comfortably—the 325 doesn't inflame the senses with thoughts of derring-do. The payback for this conservatism is nonetheless considerable and familiar to anyone who has driven a BMW: superb engineering, smooth acceleration, flawless braking, and a design that values the functional over the cosmetic.

There's something undignified in hearing an Aston Martin wheeze with emission-control asthma. Down-tuned for the American market, the new Vantage Volante is still an awesome machine. Billed as the fastest four-seater convertible, it is also one of the few high-performance sports that doesn't force the driver into dental-surgery posture. Driving the car is almost relaxing; its responsiveness is acute but unaggressive and shows few signs of rebellion at dawdling speeds. Apart from a couple of shameful lapses into plasticity, the interior preserves the classic gentility of the old DB series, just as the sawn-off rear end revives the styling of the DB6, the successor to the James Bond car. The only misgiving one could have is the woefully inappropriate addition of side and front spoilers. But fear not: a new Vantage Volante will be unveiled later this year. In the meantime—and for just $12,000 more—$179,500 will buy the 1988 Aston Martin Lagonda, which happens to be the most handsome and distinctive car in the world. ♠



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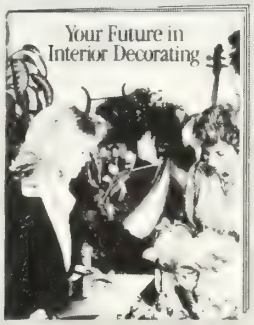
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Garouste

(Continued from page 160) has given them various objects from his travels. Two enormous gold and terra-cotta lacquered screens dominate the living room, and there are small chairs with backs carved like Balinese masks of gods with protruding tongues.

Elisabeth cuts an altogether more unexpected figure than Gérard, who wanders around with his hair caught up in a metal clip and a sack tied round his waist in a vague attempt to protect his paint-caked overalls—though for some mysterious reason he likes to wear a tie. Elisabeth is neat and smart in a black sweater set, her dark hair elegantly smoothed by a velvet headband. Her appearance is a surprising contrast to the strange malformed furniture she creates.

Art critics have a tough time trying to pigeonhole Gérard's paintings and spend pages describing what category he's in, only to dismiss it. He's been called everything from Trans–Avant-garde to a Pittura Colta, but he refutes all labels. The main influences for his monumental murky landscapes, with obscure figures flitting about in the background, are Dante's *Inferno* and the music of Arvo Pärt. He listens with great passion to classical music, which he finds fundamental not only to his mood but also to the movement of his brush on the canvas. "I'm doing some very large pieces almost purely *about* the music, and I would like to have them shown accompanied by it. I also incorporate scenes from *The Divine Comedy*, which is a book I return to again and again. I'd like to meet and talk to composers who are my contemporaries, but so far I have only met Arvo Pärt when he came to a nearby monastery."

For the time being Gérard has very little opportunity to seek out any other composers; not only has he had major one-man shows in Bordeaux and at the Palais des Beaux-Arts in Belgium, but in April he also has a show at the Leo Castelli Gallery in New York and in September another one-man show at the Beaubourg. His work is on permanent display in more and more museums around the world from Germany to Australia. Gérard, however, has steadfastly refused to join the international art-party circuit so tempting to other artists of equally lofty reputations; he prefers to live quietly at home, with the occasional foray into Paris. "Of course I stop working sometimes and have dinner with my friends. If a stranger is there with the preconceived notion that I am a mad artist, then I will play the businessman to fool him."

Gérard and Elisabeth get along with local villagers, although some of them are rather taken aback by the interior of the house. "Once a woman came to see us," says Elisabeth with a laugh. "She wandered around looking at all our things, then finally said, 'Oh, I do like *that*,' pointing at an extremely dirty inset panel showing a herd of cows. She had picked the *only* thing that hadn't been painted by me or Gérard.

"We haven't really done anything to the house other than repaint the rooms," Elisabeth went on. "It is certainly not decorated. If we find we are short a chair, I'll go out and buy one—otherwise the house just contains the overspill from our studios."

What decoration there is could never be described as finished because Elisabeth and Gérard are both constantly adding things to each room. Their bedroom has a mysterious, dreamy atmosphere, created in part by an immense amount of smoke that finds its way from the fire burning in the living-room fireplace below. A chandelier, which looks like a cross between some strange creature from outer space and a plant picked from the depths of the ocean, lights the room; in a corner is a whimsical glass-top table containing sand and a few bright pebbles, which she calls her Zen table. Oddly, the children of such overtly creative parents show little interest in drawing or sculpture.

The walled garden, which stands a couple of hundred yards from the house, remains the only unconquered territory in the intensely personal world the Garoustes have concocted over four years. But Elisabeth has plans for it, and, no doubt, given the energy they put into their projects, the garden will be as weird and wonderful as the rest of the place. ♠

Decorating Editor: Marie-Paule Pellé

Tahitian Mythology

(Continued from page 145) obligation to someone as light-fingered as himself.

Let us also congratulate the organizers for having cajoled collectors and museum directors the world over to part with major treasures. Glasnost was on their side. The Soviet Union lent more Gauguins from its incomparably rich collection than ever before. Even if Stuckey and Brettell were unable to re-create, as they had hoped, the artist's dream—a total decorative ensemble, consisting of his huge masterpiece *Where Do We Come From?* (the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston) and the eight replicas and studies for it—they have assembled more than enough masterpieces to convey the mythic, the monumental and, yes, the ornamental impact of the late work as never before.

Lest, however, we succumb too easily to the paradisiacal charm of these Polynesian idylls, we should not forget that Gauguin was spiritually in league with the dark gods: the ubiquitous fox is a symbol of perversity, the androgynous figure in some of the late paintings might well be a native priest or a *mahu* (an effeminate man raised from childhood as a woman), and it is no accident that Tehamana, the artist's mistress, is depicted as polydactyl—seven-toed. ♠

Lord of the Follies

(Continued from page 202) other hand if a plant really takes off in a particular area, I'll let it. I am not the chap to say let's move that six inches." He is, however, an avid collector of plants. One can find more than 130 varieties of snowdrops at West Green and a huge range of hellebores.

But it is the architectural follies and the incomplete, untamed nature of the garden that leave a lasting impression on the visitor. When pressed, McAlpine does admit to a method for the garden's apparent madness: "There is a sort of grand philosophical theme, which I suppose you could call 'The Progress of Man.' It's done in a very loose way, and, of course, it's not finished yet." McAlpine intends to build more follies and monuments. "I am a congenital builder. I can't resist building things. I suppose it's just as well, as that's my family's trade."

Quinlan Terry, however, is not so keen on creating too many more buildings at West Green. "I believe that ninety percent of a garden should be green, and buildings should be incidental. West Green will be all buildings and no garden and that's sad." The concept of restraint is obviously anathema to McAlpine. It is this compulsiveness that sets him apart from fellow mortals. Wherever McAlpine channels his boundless energies, one can be certain that even if West Green ends up looking more like Highgate Cemetery than a traditional garden, it will still be well worth a visit. ♠ *Architecture Editor: Heather Smith MacIsaac*

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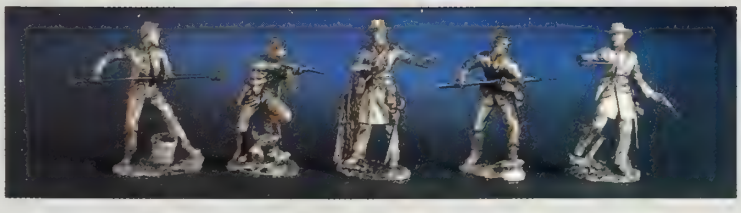
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Four Stars

(Continued from page 196) cooks arrive at Le Bernardin to prepare for lunch. All young and mostly American, they change into white jackets and black and white–checked trousers. I button a long white smock over my street clothes. Soon they are working quietly and intently. Every cook does his own chopping, his own *mise en place*. All have brought their own knives.

At the cold-appetizer station Bonnie uses a tall-standing food mill with a huge hand crank to make fresh tomato puree for the scallops with sorrel. Severo pounds twenty slices of raw tuna paper-thin between two sheets of plastic wrap stretching down the counter from one side of the kitchen to the other. I am gratified to discover that cold poached salmon—the shrimp cocktail with ketchup sauce of the 1980s—appears nowhere on the menu. Across from Severo and Bonnie, at the hot-appetizer station, Bennie makes croutons for soup. His partner Vinnie is off at the oyster station cleaning squid, washing them in salt water. Fresh water would drain their flavor.

Nearby Vincent pulls on pink rubber gloves to dismember twenty live lobsters, twisting off their flailing claws and tails. Then with the little feelers still wriggling he slides a dinner knife between the underside of the tail meat and the shells to keep them from curling in the poaching liquid. That's how the French do it. I remember trying a recipe of Michel Guérard's that demanded the same treatment. I handed over the challenge to the oldest salt at my local fish store, and his reward was a deep gash from the dying lobster. Vincent, who is from Barbados, says that it took him a while to get used to this part of his job. May the fish gods forgive him.

At the entrée station John and Bobby prepare the sweet fish fumet and the acidic vegetable nage that will find their way into half the items on the menu. Then they turn their attention to a red wine sauce, a lobster cream for the pasta, and a translucent *sauce Américaine* unlike any I've ever tasted. A pound of basil has been put to steep in tepid olive oil in the hope that after several days the basil will yield up its perfume for the sautéed red snapper. In another pot lobster shells are warmed in oil for several hours to flavor a vinaigrette.

The sous chef, Dominick Cerrone, has arrived. An articulate upstate New Yorker, he is concocting a new dish for lunch—ravioli, made from the eggless dough he mixed last night, stuffed with duxelles and fennel puree. When a customer orders them, the ravioli will be poached with scallops in the vegetable nage that John and Bobby have made.

At nine o'clock on the loading dock downstairs I watch Paul, the steward, receive the fish that Le Coze selected at the market this morning. Later scallops and lobsters will arrive from Maine. Paul turns over one of the live sea urchins and wiggles a pencil in its mouth, which he finds too mushy; he taps its quills and they move sluggishly. The weather is getting too cold for perfect urchins. Two men will work downstairs for the rest of the day butchering the fish, gutting and degilling them, scaling or skinning them, and finally preparing fillets. Soon the air is filled with fish scales, which snow down on the worktables, the floor, my smock, my face.

I take refuge at the pastry station where I discover that dessert cooks are the most generous souls in the kitchen. Best known for its consummate fish preparations, Le Bernardin also serves some of the best desserts in town. I munch on warm chocolate mille-feuilles while Jun beats the *crème anglaise* for a baked apple dessert contributed to the menu by Georges Blanc when he was in New York. Diane forms *oeufs à la neige* with one hand by scraping and rolling a handful of meringue against the rim of the bowl. She encourages me to try it. The result is a puffy white smear on the palm of my hand. I accuse her of having omitted some crucial instruction. Jun mollifies me with a *sablé*.

Alain Thomas, the head pastry chef, is busy making a dark chocolate sorbet, and he gives me a taste. Here is the sorbet that has eluded me for a full decade of active ice cream making. The next day I pry the recipe out of Alain and try it at home. I think I may have burned the cocoa a little and possibly neglected to beat the mixture to an ideal silken smoothness before freezing. The result falls slightly short of perfection. My wife says that it tasted like dirt.

The staff breaks at eleven for the family meal that Bennie has cooked for them. Today's meat loaf with mashed potatoes is much less popular than yesterday's roast chicken with pasta. But Bobby brightens my potatoes with a ladle full of sunny bourride.

The chef de cuisine, Eberhard Mueller, arrives. Thirty-four years old and a cook since the age of fifteen, sous chef at Archestrate in Paris and executive chef at Windows on the World, he signed on with Le Coze before Le Bernardin opened. From noon until midnight the intense and knowledgeable Eberhard supervises the kitchen. There will be 110 lunches served today and 220 dinners. Power brokers eat at lunch, celebrities at dinner, food-world luminaries at both. The average dinner check for each customer is $91 before tax and tip and $50 at lunch.

Noon approaches and the tension becomes palpable. Gilbert Le Coze enters the kitchen, handsome and tanned in a long white jacket and white trousers. Everything at Le Bernardin is cooked at the last minute in individual portions. There are no stews or cassoulets, no legs of lamb or fillets of beef cooked rare waiting to be carved, reheated, and sauced. "A slice of fish can be completely disgusting if you cook it in advance," Le Coze says. Oysters are opened only when a customer orders them. Even the desserts are assembled *à la minute*. So the ratio of cooks to customers is unusually high. The kitchen is almost as large as the dining room. Le Coze spent five months back in Paris designing, in stainless steel and tile, the perfect kitchen.

Eberhard and Dominick begin calling out orders to the appetizer stations. The words "broiled shrimp for table three" have hardly been uttered when Bennie ladles fish fumet, cream and parsley-shallot butter over four butterflied shrimp standing with their tails up in a casserole. He pops them under the salamander broiler until their shells redden, heats the casserole on a burner until the sauce boils, slides it into the oven to finish the shrimp, and puts it back on the burner to reduce the sauce as he removes the shrimp to a warm plate. When the sauce is thick and emulsified, he pours it around the shrimp and brings the plate to Dominick, who wipes a stray sauce molecule from the rim.

Soon the main course orders start coming and the frenzy moves to the entrée station. The fillets of grouper and red snapper have already been skinned and sliced on a bias into three pieces to a uniform quarter-inch thickness. Now they are sprinkled with salt and white pepper, dredged in flour on one side, and sautéed in separate pans only on that side until they are golden brown underneath and still pink on top. Then the sauces are quickly prepared—basil vinaigrette for the snapper and a butter sauce densely dotted with chopped chives, like a Pointillist painting, for the grouper. When the sauces are almost ready, the fillets are put briefly in an oven at 500 degrees Fahrenheit to finish cooking (all the ovens are run at full tilt except those at the pastry station), transferred to a serving plate, sauced, and decorated. They must be served immediately. If reheating is attempted, the butter sauce will break and the vinaigrette will release acid fumes.

Throughout it all Le Coze walks about watching and sampling. "We can never sleep," Le Coze tells me. "We constantly have to be extremely concentrated."

The action shifts to the pastry station and I with it. Diane is making a cloud of *cheveux d'ange*—stiff filaments of caramelized sugar

flicked off the tines of a fork—which she will set atop a circle of four caramel desserts. Fortune smiles when somebody mistakenly prepares an unwanted hot passion-fruit mousse. As the error is not discovered until the dish emerges from under the salamander, there is nothing to do but feed it to me. Stoically enduring the third-degree burn I receive from touching the fiery plate, I plunge a fork into the glazed golden circle of mousse.

I cannot believe my tongue. This is the very creation I've been pursuing for three years, ever since a meal at Jacques Maximin's Chantecler restaurant at the Hôtel Negresco in Nice. As somebody sprays antiseptic on my injured hand, I polish off the mousse. No, I cannot have the recipe—it is a signature dish that everybody is trying to copy. Yes, Maximin popularized the hot fruit mousse, but he probably didn't invent it, and he uses lime instead of passion fruit. No, the formula published last year in *New York* magazine is not how we do it.

In desperation I threaten to write that Le Coze uses canned tuna and ultrapasteurized cream. They relent at last when I vow never to publish the recipe, and now my lips are sealed. The next morning I stay up until three making a clumsy version of my secret treasure. The passion-fruit store is closed at that hour, and I am forced to substitute tangerine. I overbeat the magic mixture, bake the mousses at an insufficient temperature, and glaze their tops a bit aggressively under the broiler. But they are so yummy I consume five before waking my wife to split the last one with her. She is extremely grateful.

By two thirty the customers have finished their lunches, and a new crew of young cooks arrives. The afternoon passes much as the morning did, and my next four days pass much as the first. In my week at Le Bernardin I come away with countless secrets. The little secrets are cooking tricks that one would likely pick up at any serious restaurant, but I am continually delighted to learn them nonetheless. If you add vinegar before caramelizing sugar, humidity will not make it sticky and soft. Wipe the inside of a stockpot frequently, or the splashes of liquid will burn and turn your sauce bitter. When you puree garlic in advance, add some oil to keep the paste moist and preserve the flavor. Toast bread for canapés in a hot oven between two baking sheets, and it will emerge flat and evenly browned. Use very hot olive oil to fry thin slices of day-old bread for croutons, and they will brown almost instantly; rub them with a cut clove of garlic when they cool off a little. Maintain the court bouillon for poaching fish below the simmer—about 190 to 200 degrees—and the fish will be cooked through and intact, not torn apart in swirling liquid.

But these are, after all, merely little secrets. Le Coze's Big Secret is more elusive: trapping in a saucepan the pure elemental tastes of the sea. He and Eberhard stress that to develop the essential flavor of a fish, its broth or sauce must have the proper degree of acidity—just as we use lemon juice in a fruit dessert. But part of the trick is having the right attitude. Think of fish as the one truly wild creature we eat—free, brave, and primordial. Make fun of chickens and cows and the other idiotic barnyard vassals of humankind the way Le Coze does. Eat and cook mainly fish for a month or two, and sample every variety you can find. Do not overcook it or asphyxiate it in sauce or tart it up with grapes or currants or kiwi fruit. Fish is done in the millisecond between translucence and opacity, long before it flakes (the common cookbook test); it should still be a little chewy. Do not steam fish: Le Coze refers to

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Four Stars

the pungent stock that seeps uselessly out of a steamed fish as the "blood of God."

Every evening at home I try to replicate one of the recipes I learned that day. When I think I understand the sautéed red snapper, I telephone ahead to my local fish store and am told that there were no reds at the market last night, a bald-faced lie. Next time they have no bones for fumet. (Do they buy their fish already filleted?) Forget about grouper till next week, forget about monkfish till next month. Forget about whitebait forever, we don't get much call for it. Now I know why Le Coze still goes to the Fulton Fish Market himself twice a week in the dead of night.

I am forced to make hasty substitutions. The first results are better than any fish I have ever cooked but embarrassing compared with what I have tasted in Le Coze's kitchen. My sauces do not mount properly. I used to think I was pretty good at chopping, but my finely shredded basil looks like garbage compared with theirs. With a little practice though, the technique of sautéing one side of a thin fillet over high heat and finishing it in the oven works perfectly. After a few tries the butter sauce for grouper with melted leeks holds together just fine.

One night Le Coze invites me to dinner at ten in the private dining room on the second floor of the restaurant. We begin with two appetizers made with our catch from the market that morning: raw tuna painted with olive oil and thin slices of black bass barely poached in an acidic coriander-scented broth. Next comes a project in research and development—four warm Belon oysters in their shells topped with a light smoky cream sauce and a little caviar. Coming after the fresh chaste sea flavors of the first two courses, they are opulent and astonishing. The recipe is simplicity itself except for the indispensable sauce: open the shells, remove the oysters and their liquor to a strainer in a bowl (you will need the liquor from one oyster for the sauce), discard half the shells, and wash the other half in salt water and dry them in the oven (you don't want them leaking into the sauce). When the sauce is ready, strain the oysters and sauté them briefly without oil in a very hot nonstick pan until their outsides are sealed and their insides barely cooked (about a half minute on each side), spoon a half teaspoon or so of sauce into each of the warm shells, plop in the oysters, top with another half teaspoon of sauce and an equal amount of fresh osetra caviar, eat. How to make the sauce? First set aside two or three hours. Then read the provisional recipe at the end of this article. It is based on a talk with Eberhard, two attempts at home, and a fading recollection of the real thing.

By now Le Coze and I are into the second bottle of white wine. He smokes a cigarette between each course. The waiter brings us the sautéed red snapper I had cooked at home, and then a crispy fillet of black sea bass in a pool of lobster sauce with a puree of fennel and potatoes. I'm filling up now, and I refrain from mopping up the rich sauce with another crisp roll because I must leave room for dessert. There are three of these, the last a triumphant chocolate trio—chocolate millefeuilles with pistachio cream, chocolate cake, and my beloved dark chocolate sorbet.

Basking in one of those rare moments when my appetite is fully fed, my spirit nearly whole, I turn away a plate of delightful petits fours and don't regret the decision for almost five minutes. Over coffee Le Coze and I chat about fish. ♠

SMOKY CREAM AND WHITE WINE SAUCE

This recipe, for oysters with caviar, yields 4 cups, more than you'll need for three dozen oysters. First make 3 cups of fish fumet, and set aside. (I could give you Le Coze's recipe, but you will do just fine with Julia Child's.) Then chop two shallots, two inches of the white part of a leek, a quarter of a small onion, a small celery stalk, and four mushroom heads. Melt 1 tablespoon of butter in a 2-quart saucepan, add the vegetables, and soften them over low heat without browning for 10 minutes. Deglaze with 1½ cups of white wine, turn up the heat, and reduce until the vegetables are almost dry. Add 3 cups of fumet, the liquor from one oyster, a sprig of thyme, a small mashed garlic clove, four peppercorns, and reduce by two thirds. Add 5 cups of cream, and cook at the slowest simmer for 10 minutes. Add 4 ounces of chopped finnan haddie (smoked haddock, the ultrasecret ingredient), and continue at a slow simmer for another 10 minutes. Strain through a chinois. The result should be a harmonious quartet—the acidity of the wine, the sweetness of the vegetables, the perfume of the fish stock, the smokiness of the finnan haddie.

Chow Wow

(Continued from page 170) is a development of ideas used in New York. The spaces are smaller, the atmosphere serene. The main dining room is a subtle orchestration of warm whites, silver and white gold, and white marble floors. On the high-gloss walls glow Chow's touch of magic—alabaster wall lights designed by Pierre Chareau in the late twenties, set with the seeming randomness of a flight of birds. A 26-foot painting by Keith Haring fills the end wall. Sliding doors lead to a private dining room with wall panels in gold leaf on fifteen layers of caramel lacquer. Chow knows that as the gold leaf wears, the patina of age will enhance the quality, "like James Dean's jeans." As he does in New York, Chow displays in a vitrine precious or witty artifacts, a Jean Dunand lacquered vase, a Marinot glass vessel, a Warhol picture, which was a present from the artist.

Chow's New York apartment pays homage to a particular passion that has consumed him for many years—his admiration for the last great age of craftsmanship, French Art Deco of the twenties, in particular the work of two men, Jacques Émile Ruhlmann and Jean Dunand. Chow's analysis is succinct: "They are the best." He has brought together furniture and fittings by Ruhlmann, sometimes monumental, sometimes eccentric, almost awkward in form yet elegant, self-confident, refined—and always exquisitely crafted. Work by Jean Dunand includes lyrical vases and virtuoso inlays of crushed eggshell like snowstorms in seas of lacquer, usually black. Chow relishes every idiosyncrasy: Ruhlmann's inlays of ivory, peeled from the tusk like an apple skin, not sliced like a cucumber, for the most attractive effect; the detail of a Dunand lacquer decoration, painted by a confident hand, like the painted line along a Rolls-Royce.

As a setting, the apartment is neutral, everything discreet, top quality. Every piece is placed with care. "Some things I haven't got, yet their places are waiting. A true collector wills certain pieces to become his." The grand living room with two tall windows is a harmony of creams, black lacquer, and *ébène de Macassar*. Helmut Newton says, "I admire the way Michael expresses himself. The apartment is the most beautiful I have ever seen—such a movie idea." Paloma Picasso describes her impression, "The apartment is organized, very beautiful to the eye," and adds, "it is almost too perfect."

Chow, who will next apply his rigorous sensibility to the design of a new 13,000-square-foot shop for Giorgio Armani in Beverly Hills, recognizes that the shrinelike atmosphere of his apartment is extremely demanding. "Everything is so perfect. I wouldn't advise anyone to live in an environment like that." ♠

Decorating Editor: Marie-Paule Pellé

Sources

COVER
Azzedine Alaïa dress and shoes, to order at Alaïa New York, 131 Mercer St., NYC; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills; from a collection at Barneys New York, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Caron-Cherry, Miami; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Emphatics, Pittsburgh; I. Magnin, San Francisco. La Lune Collection pedestals, large $565, small $370. Available to the trade at Bayberry Handprints, NYC; Ainsworth Noah & Associates, Atlanta; Devon Service, Boston; Karl Mann, Chicago; David Peysen, Dallas, Houston; Blake House, Denver, Laguna Niguel; Matches, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; Collins-Draheim, Seattle; Habert Associates, Toronto; Janus et Cie, Los Angeles; D.F.D. Enterprises, High Point, N.C. For dealers call (414) 263-5300.

STYLE
Page 110: Tapestries (clockwise from bottom right): Bonetti/Garouste, $9,500, at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. Beaded pillow, $1,350, at Barneys New York (212) 929-9000. Heraldic pitcher, $233, at Country Floors, NYC, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Miami. Cartier La Maison du Prince plates, $440 5-piece set; La Maison du Roi silverware, $950 set; candlesticks, $350 pr.; La Maison des Ballets Russes glasses, $95, at Cartier, NYC, Los Angeles, Dallas, Chicago, Beverly Hills, Bal Harbor, Costa Mesa, Fort Lauderdale, Houston, Palm Beach, San Francisco, and selected department stores nationwide. Groundworks and Lee Jofa fabric to the trade at Lee Jofa, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Laguna Niguel, Houston, Dallas, Dania. For other showrooms call (201) 438-8444. French tapestry placemat, $20, at Barneys New York (212) 929-9000. Antique tapestry at Chevalier, NYC (212) 249-3922. **112:** Chaises (clockwise from top right): Miami chaise, $600, at Pompeii Furniture, Miami (305) 576-3600. Newport Cappellini chaise, $1,970, at Modern Age Gallery, NYC; Current, Seattle; Luminaire, Miami; Interna Design, Chicago; Diva, Los Angeles. Dakota Jackson Kazoo chaise, $5,458, to the trade at Dakota Jackson, NYC; Holly Hunt, Minneapolis, Chicago; Luxe, Miami, Dania. Petal chaise, $1,230, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Miami; Karl Mann, Chicago; Randolph & Hein, San Francisco, Los Angeles; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Ostrer House, Boston. Lovegrove/Brown chaise through Steven Holt, NYC (212) 219-3748. Linus Coraggio chaise, $4,500, at Barneys New York (212) 929-9000. Marc Newson chaise at Roslyn Oxley9 Gallery, Sydney, Australia 331-1919. Eleonora Triguboff chaise, about $20,000, at Art et Industrie, NYC (212) 431-1661. Marble table, $12,000, at Juan Portela Antiques, NYC (212) 650-0085. **114:** Mosaics (clockwise from top right): Gianfranco Ferrè tiles at International Tile & Marble, West Hartford (203) 233-3309. Dan Bleier vase, $275, at Civilisation, NYC (212) 254-3788.

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Page 136: Shoes, $465, to order at Manolo Blahnik, NYC (212) 582-3007.

GAUGUIN
Pages 146–47: Giorgio di Sant' Angelo scarf, $2,600, at Ultimo, Chicago; Barneys New York. Sant' Angelo bandeau, $300, at Barneys New York; Linda Dresner, Birmingham, Mich.; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Jimmy's, Brooklyn, NY; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills; Shauna Stein, Los Angeles. Isabel Canovas flowered bracelet worn in hair, $1,025, at Isabel Canovas, NYC (212) 517-2720. Schumacher Marvella rug, $2,455, (800) 672-0068 for the trade. **148–49:** Apple dish by Ceramiche V.B.C., similar style by Eigen Arts, at Nellie, NYC (212) 876-5775. Plate from Gordon Foster, NYC (212) 744-4922. Fabric by Jay Spectre to the trade at Robert Allen, Boston—or outside Mass. (800) 343-3920. China Seas fabric to the trade at China Seas, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles and others; (212) 420-1170. Ralph Lauren fabric at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Palm Beach, Beverly Hills, Dallas, Denver, and selected department stores. **150–51:** Isabel Canovas flowered handbag, $2,600, at Isabel Canovas, NYC (212) 517-2720. China Seas fabric, at China Seas (see above). Wooden table, $775, and bowl, $85, at Zona, NYC (212) 925-6750. **153:** Mottahedeh Chelsea leaf plate, $95, at Barneys New York; all Neiman Marcus, Lord & Taylor stores, for others call (212) 685-3050. **154–55:** Azzedine Alaïa dress and shoes: see Cover sources. Sue Golden chair information through Folk and Craft Museum Shop, Los Angeles (213) 937-9099. Brian Murphy chair to order at BAM Construction/Design, Pacific Palisades (213) 459-7547.

GAROUSTE & GAROUSTE
Pages 156–63: Gérard Garouste's work on exhibit April 2–23 at Leo Castelli Gallery, NYC (212) 431-5160, and available thereafter through the gallery. Designs by Bonetti/Garouste at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023, after May 15, $600–$4,500.

ANIMAL FARM
Pages 190–95: Gérard Rigot furniture at Galerie of Applied Arts, NYC (212) 765-3560.

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Duka's DIARY

Impolite Company

So few people are doing good manners these days, reports **John Duka**



The wonder of social New York, according to its most virulent hostesses, is that there are any manners left to speak of. Worse, either through discretion or desuetude, the doyennes and demilunes of social grace find it nearly impossible to discuss the situation.

Mrs. John Barry (''Nin'') Ryan, daughter of Otto Kahn, charm incarnate and known for the prettiness of her tables, said, ''Mercy! I can't possibly talk about that! Ask me another question!''

After some coaxing, Mrs. R. Thornton Wilson, who once invited a skating simian to mingle with Manhattan's more upright primates at her annual Christmas party, said, ''The stories I could tell you! But I just can't! All I can say is that when I was growing up there were things you never did but do now!''

Mrs. Douglas MacArthur, from the dizzyingly nostalgic heights of the Waldorf Towers, said, ''I haven't given an interview since I married the General, heavens, no!''

And Mrs. Donald Trump, Ivana to anyone with a camera, wouldn't even come to the phone unless it was for a cover story.

Ah, the weeds that among New York's social orchids do grow!

To be sure, the subject of manners is not a pretty one. Yet there are a few intrepid members of society who do not shrink from discussing it even if they may not remember: Roman punch served at dinner demanded either canvasback or terrapin, two soups, a hot and a cold sweet, and full décolletage with short sleeves; ladies of fashion always laid aside their new dresses for one season; and money once counted for less than manners.

Suzy, Manhattan's in-house voluptuary, whose Belle Époque bosom (visible beyond a barrier of lace and lamé) graces every important New York event and whose gossip column is devoured daily in the ten major markets, explains the Big Apple's manners thus: ''So few people have good manners that I absolutely swoon when I find someone who does! Gallantry is comatose. And to sit next to one of society's rough-edged captains of industry, well! It's to die of boredom. These days, a girl's got to protect herself and find out where she's sitting *before* dinner. It may be a big charm school out there, but the graduates haven't learned their lessons well.''

''A girl's got to find out where she's sitting before *dinner''*

Still, she admits that a few have—among them, Judy Peabody, Drue Heinz, Carroll Petrie, Nan Kempner, Brooke Astor, Carolyne Roehm, New York's girl of the moment who has a Sargent in her dining room, and Pat Buckley, a comet among New York's lesser meteors. Buckley, says Suzy, is ''always looking to see if everyone's OK.''

And according to Buckley, everyone is definitely *not* OK. ''I think about manners daily,'' she said. ''The number of people who talk with their mouths full chills the soul. I know Mexican peasants with better manners! I'm totally perplexed by the sight of guests sawing their food into pieces, then chasing the food around their plates. And I'm frankly shattered by the number of women who don't stand when someone enters a room. I stand for everyone.''

So does Nan Kempner. ''I'm so thrilled to see everyone,'' she says, ''that I can't wait to jump up and kiss them. But the fact is, nobody does good old-fashioned manners today. Everyone puts his elbows on the table. People bring their mistresses to dinner, especially lately. I remember when you wore plus fours when you golfed, you were decent at all hours on the train, and you never interrupted. Of course, I interrupt all the time. When you hang out with Jerry Zipkin, you have to.''

But how is it we have forgotten not to talk to our dinner partners during cocktails so that we'll have something to say over the *carré d'agneau*? That no one knows the proper abbreviation of *Répondez, s'il vous plaît* is R.s.v.p. and not R.S.V.P.? And that if a woman waited for the man she's with to come around to her side of the car to open the door, she'd wait forever?

Fortunately Letitia Baldrige, the Amy Vanderbilt of the eighties and the only woman who manages to look like George Washington without sacrificing a shred of her femininity, has the answer.

''VCRs!'' she cries. ''Manners are so bad because people look at computer screens all day and VCRs all night. Except for the wealthy few, people don't get together at night. They're afraid to entertain because they think their apartments are too small and don't reflect where they are in their careers. At the same time, there's great upward mobility, and more of a chance for people to enter the higher social strata. But no one is teaching *those* people what to do. You go to their homes as a guest, and you end up asking: Where are the hangers? Where are the tissues? Where are the guest towels? And where, where are those pretty little soaps?''

My question exactly. ♠

KEN MARYANSKI

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Lucie de La Falaise goes into the garden wearing a cashmere sweater and linen trousers, from Ralph Lauren. Hat by Eric Javits. Details page 216. Makeup: Sonia Kashuk. Style and photography: André Leon Talley with the Leica R4 camera.

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Georges Braque photographed in his studio by Alexander Liberman, 1958. Page 164.



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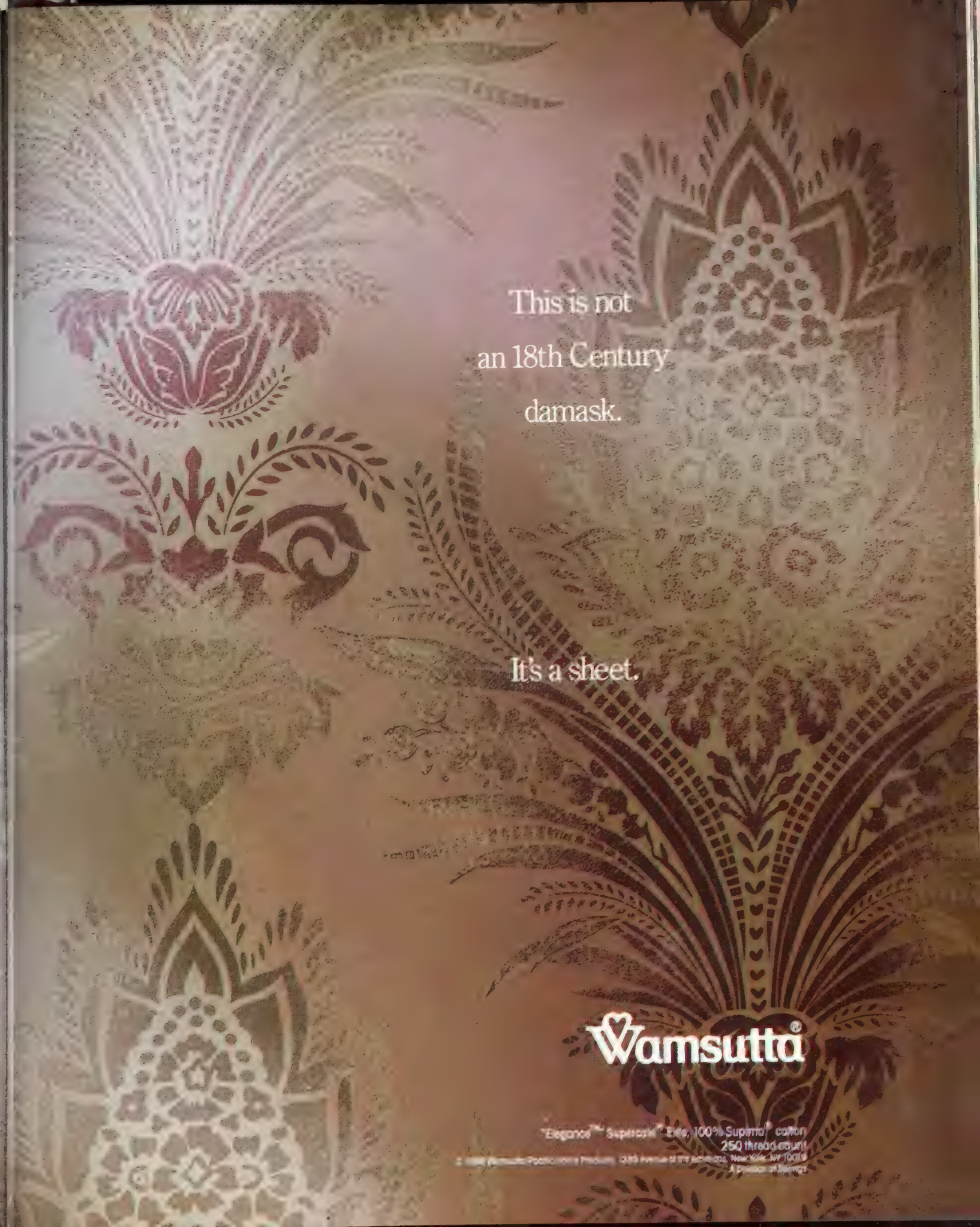
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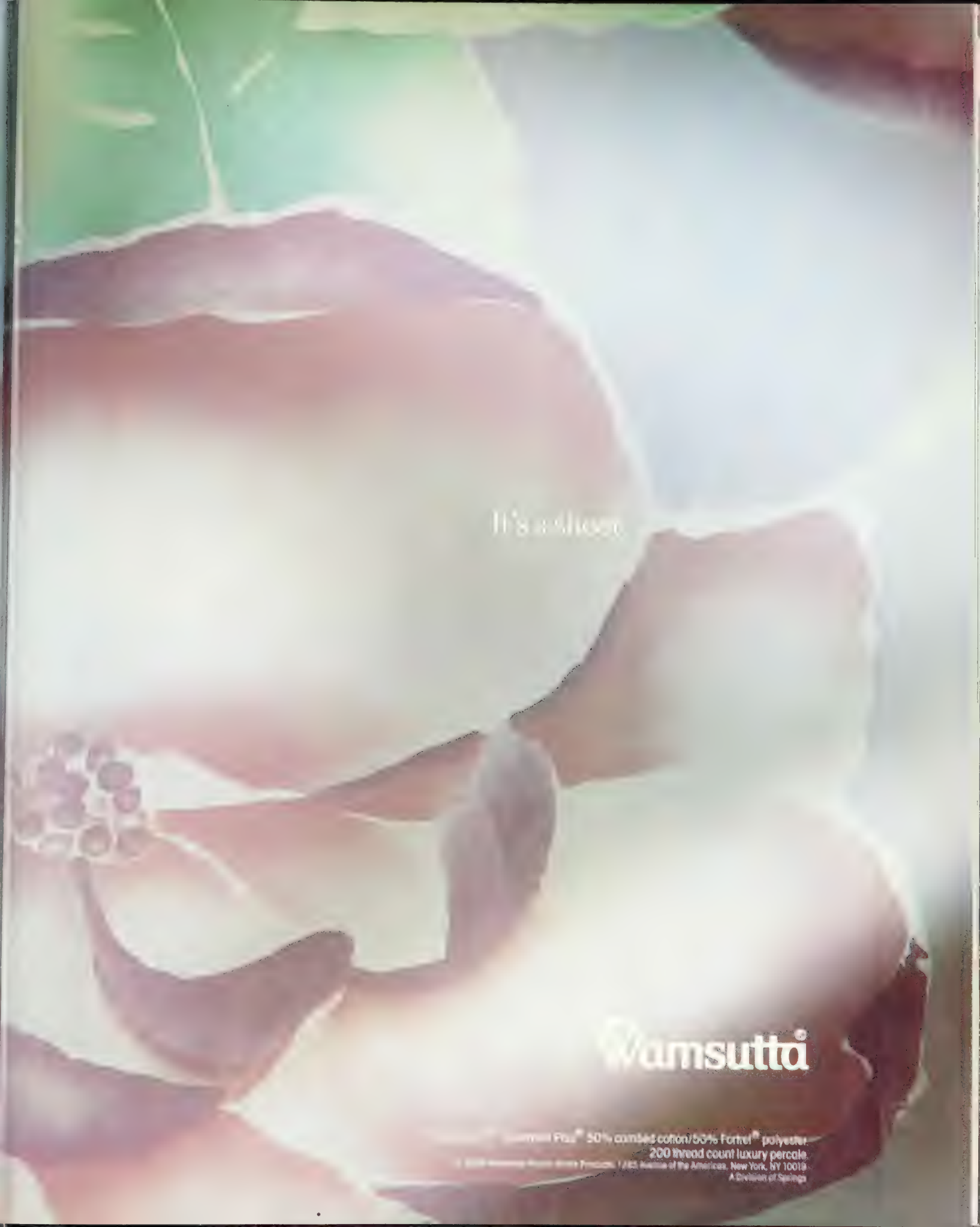

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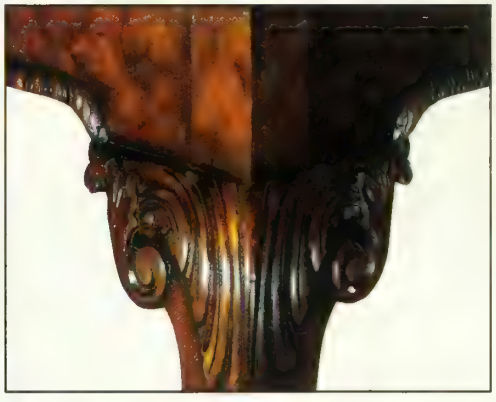
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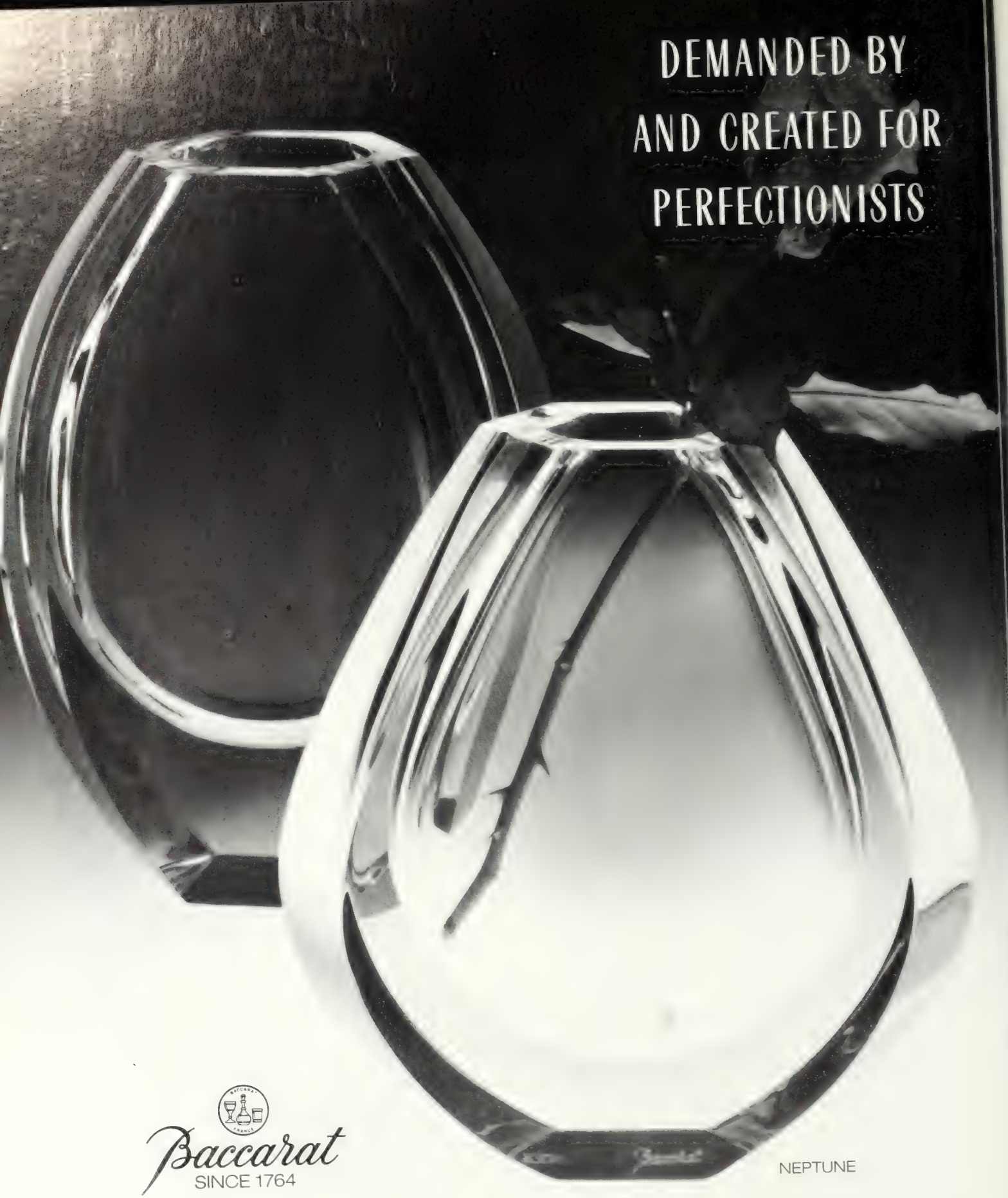
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RUEDI HOFMANN

AMICIA DE MOUBRAY

Decorating editor Amicia de Moubray moved to New York from London and her job as a features editor at *The World of Interiors*. "The subject I cover," she says, "is the same, but it's completely different in America. Because of the clear, sharp daylight, people can use stronger colors, such as chintz with a black background. That would never work in England. It's too gray." Fabrics are a passion, as well as old houses. "I love the sense of history and culmination of taste developing over the centuries." On the lookout for practical solutions to decorating problems, de Moubray seeks the unusual for her column, Essentials.

MARTIN FILLER

"In my high-school yearbook I gave my ambition as bon vivant," recalls HG editor Martin Filler, who writes on architecture, design, and historic houses. "Sometimes I think I've succeeded, but mostly it's just scribble, scribble, scribble. I try to follow Lewis Mumford's advice to me: 'Have something to say, and say it as briefly and clearly as possible.' " With his wife, architectural historian Rosemarie Haag Bletter, he was a curator of the Whitney Museum's "High Styles" show, and they have made several films on architecture. "And as soon as cloning is perfected, I'll finish my book on American country houses."



ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE



SENGA MORTIMER

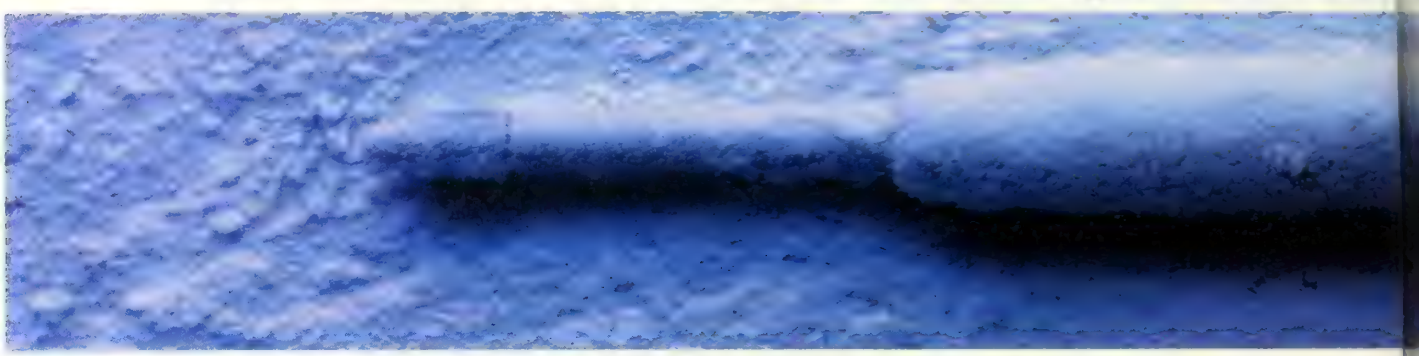
"My whole life has been consumed with gardening and garden history," says HG gardening editor Senga Mortimer. The proof is in this issue with a story of her own garden—a product of love and hard work—and a fascinating profile of English landscape designer Russell Page. After talking to over thirty people who knew him, "I feel I know Page intimately, but there is one thing I would have liked to ask him: how could you live without your own garden?"


CLINIQUE

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The Parker Premier Ball Point pictured below is wrought from solid 18 kara gold and costs $2,000.

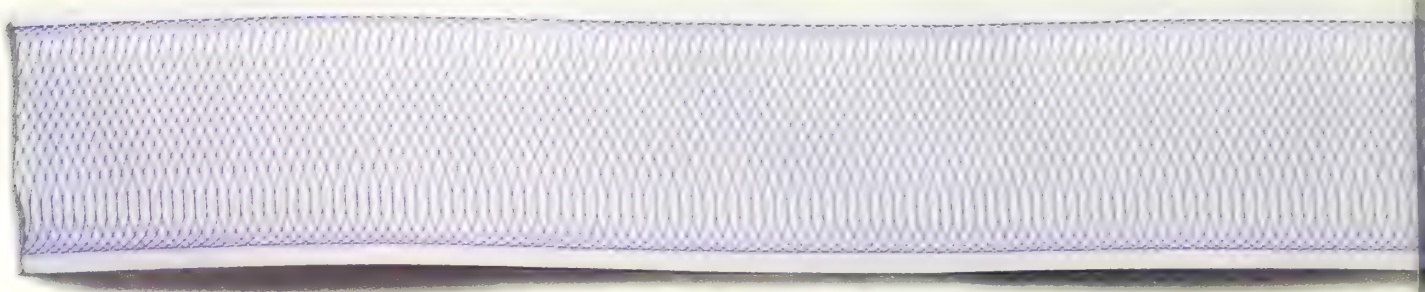
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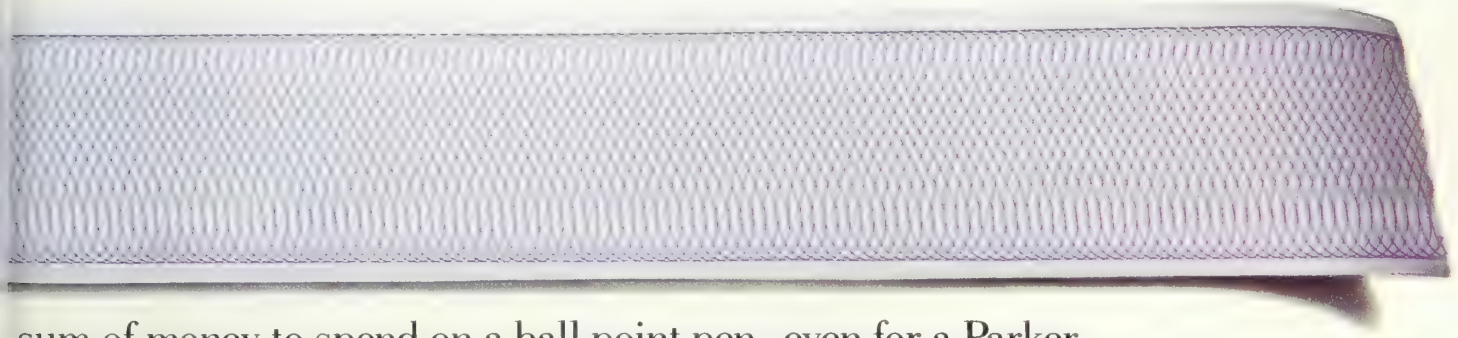
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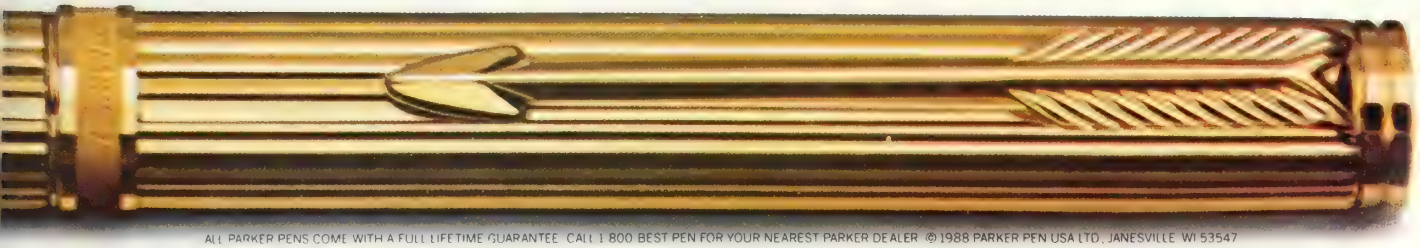


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ERIC BOMAN

DODIE KAZANJIAN
Contributing editor Dodie Kazanjian, former deputy press secretary to Nancy Reagan, has always had an interest in art and artists—"they always surprise and fascinate me." This month she interviewed Nicky Haslam, who will be opening a New York office soon. "There is nothing more amusing than a good snob. Nicky has an outrageous assurance of what is common and uncommon—essential to being a New York decorator."



CHRISTOPHER MAKOS

MAC GRISWOLD
"I don't have a garden now. I think that's why I'm writing about them," explains HG contributor Mac Griswold. "I get all the pleasure and none of the pain." As a garden historian, she garden-hops all over the world and reports on both the enduring and new for HG. She is the author of *Pleasures of the Garden*.

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CHRIS GARNHAM

Sue Timney and Grahame Fowler on chairs covered in fabric of their design.

British Banzai

Young British designers are bringing a new modernity to Tokyo, adding maximum punch to minimal style

The Japanese may honor their ancient heritage but they build modern. Their devotion to Minimalism has surpassed the call of duty; the severe aesthetic has literally been set in concrete across the land. The British, on the other hand, remain resolutely wedded to chintz and drafty spaces. In the land of cabbages and kings a native architect has as much chance of realizing a modern project as he has succeeding as a citrus grower. If we are to believe Prince Charles, who in turn believes he is speaking for the English everyman, who needs modern style?

"Alright then," say Britain's young architects and designers who are establishing yet another British tradition—exporting the best of their bigger-than-a-biscuit-box work. "A-OK," declare the Japanese, who have never been shy about importing—or for that matter copying—a better mousetrap, especially now that they're finding it increasingly difficult to cozy up to concrete.

Frustration on both sides has borne fruit. Two restaurants in Tokyo—A.D. Coliseum by Timney Fowler Limited and Metropole by Branson Coates Architecture—are among an expanding group of British-designed, Japanese-backed hot spots whose up-to-the-minute stylishness is laying to rest a bit of national stereotyping. Japan may be the land of the rising sun, but the Brits appear to be getting a

design



PAUL WARCHOL (2)

British design talent invades Tokyo in two new restaurants. Patterns in black and white compete at A.D. Coliseum, above, designed by Timney Fowler. Right: At Metropole, designed by Branson Coates, a Greek key motif, set in tile and painted as a border on faux curtains, winds around the private dining room. Below: Doug Branson, at left, leans on the Goose studio chair; Nigel Coates is flanked by the arrows of a prototype chair.





CHRIS GARNHAM

jump on the day.

Sue Timney and Grahame Fowler have had experience working in Japan in the areas for which they are best known—papers, fabrics, and ceramics—since 1979. But A.D. Coliseum, which serves nouvelle Vietnamese cuisine, is their first public built work and a celebration of their decision to expand into interior design. If they did not already have a splendid curiosity shop for their wares on Kings Road in London, the restaurant could serve that function. In a rather small space Timney and Fowler have told the tale in black and white and in a play of pattern on pattern against pattern. Their designs, derived from such sources as architecture, Japanese prints, photography, mythology, and Classicism, are silk-screened on mirrors, transferred onto glass, rolled directly onto the walls (the fire code precluded using wallpaper), set in tile, lavished on laminate, and assembled in a grouping of plates on the walls which pays homage to Piero Fornasetti. In addition to providing the clients with, in Fowler's words, "a stimulus, a talking point, a flagship" (translated into American—an image), Timney Fowler even came up with the name.

All this in answer to the client's request for "something semi-Classical." The designers were given carte blanche, though the budget was tiny. Of the bits and pieces that went into the space, some objects—a chandelier and small tables—were found; most of the rest was manufactured in Japan. As for the construction plans, Timney Fowler provided a "minutely detailed model, which was executed to a T, even some of the mistakes."

Nigel Coates and partner Doug Branson, able coexecutor of Coates's confections, also supplied exhaustive construction documents for Metropole, but their real advantage as outsiders then and now rests in Shi Yu Chen—entrepreneur and expediter extraordinaire who translated their theatrical schemes and unconventional methods into Japanese thought and yen. "The Japanese are strong in technological development and financing," says Chen, "but short on concept, in spite of their new global-mindedness."

Tokyo was ready for a revival of café society; Metropole was the test case. Coates found that "people in Japan had run out of input themselves and were looking for a new direction. Stylistically, Minimalism has run its course. The atmosphere there wants to be individualistic. They see British style as being the opposite of international chic. And at least there is not the fear of building, as there is in Europe."

To the Japanese, Metropole is a fabulous setting for the consumption of "Shanghai modern" food. To Coates it is a stage, an artist's studio, an auditorium, a colonnade, a drawing room, a library. It speaks of a "taste for antiquity and an avant-garde sense of the new" and of craft. Branson Coates purchased a lot of antiques in addition to designing new furniture and commissioned such pieces as a chandelier by Tom Dixon, a drawing by sculptor Edward Allington, two paintings by Adam Lowe, and painted sets by Zaza Wentworth Stanley. "It's a late-twentieth-century William Morris effort really. We treat it all as fun—with a professional edge, I would like to think."

Tokyo was ready for a revival of café society

Metropole was a catalyst in the career of Branson Coates. "From the success of it everything else grew." Everything includes Tokyo's Caffè Bongo and the jazz club Bohemia (both wildly popular), a new building, l'Arca di Noè in Sapporo, and the no-longer-limited production of Coates's furniture designs.

With A.D. Coliseum, Timney Fowler simultaneously pulled together and branched out from their work in objects and textiles. The success of their first interior can be gauged by the copies cropping up around Tokyo. Fowler has already spotted "two coffee shops that are almost identical." As he says, "With the good, that is, designer fan clubs, come the bad—design clones."

Britannia may not rule the waves, but in design and in Japan she is surely making them. **Heather Smith MacIsaac**



Signs of their times. *Symphony of the Great City*, above, by Georgii and Vladimir Stenberg, 1928. Left: Richard Avedon's famous *John Lennon*, 1967.

COURTESY MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Banner Years

A new show illustrates a century of graphic artistry

Such is the power of the poster that it has led Stuart Wrede to warm even to psychedelia. After spending months going through its vast archive of posters, Wrede, director of the Museum of Modern Art's department of architecture and design, cautiously confesses to a fondness for the swirling acid colors which proclaimed the rock concerts and head shops of the late 1960s. "Psychedelia was a true popular movement," says Wrede. "It led to a revolution in sensibilities."

Psychedelia, however, is only one of the graphic revolutions Wrede celebrates in "The Modern Poster," his selection of over three hundred examples at MOMA June 6–September 6. More than a century of this powerful, engaging popular art form is surveyed, ranging from the quick precise line of Toulouse-Lautrec to the jumbled imagery of Tadanori Yokoo as well as numerous anonymous artisans who realized long before Marshall McLuhan that the message could become a captivating medium. **Michael Boodro**

Chair of the Month

Ann Magnuson test-drives a design evocative of a classic roadster—but stays under 55 mph

At first I thought this chair was kind of boring. Especially for $8,800. But then they explained why it was called the Bugatti chair. Designed after the Bugatti sports car of the 1920s, the chair's arms mirror the curves of the car's front fenders. I thought, well, that's pretty cool.

So, with visions of Isadora Duncan's broken neck dancing in my head, I settled back into the soft bullhide seat. I was instantly molded to the chair's persistent 135-degree angle.

Overcome with a sense of refined elegance (circa 1927?) I began to battle an uncontrollable urge to nurse a martini and quote incessantly from Noël Coward. . . but the damn thing picks up cat hairs like a magnet!

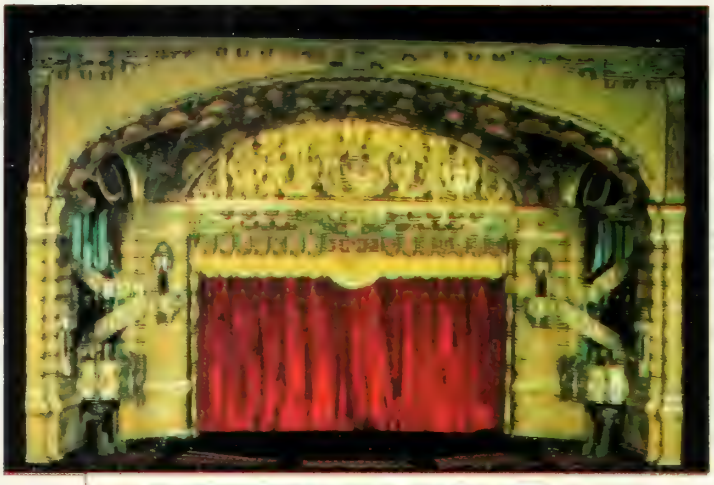
The Bugatti Chair, designed by Franz Romero, made by deSede of Switzerland. In bullhide, $8,800. Available from Stendig.



AARON RAPOPORT



JON NASH



COURTESY AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE



MARK SELIGER

The museum's primitive projectors, far left. Above: A model of the Roxy Theater, 1927. Left: Charles Gwathmey and Robert Siegel, who have transformed an old movie studio into a new movie mecca.

Movies in Motion

At a new museum devoted to film and television, the visitor becomes as active as the figures on the screen

Until the golden spike arrived by trailer in St. Helena, California, I had considered museums to be like endless freight cars of glass cases passing between me and my freedom. As the fourth grade waited its turn to see the artifact, we joked, fidgeted, and capered. It was heady to be outside, beyond the usual scholastic confines and about to enter someplace weird to look at something special: the trophy commemorating the completion of the first transcontinental railroad. It lay on velvet behind glass thick enough to bounce axes and bullets, the only thing lit up in the dark trailer. Wow. A thrill bloomed inside me from the presentation of an inert object—my first two-way museum experience.

Rochelle Slovin, Minerva of the American Museum of the Moving Image, a brand-new museum now aborning in Queens, New York, has done lots of homework to provide two-way experiences for forthcoming visitors. She took in European science and technology and history museums as well as San Francisco's famous Exploratorium to get ideas for what she calls participatory exhibitions. In France she found the magic mirror.

The magic mirror into which director Slovin gazed at the Centre Georges Pompidou, a.k.a. Beaubourg, was set up to deconstruct the viewer, to disassociate the self from its usual mirror image. As I understand the magic mirror at the American Museum of the Moving Image, it will dress visitors in some sort of computer-tailored costume once worn in a movie. Participatory museum-goers will be snapping out, "Frankly, Scarlett, I don't give a damn," while dressed in Clark Gable's own costume—or rather the costume's image. In other words, visitors at the American Museum of the Moving Image will be moving in American images themselves, simultaneously alive and artificial, all dressed up in deconstructed preexistence. Wow.

Showing the "material culture" surrounding the manufacturing of moving images is how the museum director explains the often hilarious catholicity of AMMI's growing collection of fan-targeted ephemera. I saw a tiny plastic TV set, the knob of which raised up a pair of salt-and-pepper shakers, rows of metal lunchboxes whose TV-screen shape must have inspired manufacturers to dedicate

them to different TV shows, star coloring and cutout books, mugs, decanters, and movie magazines so myriad I came to know the former human horizon has been left behind in a galactic expansion of camp and kitsch.

Bell Labs has loaned some huge sobering dinosaurs from the days of the moving images' first movements, among them a 1926 television set that looks like the homemade armoire of a handyman living in an early trailer park and the first version of an invention that only universal human dread has prevented—the telephone that shows callers to each other on a screen. All sorts of technical equipment is on display, including projectors dating clear back to early stone models that flickered crude images of bison on the walls of limestone caves in prehistoric France.

Video artists such as the inevitable Nam June Paik will also have their place in the grand, generously windowed "bones-up rehab" handsomely performed by Gwathmey Siegel & Associates on part of the vast old Astoria Studios. Yuk-yuk, har-har, urban Pop artist Red Grooms, a former Roxy Theater usher himself, has teamed up with Lysiane Luong to create a forty-seat theater called Tut's Fever. In another two state-of-the-art theaters seven hundred programs a year will be screened. John Funt of Tiffany & Company will design the first temporary exhibition. Jim Isermann, a Los Angeles artist whose subject is the environment, has created a small viewing lounge evoking the television set as hearth and soul of modern existence.

So the moving image is going to be held still for us by the scholars, curators, administrators, and artists currently constructing and deconstructing the American Museum of the Moving Image in Queens. As of late summer, we're going to have a chance to see and feel how our culture is being turned inside out by its own amazing recorded reflections.

The most perfect movie I ever saw was a little piece of the historical section of that briefly popular *Cinerama*. In this clip, in sepia and white, old George Bernard Shaw himself, wearing plus fours, steps before the camera that will be an audience's eyes—yours and my own—and says, as he often did, the perfect thing: "I'm not really here, you know."

William Hamilton



COURTESY KENT FINE ART

MARK SELIGER

Doug Walla, right, and from his summer show, above, Julio Gonzalez's *On the Beach*, 1906–12.

Downtown Uptown

Kent Fine Art is an experiment in collaboration

When Doug Walla left his lucrative position at New York's Marlborough gallery to go out on his own, he was immediately asked which artists he planned to steal. "Nobody," was his reply. "I didn't want to be a robber, someone who is perceived as a raider, because I think I am a good team player."

At his Kent Fine Art gallery on 57th Street, Walla is proving that teamwork is a winning strategy. For his spring show "Altered States," curated by Rosetta Brooks, Walla financed an issue of Brooks's *ZG* magazine instead of printing a catalogue. "Fictions," cosponsored last fall by SoHo's Curt Marcus gallery, ranged from nineteenth-century landscapes to Cindy Sherman's "film still" photographs. Walla has even taken his collaborative efforts outdoors, working with the city's Public Art Fund to install Richard Artschwager's first public sculpture. And although the gallery represents contemporary artists Troy Brauntuch and TODT, this year Walla also spotlighted the overlooked Surrealists Meret Oppenheim and Dorothea Tanning. This summer Kent will show the paintings of early Modernist sculptor Julio Gonzalez.

"I wanted the format to be open," Walla explains. "It was never my idea to do all the exhibitions."

And why the name Kent? "I didn't want my name on it. And I did think it would be a funny pun on Marlborough."

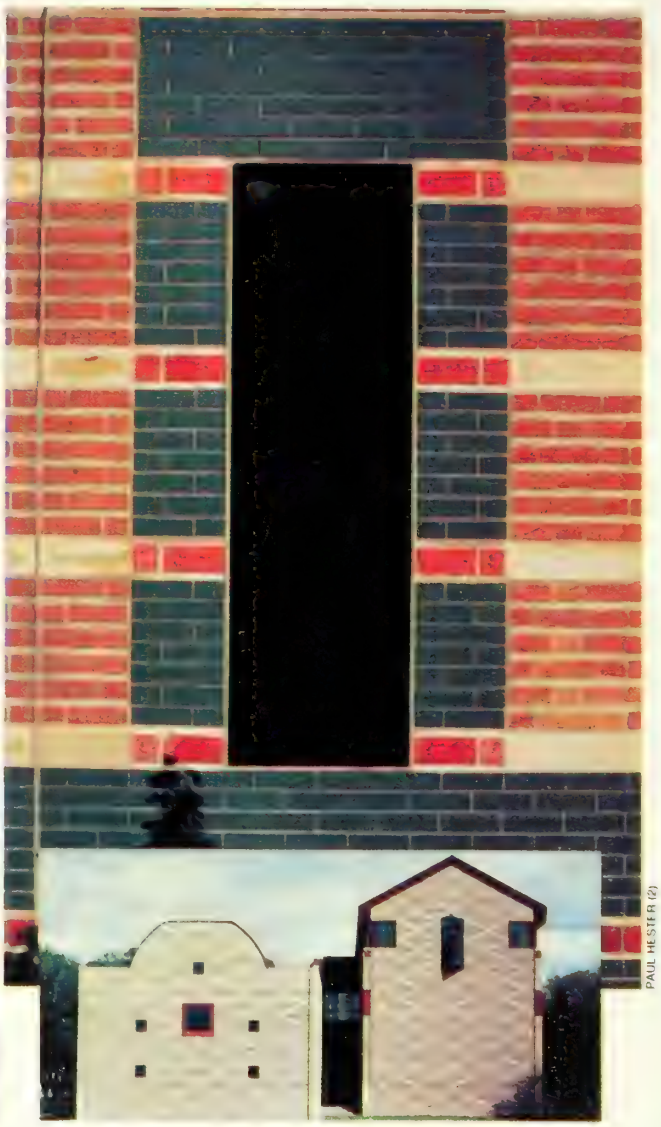
Mary Anne Staniszewski

Art à la Carte

Discovering art in odd places is something art dealer Dan Grossman excels at. His New York gallery recently acquired the majority of sculptures and paintings from the original Mamma Leone's restaurant. More than fifty years ago owner Gene Leone amassed a substantial collection of nineteenth-century art to use as decoration. The most striking pieces are 32 marble sculptures by Americans who went to Italy to study the art of antiquity firsthand. These include William Wetmore Story's *Cleopatra* (1865, predating the Met's version by four years), and two 1850s works by Randolph Rogers, *Ruth Gleaning* and *Nydia*. They are on view at the New York Academy of Art as part of an ongoing exhibition. **A. Glenn Harrell**



PAUL WARCHOL



PAUL HESTER (2)

Traditional masonry is revived with modern dash at Rice University, above and top, and Princeton, above left.

The New Brick Layers

With stripes, checkers, and diamonds, boldly patterned masonry makes a comeback

One tough problem facing contemporary architects is how to bring ornament to their buildings economically. Modernism was able to sweep away centuries of traditional detailing almost overnight largely because unembellished structures are much cheaper to build than handcrafted ones. But now a new tendency is emerging on American college campuses that points toward a more vigorous—and affordable—decorative presence for public buildings. Patterned brick, less costly than carved stonework, has been a familiar feature of university architecture since the colleges of medieval Cambridge. The English Victorian vogue for strong, high-contrast masonry was picked up after the Civil War by such American architects as Frank Furness at the University of Pennsylvania and Henry Van Brunt at Harvard. But a retreat to the sedate Neo-Georgian style of monochromatic red brick soon put assertive exteriors out of fashion. Many were planted over with ivy to obscure their intricate façades.

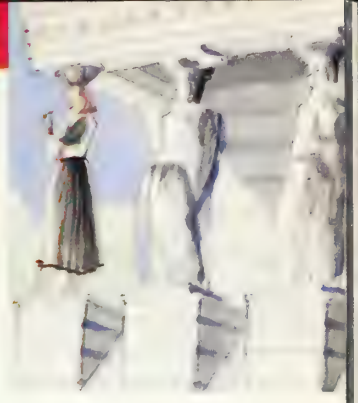
During the 1960s, Robert Venturi reintroduced the venerable idea of vividly decorated architecture in revolt against the anonymous glass boxes of developer Modernism. Yet only lately has he begun

to work with polychrome brick as effectively as he already had with tile and enameled metal paneling. Venturi, Rauch & Scott Brown's new Lewis Thomas Laboratory for molecular biology at Princeton University is one of the liveliest-looking campus halls in decades. The architect wrapped the lab's thriftily simple bulk in an eye-catching series of multicolor brick bands that simultaneously evoke the Collegiate Gothic and Op Art. These earth-toned strata give an illusion of formal variety to the building's ordinary structure. Venturi has a faultless sense of just how far one can go with decoration, and the patterns have the intriguing texture and integral coherence of a fine Oriental carpet.

Venturi's skill with brick is as evident as his strong patterns

Architect Cesar Pelli, whose Museum Tower in New York is clad in a patterned glass skin with a rather feeble impact, fares much better with his new brick buildings at Rice University in Houston. His Herring Hall there is composed of two parallel volumes enlivened by string courses of matte and glazed brick interspersed with staccato accents of limestone and tile. The materials harmonize with those of the original 1910 campus, but have a crisp graphic quality marking them as unmistakably contemporary. The narrow ends of Herring Hall have buff-colored bricks in the cross-hatched diaper pattern and read like expanses of weighty textile. Across the quad is Pelli's latest exercise in exterior decoration, the Ley Student Center. More conservative than his first Rice design, its discreet horizontal pinstripes attain some real punch only when they meet the rich blue-glazed bricks around the windows.

At Harvard's new Sackler Museum by James Stirling and Michael Wilford, it is evident that working with patterned brick is far from foolproof. The quality of the bricklaying is noticeably less than perfect, the colors of the big alternating bands muddy and lifeless, and the detailing too minimal to divert attention from the unattractive window frames within the lateral brick stripes. Van Brunt's majestic Memorial Hall of 1865–78, which inspired the new scheme, stands nearby like a reproachful instructor looming over an inattentive pupil. **Martin Filler**



Window Dressing

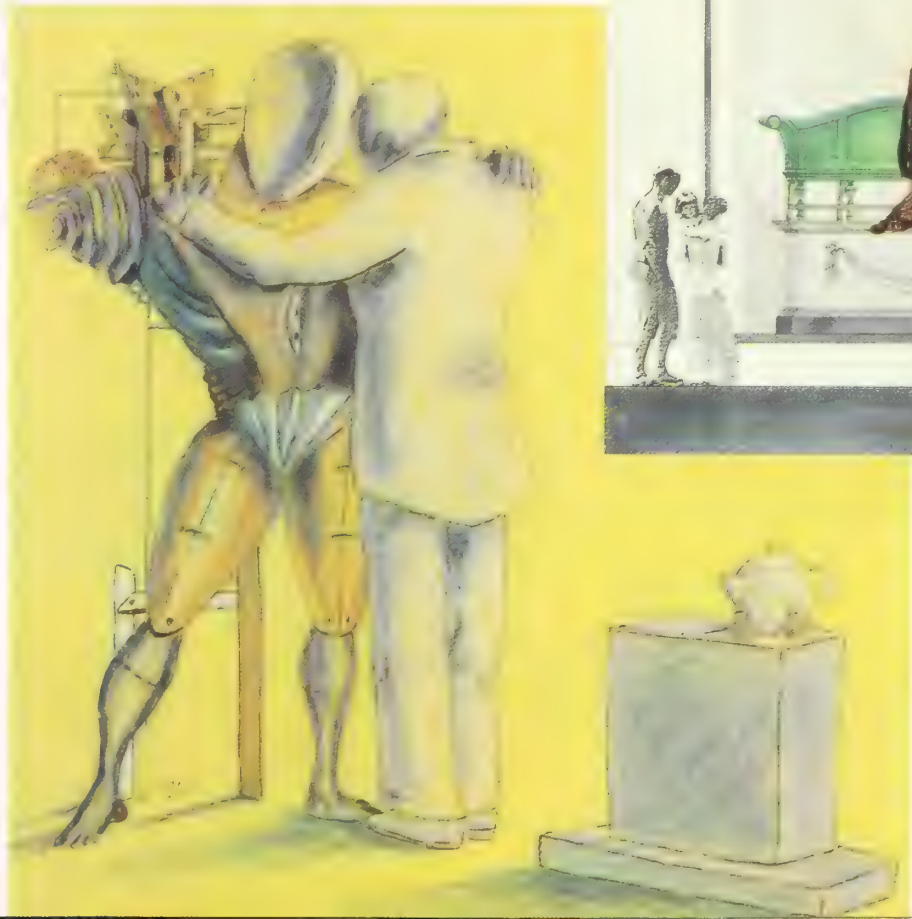
Architects try their hand at designing the windows at Bergdorf Goodman

An estimated twelve thousand architects and related parties will be gathering in New York City for the 1988 American Institute of Architects convention from May 15 to 18, and Bergdorf Goodman wanted to officially welcome them. But how? What better way than to invite some of the AIA's own to design the Fifth Avenue emporium's windows?

Though the idea of architects moonlighting as window dressers is a novel one, this is not the group's actual debut at Bergdorf's. Up in the store's seventh-floor home-furnishings department, many of the architects tapped for the windows also happen to have lines of china, crystal, and silver for sale.

But since Bergdorf's other floors have couture for sale, the architects were teamed up with fashion designers whose work will be incorporated into the displays. Make of the pairings what you will: Roger Ferri and Jean-Paul Gaultier, Michael Graves and Giorgio Armani, Allan Greenberg and Issey Miyake, Charles Gwathmey and Patricia Underwood, Hugh Hardy and Manolo Blahnik and Maud Frizon, Richard Meier and Calvin Klein, I. M. Pei & Partners' Wendy Evans and Gianfranco Ferrè, Robert Stern and Geoffrey Beene, and Robert Venturi and Christian Lacroix. **Charles Gandee**

Robert Stern drapes a caryatid in Geoffrey Beene for his window, top. Below: Michael Graves introduces Giorgio Armani to Giorgio de Chirico. Right: Allan Greenberg perches an Issey Miyake–clad mannequin on a bench of his own design.



architecture





J. M. Olbrich's 1898 Secession Building, left, has the enigmatic aura of a cult temple. Above: New conference room.

Gilding the Cabbage

The glittering symbol of the Vienna avant-garde is given new life as a center for the arts

In 1898, the Secession—a breakaway society of radical young painters, sculptors, and architects—commissioned Joseph Maria Olbrich to design a new headquarters in Vienna to house their exhibitions. With its severe, symmetrical, windowless façade, lush but confined ornament, and bronze-doré dome of openwork laurel leaves (nicknamed "The Golden Cabbage"), the Secession Building was a veritable manifesto, declaring an entire artistic philosophy through innovative style. Like the Bauhaus in Dessau, Germany, the Secession Building both announced and fulfilled the revolutionary movement that gave the structure its name. It was a prophetic symbol of the mystical status makers of art have attained.

Closed by the Nazis, the Secession Building was gutted during the last days of World War II. It was rebuilt in 1963–64, but over the past two decades its increasingly neglected state became a civic embarrassment as interest in the Secession period reached new heights. Determined to save this key artifact of Vienna's cultural heritage, the reactivated Secession mounted a rescue campaign. The entry hall and the room encircled by Gustav Klimt's restored *Beethoven Frieze* evoke Olbrich's original scheme, but the offices and conference rooms have been redone with a free contemporary hand by architect Adolf Krischanitz. The family of Ronald Lauder, who stepped down last fall as U.S. ambassador to Austria, paid to have the dome regilded. It is a refulgent sign that after ninety years the Secession is once again a going concern. **M.F.**

Through the Mills

The excitement such early Modernists as Le Corbusier and Charles Sheeler felt for the anonymous but eloquent architecture of the Industrial Revolution is recaptured in photographer Serge Hambourg's *Mills and Factories of New England* (Abrams, $29.95). His ninety color images (including the Scovill Manufacturing Co. in Waterbury, Conn., right) are on view at the National Building Museum in Washington, D.C., from June 16 to August 29. **M.F.**





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BLOOMINGDALE'S • BULLOCK'S • BURDINE'S

A Wealth of Problems

Great families apparently have great difficulties. **Caroline Moorehead** looks at four books that bemoan the rich



Rich traditions: Eddy Glenconner Tennant with his son Bim

The wealth of the extremely rich—what do they *do* with their money?—is one of those subjects that never loses its fascination. Combine it with class, and you simply cannot fail. Yet to read two books published this spring on American class and wealth is to be less than wholly charmed. These extremely rich are greedy, venal, snobbish, pretentious, intellectually full of sloth—and unhappy.

Neither Nelson W. Aldrich Jr., author of **Old Money: The Making of America's Upper Class** (Knopf, $19.95), nor Lewis H. Lapham in **Money and Class in America** (Weidenfeld & Nicolson $18.95) gives the rich good press. Both speak from impeccable pedigrees, born to what Fitzgerald called the "gay table" of high society among those who married often and had fun (the ghosts of Fitzgerald's fated and decadent twenties playboys peer out of every page); both went to the "sober table" of Old Money New England prep schools (the "St. Midas" schools) and to prestige Ivy League colleges. Many decades of play in the fields of the rich have provided these authors with more firsthand experience than any ordinary reporter could hope to get his hands on. They have eaten at the Pacific-Union Club in San Francisco, swum off the beaches of East Hampton, danced at radical chic functions, and drunk with Truman Capote—whose 1966 black-and-white masked ball becomes Lapham's apotheosis of the perfect rich experience. Both talk with wry and witty eloquence of the self-perpetuating and self-defeating attitudes of those condemned to spend at least several hundred thousand dollars each year.

Never in the history of the world have so many people been so rich

These two authors' particular corners of concern are, however, somewhat different. What interests Aldrich are the Old Rich, who consider their wealth to be in trust, to pass on, like runners in a relay race, from generation to generation, and who see in it not spending power but influence. This inherited wealth, writes Aldrich, "puts an egregious wrinkle on the nation's promissory claim of equality of opportunity."

Old Money, as Aldrich sees it, comes replete with obligations, assumptions, and a certain faded charm. How Old Money got where it is, how jealously it continues to guard its privileges with exclusive yacht clubs and legacies is the meat of Aldrich's book. He is an onlooker, though seldom an admiring one of these "insidious and careless people." He tells a good story. A New Deal Democrat was informed by his favorite niece that her husband had at last got a job. "Oh, my dear," he replied, "I'm so sorry."

Lapham pays less heed to the fragile distinctions between inherited and made money. His "equestrian class" (the phrase is borrowed from ancient Rome) consists of "all those who can afford to ride rather than walk." These range from the heirs to family fortunes to the self-made millionaires, pop stars, athletes, and corporation presidents he calls boyish bureaucrats. All are hurtling toward disaster. "Never in the history of the world have so many people been so rich; never in the history of the world have so many of those same people felt themselves so poor."

More bluntly than Aldrich, Lapham lays down what he sees to be the unpalatable present score: his rich have the temperament of lizards. Indifferent to the sorrows of their friends, they are profoundly infantile, surrounding themselves with costly toys—designer jeans, cappuccino machines, and prints of ducks—and strict nannies in the shape *(Continued on page 46)*

SIMON BLOW



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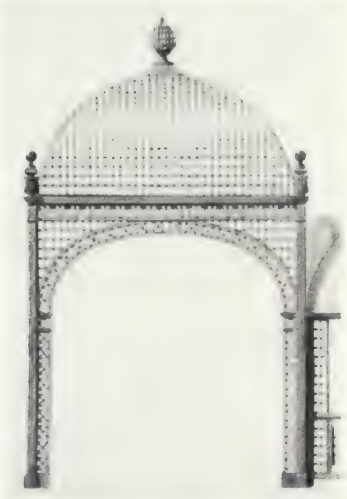
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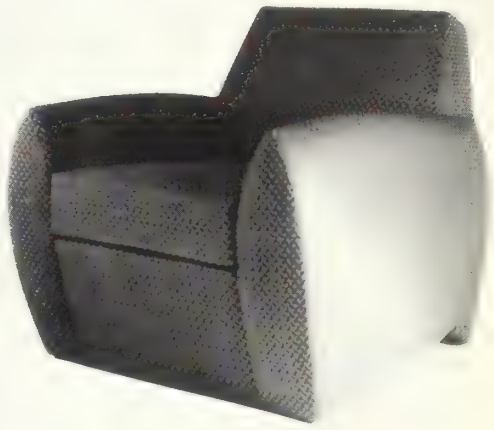
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BOOKS

of ferocious secretaries, psychiatrists, and lawyers, and they occupy cities they have turned into "nomad camps littered with debris and inhabited, temporarily, by people on the way to someplace else." It could be France in 1789, before the Revolution.

Furthermore, they make dismal parents, reducing their offspring to "alcoholism, suicide, drug addiction, insanity and despair," their emotional frigidity causing mayhem, as any good student of Freud or John Bowlby could have warned them. Behind Lapham's words lie the images of baby monkeys, separated from their mothers in the sixties by the fashionable psychologist Harry F. Harlow so that they became timid, craven, quarrelsome, and clinging to any warm object they could find; later they themselves became neglectful parents.

Had Lapham been looking for the perfect case study to accompany his book he could not have done better than Marie Brenner's **House of Dreams** (Random House, $19.95). Here is the ideal all-American millionaire family, the Binghams of Louisville, who at one point are shown to admire the Kennedys not for their political prowess but because they all hugged one another. Sentimental and cloyingly adulatory at times, *House of Dreams* exhaustively chronicles every meeting, phone call, and conversation as this luckless family blows itself clean out of the sky

"You are all so rich, so talented, so good-looking: why can't you be happy?"

What is responsible for the demise of this once successful media empire? Family life, it would seem, of a sort to make the protagonists of *Dallas* seem kind in comparison. Bingham gouges Bingham apart, pausing only to sneak on the others or report what they are doing in their own newspapers. "I never wanted this to happen," wails long-toothed Bloomsburyesque Sallie, as she catapults the family a little closer to paralysis. "I don't understand," whines her mother, Mary. "You are all so rich, so talented, so good-looking: why can't you be happy?" More loveless than Harlow's apes, the Binghams scratch their way remorselessly to extinction—to emotional extinction, that is. The dreams shatter but the money remains: $100 million to the parents from the sales of the newspapers, between $29 and $40 million to the four surviving children. It is too soon to tell what this gruesome family may have done to their grandchildren: astonishingly they stare out of snapshots with confidence and a degree of good cheer.

Perhaps these children have reason to look so optimistic, at least for the time being. For surely some of them are having a good time. What not one of these authors conveys is the fun, the sheer enjoyment of big money: the euphoria of expensive pastimes you can see on the faces of the very rich as they plummet down the slopes of Klosters, glide in midwinter across the blue Pacific Ocean, or peer into the cases of the better jewelers, wondering not whether but how much to buy. The spending of these dazzling fortunes is not something that Lapham, Aldrich, or Brenner dwells on.

From Britain comes a smaller version of this same theme, Simon Blow's account of his own family's financial squanderings, **Broken Blood: The Rise and Fall of the Tennant Family** (Faber & Faber, £14.95). Like Lapham and Aldrich, Blow was born to the gay table. Starting earlier in history than they do, he traces the fortunes of the Tennants as the family rises from being the first makers of commercial bleach in Scotland in 1800 to acquiring a secure place among the landowning classes by the mid-Victorian days.

By 1911 they had built themselves Glen, a manorial pile, "the earthly dream of a Victorian merchant prince," and acquired a title. Then, like the Binghams, they spent their cash and wandered off down wayward paths into bad marriages and degenerate tastes.

The most interesting Tennant of them all was also the most dissolute: Stephen, youngest son of the beautiful Pamela Wyndham, beautiful himself but only slightly talented. Friend to Siegfried Sassoon and Cecil Beaton, Stephen finally took to his satin bed in the Jacobean-style mullioned second family home, Wilsford Manor. He rose only to touch up the rooms with more feathers, more shells, more pink fronds, and increasingly grubby polar-bear skins, while the once-renowned garden of rare plants grew dense and mossy. He died last year. Wilsford was once an extraordinary place; even in its dilapidation visitors marveled. Blow does not pause to admire.

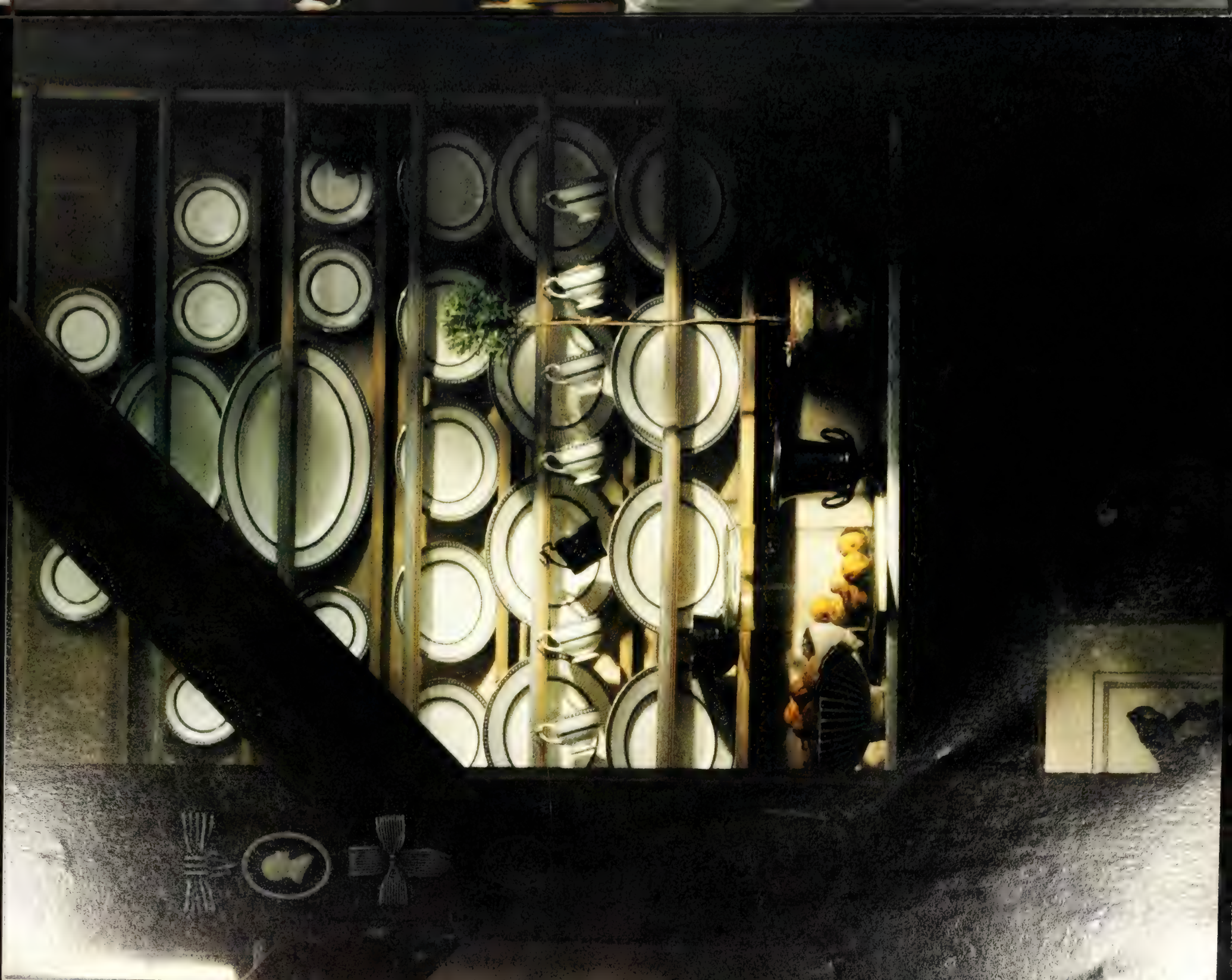
Others have written well, indeed better, about class and money. To Lapham's pithy metaphors, Aldrich adds some sardonic and pleasurable social history. Yet having made their points, all these books grow labored. "Money . . . is, in its effects and laws, as beautiful as roses," wrote Ralph Waldo Emerson. And as thorny. ♠



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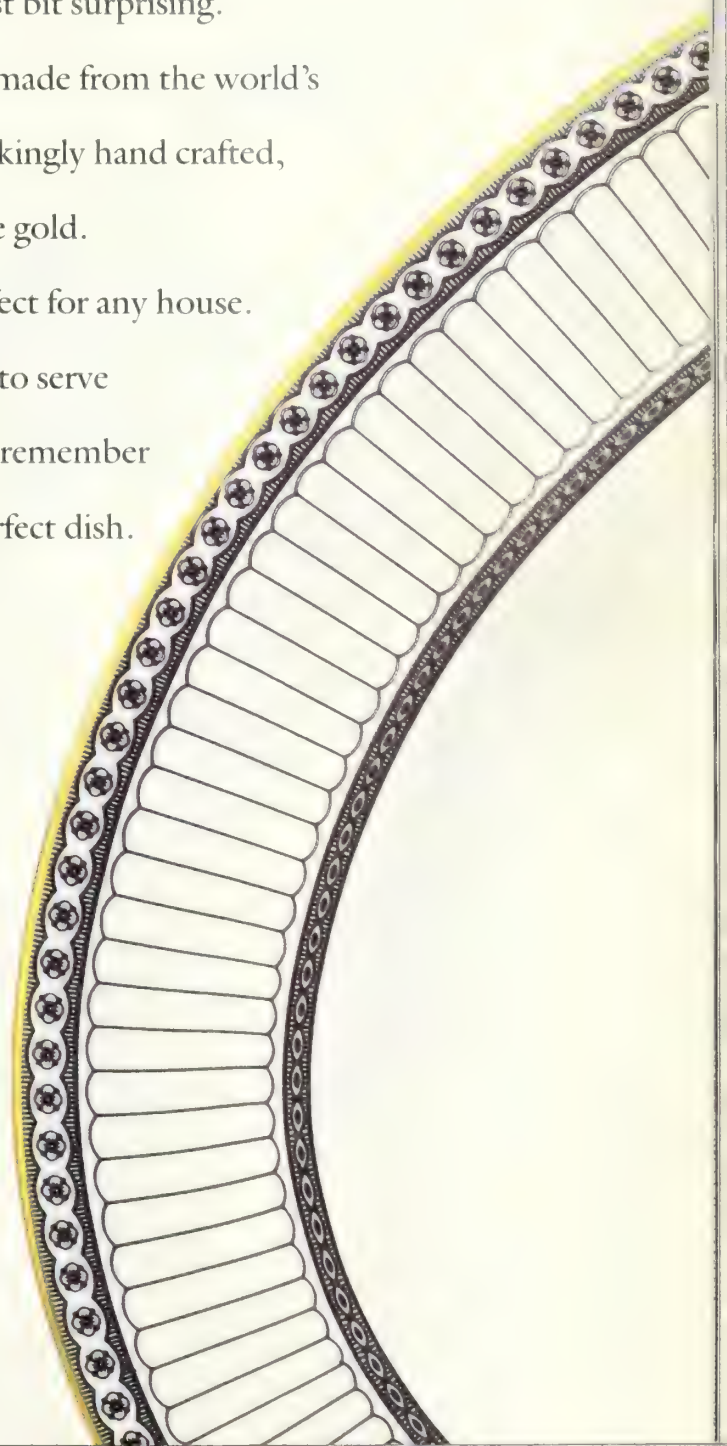
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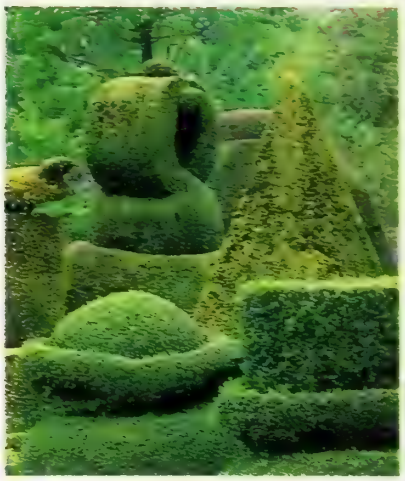
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BOOKNOTES



The Complete Book of Topiary
by Barbara Gallup and
Deborah Reich
Workman, 318 pp., $10.95
From a sparrow in a pot to a dinosaur on the prowl, the art of topiary—indoors and out—has been demystified. The authors provide clear illustrations on creating portable, spiral, standard, and mock topiary and demonstrate how to keep topiary growing. Ivy training, espaliers, and knot gardens are also covered.

Topiary: The Art of Clipping Trees and Ornamental Hedges
by A. M. Clevely
Salem House
128 pp., $29.95
Professional gardener Clevely confines his topiary instructions to the great outdoors, primarily focusing on hedge artistry. He details the history of topiary and illustrates his ideas with 65 colorplates, and 30 black-and-white photographs of some of the world's most famous topiary parks. The plant reference section is especially informative.

The Illustrated Gertrude Jekyll—Color Schemes for the Flower Garden
by Gertrude Jekyll
Little, Brown
192 pp., $29.95
In this reissue of her classic, Gertrude Jekyll takes the reader on a tour of her own garden, Munstead Wood, with full details on the plantings and colors. This new edition is supplemented with her own color renderings (not seen in the 1908 original) plus an appendix of unpublished designs.

Jekyll enthusiasts should also note that other reprints of her works, including *Children and Gardens*, *Wood and Garden*, and *A Gardener's Testament* ($29.50 each), are available from the Antique Collectors' Club.

Gabrielle Winkel


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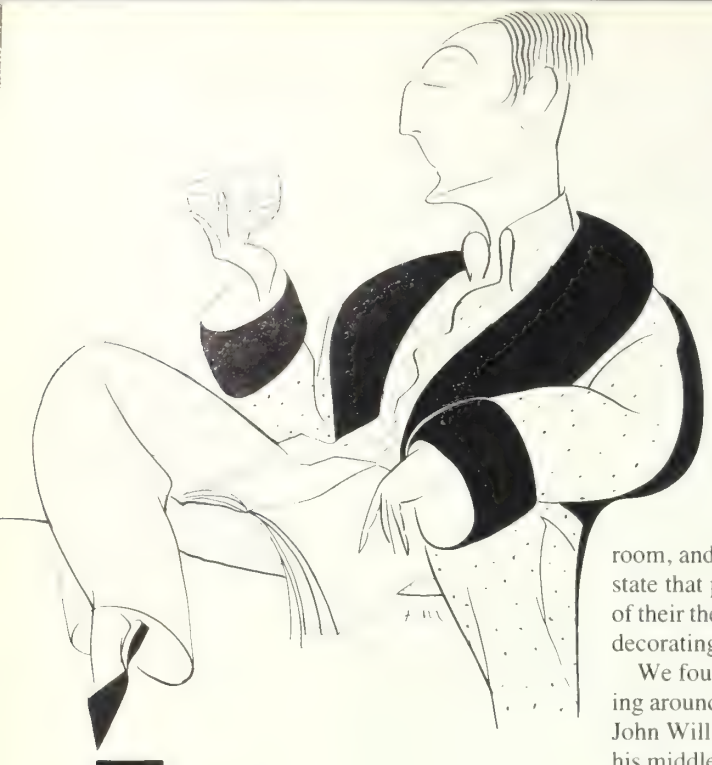
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Canada

The World Next Door

Doctor in the House

A. Alvarez discovers that redecoration is an act of the hand as well as the eye



Twenty-one years ago, when my then-young wife was expecting our first child, we bought a house in Flask Walk, in the London suburb of Hampstead. It was a narrow, white-faced, square-windowed building on three floors, built around 1770, with a semibasement at the rear and a small garden front and back, and it was badly run-down when we bought it. But we had the place painted and gussied up, central heating put in, and a downstairs dividing wall taken out to make a drawing room. We also built a two-story addition onto the back of the house, a kitchen and dining room below, a bathroom and a study for my wife above. But because we did not want to spoil the atmosphere of the place, we made no attempt to straighten the bulging panels and crazily angled floor in the hall.

Twenty years and two children later, the house was warmer but almost as run-down as when we first moved in. Every so often we called in two amiable Irishmen, Jimmy the Painter and his boozy cousin, who lashed about indiscriminately with brushfuls of white paint. But the cousin had grown drunker and more indiscriminate over the years, until the mess he made balanced out the fresh paint and it no longer seemed worthwhile to pay good money merely to break even. So the paintwork chipped and yellowed, the panels cracked in the heat, and every month my wife would say, "We've got to do something about it."

Yet it was my wife who was preventing us from redecorating. She is a child-psychotherapist, the semibasement is her consulting room, and the rules of her curious profession state that patients must be spared the details of their therapist's private life. Of all details, decorating is the least deniable.

We found the solution to our problem living around the corner a hundred yards away. John Williamson is a short, compact man in his middle fifties. He has white hair, a white beard, and a lively mind, and he is court painter and builder to Hampstead Village. Like me, he works on his own, and I got to know him because—also like me—he is always around.

At first we nodded to each other, then we said hello, then we stopped and chatted. When he mentioned that he was interested in rock-climbing, I took him off to an outcrop south of London where he struggled and dangled and cursed and seemed to enjoy himself. At the end of this devious courtship he agreed to slot us in to his very full timetable, partly out of friendship, partly because he is full of intellectual curiosity. He was intrigued by the idea of fitting his own work around my wife's. Hampstead has plenty of eccentrics but, for him, a steady procession of disturbed children would be a first.

"The house is like an old lady. Take away the bulges, she won't be the same"

We went away for a week while he started on the drawing room. When we got back we realized the benefit of using a builder who understood the idiosyncrasies of these old Hampstead houses. Some of the walls are paneled, and one of the largest panels had cracked and caved in on one side. John had literally fished out the edge of the panel—he used fishhooks and string—packed it from below and glued it. He also discovered a whole wall of paneling that had been covered up a century ago with a kind of glorified cardboard.

The room was not simply redecorated, it was transformed. Uneven crumbling areas of wall had been stripped and replastered, cracked door panels filled, edges sharpened, details clarified. It was not just a question of new wallpaper and fresh paint, although there was plenty of both; it was more like the refitting of an old ship for an ocean voyage. The whole structure felt sounder, trimmer, more likely to weather the next decade or two of abuse.

John then moved to the top of the staircase and began slowly to work his way down, "making good" as he came. When he stripped away our old William Morris wallpaper, he found walls that were crumbling away and wood that was cracked and rotting. He ripped off the worn carpet and discovered that the risers of the eighteenth-century stairs were sagging and broken. Without carpets, the stairwell was like a loudspeaker, amplifying his hammering and scraping and unexpectedly tuneful singing.

Every so often he would call me down from my study at the top of the house to show me some fresh marvel of Georgian jerry-building—a stair or a section of wall patched together from whatever odds and ends of wood the builder happened to have on hand two centuries ago, and still miraculously in place. "Always been cowboys in this trade," he announced. "If I tried that on, the district surveyor would string me up by my bleeding thumbs."

There were places, however, where even John's nerve failed: an ominous bulge in a landing wall, for instance, which he tapped and probed. He finally said, "Strip that away and God knows what we'll find." But there were other bulges that he cut away without hesitation, knowing they contained nothing he couldn't cope with, and others still that he insisted we leave be for aesthetic reasons: "It's like an old lady," he said. "Take away the bulges and she won't be the same." It was as though he and the house had some kind of

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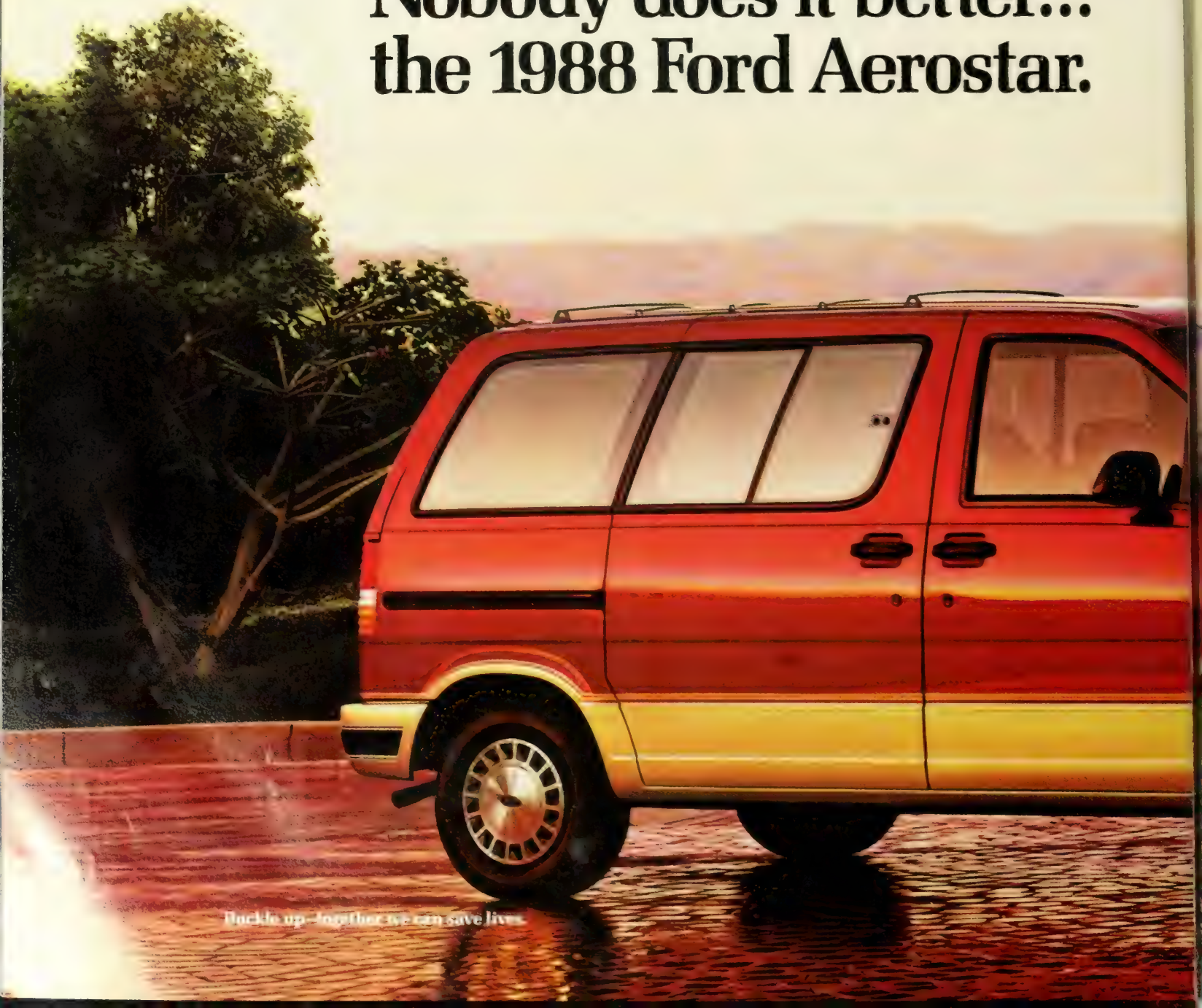
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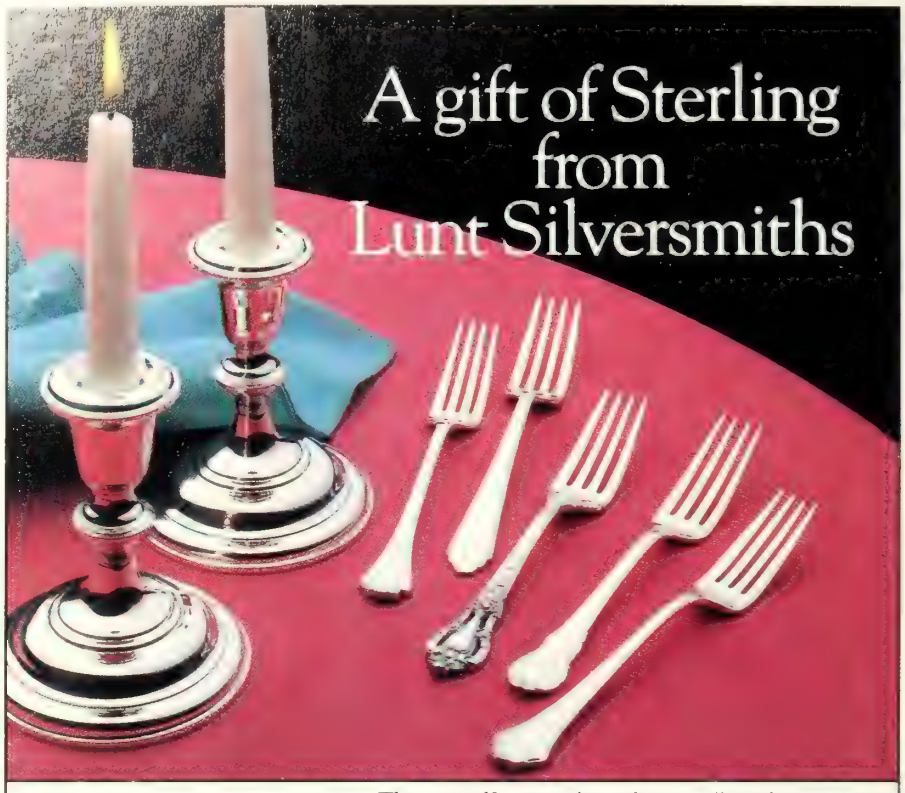
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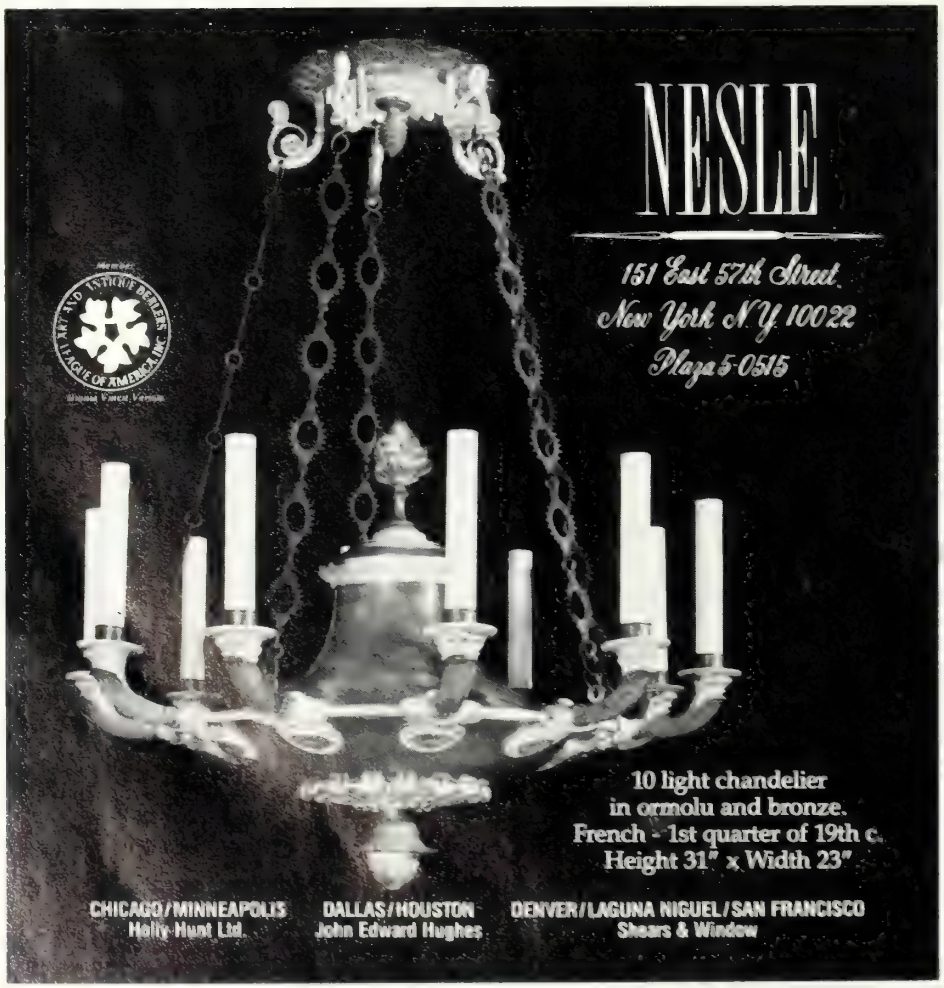
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secret understanding, like a sympathetic doctor with a truculent old patient.

He had reckoned the work would take him four to six weeks. Naturally, it took three months, and by the end John had become part of the family. He is a man who likes to talk, and at first he was put out to find there were times and places (namely, downstairs when my wife had patients) when talking wasn't allowed. Each morning, while my wife was seeing her early patient and I was drinking coffee in the kitchen above the consulting room, he would tiptoe in like Sebastian the cat and launch into an elaborate pantomime that became wilder and more unbuttoned as the weeks went by.

Even so, he obeyed the crazy rules and didn't actually speak—to his own surprise, I suspect, as much as to ours. Later in the day he and my wife would chat together over tea and biscuits, and in the evening we would all have a drink and admire the day's progress. He would fill us in on local gossip, but mostly he talked about our house, about how it was responding to treatment, about his diagnosis of the latest ailment and his general prognosis of the patient's health. I had been raised in a family with two older sisters; now I began to discover belatedly what it must be like to have a lively kid brother with a passion for fixing things.

Oddly enough, all three of us were enjoying ourselves, although it seemed as if the house would never be right again, the chaos would never end. In the garden the snowdrops came and went, then the crocuses appeared, vivid splinters of color in the dank air. John sanded and smoothed and plastered and hammered, and the dust sifted down through the echoing house, coating the furniture, filling the air, filling our lives.

Then one day he stopped banging and began to sing in a slightly abstracted way, as though his mind were on something else entirely. Within a week, the ceilings were painted, then the dadoes, the banisters, finally the hall itself. Order was emerging from chaos, after all. Then John appeared with a collapsible table and slowly, meticulously, the wallpaper went up. The carpeting firm arrived, the echoes ceased, the house was finished. We drank together in celebration; we toasted John's labor and skill; we toasted the house and its resurrection. We put a record on the hi-fi and John, who is a jazz buff, sang along with Charlie Parker, passionately blowing into an imaginary saxophone. When he finally left to practice his magic elsewhere, I felt the family was diminished—despite his bill. ♠



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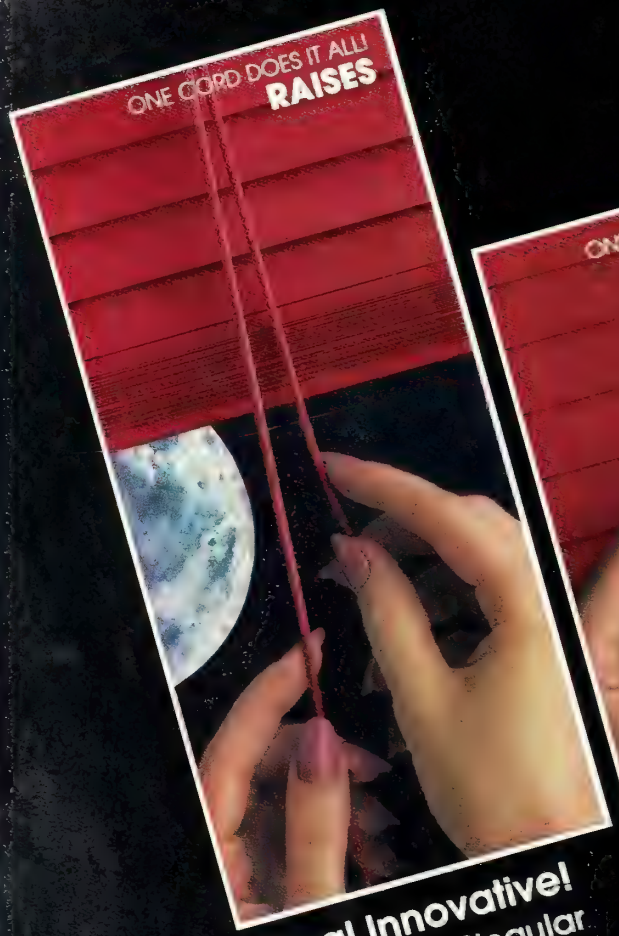
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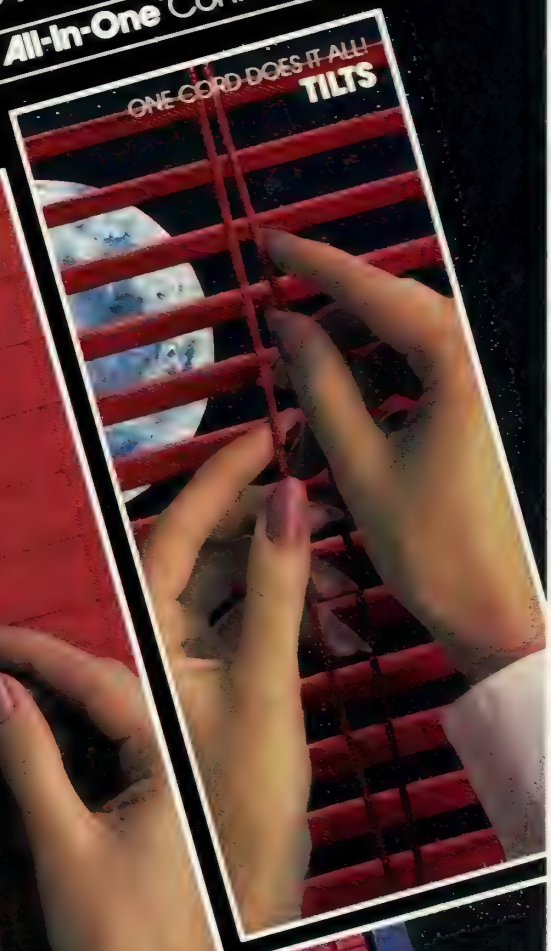
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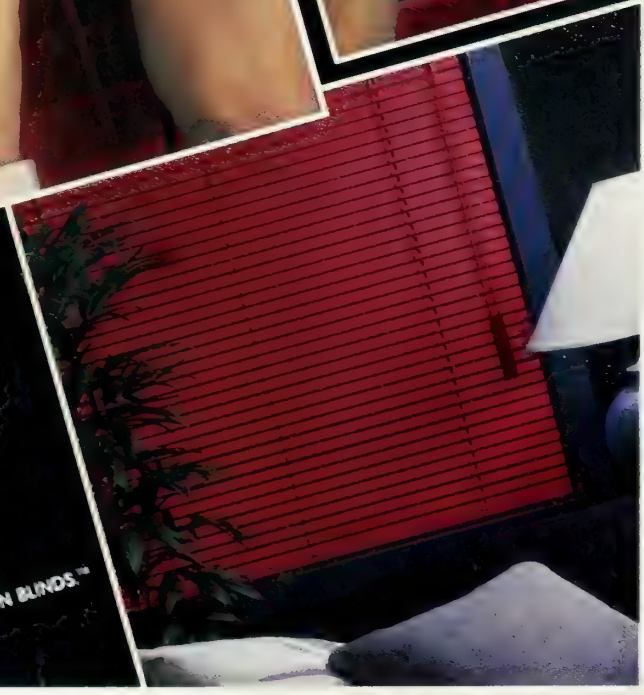
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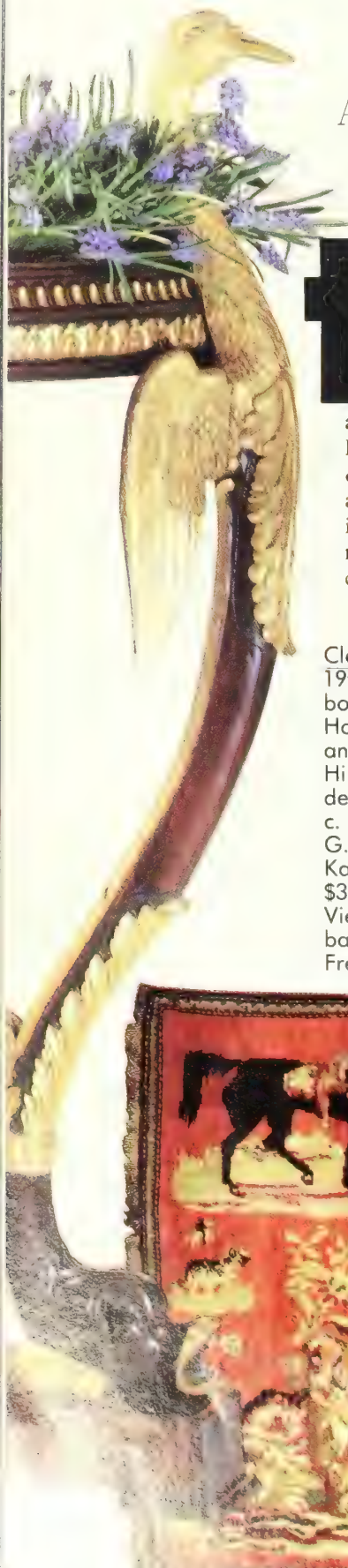

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Animal House

A veritable zoo can be found in 19th-century decoration

There may not be rams' heads, birds, or hairy-leg hooves on modern furniture, but visit any antiques dealer and it's practically all you see. The reason? "There is a big interest in Regency, Neoclassical, and Biedermeier styles—and these are periods that happen to incorporate animal and human figures. It's the vogue," says Anthony Victoria of Frederick P. Victoria & Son. Helen Wilson of Linda Horn Antiques agrees. "People are leaning more toward articulated forms and away from Modernism, and there is a sense of whimsy and fun in these figures. The nineteenth century was so charmingly overdone with animals on chair legs and on handles of tureens." **Gabrielle Winkel**

Decorating Editor: Jacqueline Gonnet











Clockwise, from top right: 19th-century Japanese bronze bookend, $4,600 a pair, Linda Horn Antiques, NYC; zinc and copper weather vane, Hirschl & Adler Folk, NYC; detail of giltwood torchère, c. 1770, $75,000 a pair, G. Randall, Washington, D.C.; Karabagh wool carpet, c. 1860, $30,000, Coury Rugs, NYC; Viennese planter, mahogany base, c. 1820, $32,000, Frederick P. Victoria, NYC.

MICHAEL MUNDY (4)



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At the Hôtel Drouot's lively sales, knowledgeable buyers can still find good value



Paris in June promises, for habitués of the New York salesrooms, temperate relief from Manhattan's swelter and an auction season that's heating up just as the major American sales have cooled down. June is traditionally an important time for Parisian auctions, and although excellent pieces are to be found in many categories, including Primitive, Impressionist, and Modern art, Paris is also not surprisingly one of the best places to find extraordinary examples of French furniture.

The oldest and primary salesroom in Paris is the Hôtel Drouot, located near the Opéra at 9, rue Drouot in the ninth arrondissement. It is not really an auction house but rather the central staging ground from which the 97 commissaires-priseurs—or auctioneers—of Paris ply their trade. Last year prosperity and demand necessitated the opening of an additional salesroom known as Drouot Montaigne at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées on the rue Montaigne. It is reserved for more prestigious sales and seats over two thousand people. In addition, Drouot maintains smaller salesrooms for collectibles and low-priced items near the Gare du Nord.

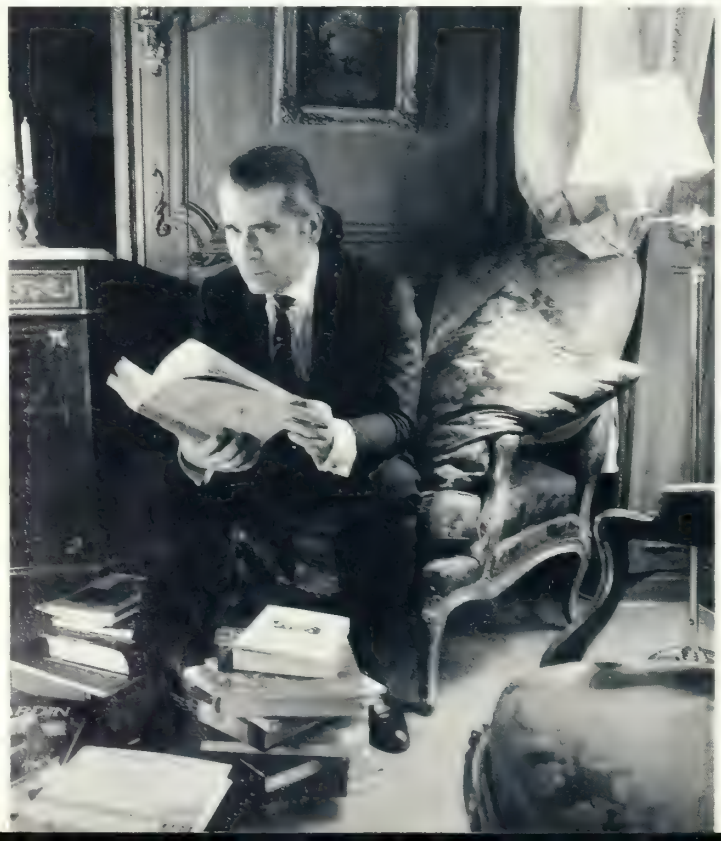
At the Hôtel Drouot six to eight sales may be taking place simultaneously. Its seventeen small hot rooms may be packed wall-to-wall with furiously gesturing clients, some of them sitting on furniture destined for auction and randomly arranged with hundreds of other lots, wherever there is space. Sales at Drouot are tinged with a uniquely Gallic flavor. ("If you go to Drouot," says one dealer, "bring your elbows.") Sales are rough energetic events where quality lots are sold alongside ordinary items dragged from the family attic. "Sales in Paris are conducted very quickly," says Sotheby's Thierry Millerand, senior vice president in charge of European furniture. "For someone with an educated eye, it's fun. The reward is finding things others have missed."

"If you go to Drouot," says one dealer, "bring your elbows"

Recently exceptional prices have been realized for French furniture at Drouot, including 2,700,000 francs on April 2, 1987, for a pair of Louis XV fauteuils stamped Tilliard—a world record—and at the same sale 2,524,300 francs for a Louis XVI commode stamped Riesener. Even in light of these prices, there are still bargains to be found. "Paris is very good for eighteenth-century furniture, the only kind I collect," says designer Karl Lagerfeld. "It's not like New York—here there are many different auctioneers. It's more possible to find undiscovered things. Suddenly you may discover something nobody else has noticed. But in New York everything is catalogued carefully, so there is no use in looking at anything but the top lots, which are very expensive."

Sales are advertised in a weekly publication, the *Gazette de l'Hôtel Drouot,* which is available on French newsstands or by subscription for 8½ francs (about $1.50) per issue. Catalogues, too, are available, although usually not until a week or two before the actual sale, which leaves little time for the international buyer to consider lots for sale. In addition, lots are not catalogued by in-house experts as they are at U.S. and British houses. Instead, outside "experts" are consulted as to the authenticity and value of lots. Since these experts most often turn out to be dealers who may intend to bid on the objects themselves, a piece is "sometimes overvalued (to scare off bidders) or underattributed so the dealer may buy it cheaply himself," says Marc Blondeau, former director of Sotheby's International and currently a consultant in Paris who specializes in nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings. "In France the buyer must fight for himself."

Not entirely. "When you buy in France, there is a thirty-year guarantee," says commissaire-priseur Guy Loudimer. "If a



A Drouot habitué: Karl Lagerfeld, right, at home in an 18th-century chair. Above: Louis XVI commode sold at Drouot last winter.

PHILIPPE MORILLON



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work is found to be nonauthentic, that is, not as it was attributed, you may return it, and if you sell it, the purchaser may return it to the auctioneer. There is no guarantee like this anywhere else."

Certainly, the rewards for collectors buying in France can be considerable—aesthetic as well as economical. New York dealer Anthony Victoria of Frederick P. Victoria & Son has bought furniture in France for generations. "It can sometimes be expensive to buy furniture in Paris," he says. "There are shipping costs and tariffs. But there are bargains if you know what to look for."

Karl Lagerfeld agrees that high quality can still be found. "Sometimes one can even find things from Versailles or Fontainebleau. Last week I bought a little Louis XVI closet from Saint-Cloud at a Drouot sale. Nobody knew what it was." Lagerfeld, who collects French Regency and what is called Transition furniture (late Louis XV to early Louis XVI), is a regular presence at Drouot.

"What I like is the casino atmosphere," he says. "It's very exciting. Sometimes I bid over the phone or send my driver to bid for me so that my being there doesn't drive up prices. But I prefer to bid myself. It's much more thrilling than anything else I know. And," he adds, "unlike gambling, whether you win or lose, you always have a nice object to show for it." **David Lisi**

June Sales

EUROPEAN SALES

Hôtel Drouot

9, rue Drouot, 75009 Paris; 42-46-17-11

June 1: Georges Renand Collection of paintings and drawings

June 7: Two paintings by Modigliani at Drouot Montaigne

(Contact Drouot for additional sales not scheduled at press time.)

Christie's

8 King St., London SW1Y 6QT; 839-9060

June 3: Victorian pictures

June 8: Antiquities

June 10: Modern British pictures

June 24: Important Continental pictures

June 27–28: Impressionist pictures



SALESROOM

Christie's
Postbus 53005, 1007 RA Amsterdam
64-20-11
June 6: Motorcars
June 7: Rietveld; 20th-century decorative arts
June 14–15: Furniture, metalwork, sculpture
Sotheby's
34–35 New Bond St., London W1A 2AA
493-8080
June 7: Early Chinese works of art
June 20: English and Continental silver
June 24: French furniture, part 1
June 28–29: Impressionist paintings
June 30: Contemporary art
Sotheby's
102 Rokin, 1012 KZ Amsterdam; 27-56-56
June 6: Chinese and Japanese ceramics, art
June 8: Silver, jewelry, virtu
June 28–July 2: Art and antiques
Sotheby's
Odeonsplatz 16, D-8000 Munich 22
291-3151
June 8: 20th-century German paintings
Sotheby's
20 Bleicherweg, CH-8002 Zurich; 202-0011
June 16: Swiss paintings and furniture
Sotheby's
Le Sporting d'Hiver, place du Casino
MC 98001 Monaco; 30-88-80
June 16: Jeanson sale, old-master paintings
June 17: Old-master paintings; furniture
June 20: Old-master paintings; porcelain

AMERICAN SALES
Butterfield & Butterfield
220 San Bruno Ave., San Francisco, CA
94103; (415) 861-7500
June 9: Tibetan and Nepalese objects
Christie's
502 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022
(212) 546-1000
June 1: Jewelry
June 5: American decorative arts
June 9: Old-master pictures
June 17: Architectural designs
June 18: Art Nouveau
Sotheby's
1334 York Ave., New York, NY 10021
(212) 606-7000
June 8-9: 20th-century decorative arts
June 13–14: Important jewelry
June 16: Fabergé, Russian art and silver
June 23: American furniture
June 24: 19th-century furniture



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Shear Madness

Lawn mowers are Christopher Proudfoot's passion. **Hannah Rothschild** tracks him down

Mowers may not be the most exotic collector's item. And one might also be forgiven for thinking that a person who has spent the best part of his life amassing over eighty of them is a touch crazed. However, anyone who spends a morning with Christopher Proudfoot and his six-year-old son, William, is bound to see the humble lawn mower in a completely different light.

Father and son make a good double act: Proudfoot Senior talks about his strange mechanical brood in a typically dry English manner but cannot disguise the gleam in his eye. His son, on the other hand, positively bursts with excitement: "Look, we've got six Green's Silens Messors."

"Urrh. What is a Green's Whatsit, Whatsit?"

William rolled his eyes with impatience, but his father explained that this machine was probably the most successful mower of all time: "It went on the market in about 1860, and you could still buy it in 1939. Perhaps eighty percent of lawn mower users had one. The only change in its original design was in 1890 when they straightened the handle. I can't think of any other consumer-durable that has survived so long."

Christopher Proudfoot began collecting tools at the age of ten. Strangely it was not until he married that he started "hankering after lawn-mowers." He cannot explain his interest in these machines except as part of "an instinct for preserving the past and not progressing into the future." As a result of this conviction he owns remarkably few things made after the 1950s.

In the Proudfoot house in Kent every available nook and cranny is stuffed with relics. Gramophones with vast bulbous horns are piled on top of each other creating death traps on narrow stairs. There are weird and wonderful vacuum cleaners including one that looks like a pogo stick with a concertina wrapped around its middle: "I can assure you," Christopher Proudfoot said wryly, "that this takes much more effort than a broom but it was a status symbol for those without electricity." The larder has been completely taken over by a riot of ancient biscuit tins, old soapboxes, Bakelite bed warmer, coffee grinders, bean slicers, door handles, knife sharpeners, and the odd scientific instrument. Indeed the refrigerator seems to be the only (and only just) postwar piece of equipment.



Proudfoot and son William, above, with collection. Right: Old hedge trimmers. Below: Early-20th-century lawn mower nameplate.

The lawn mowers are consigned to various outbuildings. As we fought our way through the door of one of these, Proudfoot apologized: "I am afraid that they are not beautifully displayed as in some museum." Father and son became immersed in technical banter. There was a new vocabulary of blades, bottom blades, countershafts, landrolls, and so on. The machines themselves have racy names like the Wasp, the Witch, the Anglo-Paris, the Automaton Minor, the Magic, the Famous, the Banner, the Godiva. Most have been lovingly restored. "They rarely come to us in good condition." Indeed the collection is based around discoveries made on scrap heaps and in old garden sheds. "One morning William and I had a clear-out and took some stuff down to the scrap yard where we found this Webb Wasp."

Mending old lawn mowers is obviously a laborious business; it takes a week to bash the dents out of the grass box and as long to repaint them. Nearly all are in jolly shades of red and green with gold lettering. Unlike their modern counterparts, Victorian lawn mowers were not plain and functional. "After all," Christopher Proudfoot explained, "they were part of the great nineteenth-century cast-iron technology. Everything that was mass-produced in that era was made out of cast iron, and if you're making something out of cast iron, you might as well make it ornamental because once you've got your pattern you can churn out hundreds of copies."

The first lawn mower was invented in 1830 by Edwin Budding. It evolved from a machine used for cutting the nap on cloth.



TIM BEDDOW

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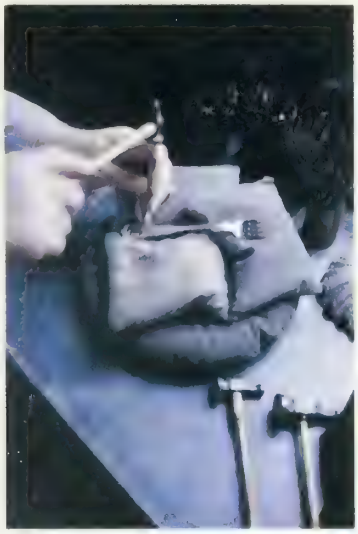
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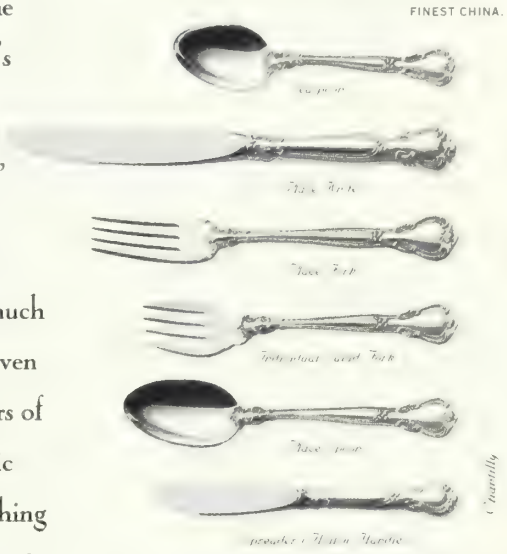
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COLLECTING

The principle was a simple one, still valid today—just a rotating cylinder against a fixed one. In the beginning the lawn mower was a luxury item and was publicized as, says Proudfoot, "a marvelous opportunity for gentlemen to take some healthy and useful exercise. I don't suppose that any gentleman dreamed of going near one." The earliest models had massive nineteen-inch blades and needed at least two people to push them or, later models with even larger blades, were pulled by ponies. These were only practical for large sweeps of lawn and could hardly be used by the small householder. With time the design was modified and the birth of the six-incher changed the whole pattern of the English domestic garden—for the first time people in terraced houses could turn their vegetable patches into manageable lawns. Americans were the real pioneers of the light and affordable mowers. "They took our basic design and improved it. But you have to remember that there is a real difference between English and American grass! We have nice lush grass whereas theirs tends to be rough. They were also more interested in having a labor-saving machine which would just cut, they were not so interested in a nice smooth finish."

The earliest models had massive nineteen-inch blades and needed at least two people to push them

While Christopher Proudfoot explained the lawn mower's history, William was intent on destroying one of his mother's borders with a New Excelsior. "I like nature," beamed William, "especially cutting trees and grass." Karin Proudfoot prefers gardening to machinery. In recent years the family had to move to accommodate her desire for a larger flower garden and Christopher's "collection of junk."

Christopher Proudfoot cannot explain his passion for collecting: "You can get very Freudian about it and say that it gives one a sense of security or that it's all part of man's natural instinct for hunting, but for me it just happens. Besides, when things become fashionable I tend to lose interest." At the moment there are a few up-and-coming lawn mower fanatics, but one suspects that Christopher and William Proudfoot will remain the principal champions of this humble but glorious machine. ♠

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TRAVEL

Architect on the Move

Michael Graves spends a lot of time in hotels. He tells **Michael Boodro** what makes a great one

Certain architects achieve such fame that they seem to become almost as fixed and immutable in the public imagination as their well-known creations. But architects are, in fact, a peripatetic lot. They are constantly on the move, experiencing the great buildings of the past, meeting with developers, checking out the handiwork of the competition, exploring possibilities for new work. The hotter the architect, the more he travels. And at the moment one of the hottest is Michael Graves, the progenitor and popularizer of Postmodernism, architect of, among others, the Portland Building in Oregon, the Clos Pegase Winery in the Napa Valley, and the proposed—and highly controversial—addition to the Whitney Museum in New York City.

When asked what he looks for in a hotel, Graves tells the story of an architect in Houston who was commissioned to design one. With typical Texan largess, the client sent the architect around the world for two weeks to appraise the great hotels and discover their secrets. Graves says with a smile, "When he came back, he said, 'The best hotels are small hotels.' And that's all he said. That was the point of the story."

"Hotels should make you feel they care about what you're doing, that you aren't just a number"

As if that were not clear enough, Graves adds, "I will do almost anything not to have to stay in a chain hotel."

This is disarming honesty from a man who is currently designing three giant hotels, two in Orlando for Disney World, the larger of which features 1,500 rooms, and a third in La Jolla that can be considered small only by comparison. "The trick is," he says, "to make these big hotels seem small—by virtue of their service. Some hotels are able to accomplish that, to make you feel they care about what you're doing, that you aren't just a number."

He still has to deal with mass-market hotel decor, which he finds an affront on both a personal and professional level. "Those standard designs of peach and cream and beige are so awful. But even in the hotels we're designing, we have to work with hotel interiors people. We're not allowed to do guest rooms. Between architects and developers, it's a kind of Catch-22. You're not a hotel design expert until you've done a hotel. Once you've done one, you can do the world. But," he adds with a shrug, "we always have to hire hotel interiors people to work with us."

Graves is acutely aware of the contrasts between the exigencies of the marketplace and his own taste. In his hotel design work he is attempting to reconcile the two. When he travels, he fully indulges the latter. Fortunately, he has been able to locate hotels that both please the eye and satisfy his demand for comfort. "What I look for in a hotel," he says, "is a good breakfast. I don't know why I do this to myself, but when I go to a hotel, I feel I am suddenly on vacation, whether I'm working or not—because it's not home and it's not away either. So I eat too much. When I'm at a good hotel, it's as if the number of pastries I *(Continued on page 81)*



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COURTESY CHARLES HOTEL

Top left: Michael Graves at his office in Princeton; one of his designs for a new Disney World hotel in Orlando. Top: the Mansion on Turtle Creek in Dallas. Above: Le Pli Health Spa and Salon at the Charles Hotel in Cambridge, Mass.

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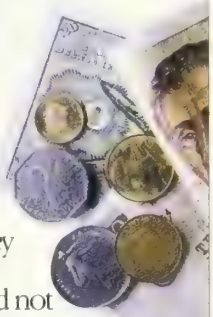
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consume doesn't count. I also like big beds."

He particularly enjoys trips to Los Angeles because "I can always get fresh fruit for breakfast and that's a switch for me." He is especially fond of the Hotel Bel-Air. "I stay there whenever I can. I even have favorite rooms. I send clients there because I like to prove to them a stucco building can be nice. It is a little bit ersatz Spanish Mission style, but the rooms are done pretty well, all in all. The landscape is fabulous. Most of the hotel is spread out on one level, but when you order breakfast it can be there in no time. And it doesn't get cold."

He also approves of the Beverly Hills Hotel. "The breakfast room is great, the Polo Lounge is terrific for a drink, and for people who haven't been to Los Angeles a lot, it's a great place for watching people. That porte cochere is done better than at any other hotel I know of. The boys get rid of your car and get it back for you in no time flat. They do the same thing at the Bel-Air. At one, they do it in uniforms, at the other in blue blazers. It's supposed to be your younger brother getting your car for you," Graves says and laughs.

He has praise as well for two hotels in Texas, the Remington in Houston and the Mansion on Turtle Creek in Dallas, where he enjoys the service and the breakfasts, if not quite the style. "Everything is a tad overdone," he admits. "There are too many flowers, the tables are too big, the marble is too cream, it's ten percent too much everywhere. It could use a bit of restraint, but I'd rather be there than across the street, which is not ten percent less, it's just other."

In New York, where he often stays overnight rather than commute back to his home in Princeton, Graves stays at the Westbury, the Lowell, and "sometimes the Mayfair Regent. I used to stay at the Stanhope before the remodeling and before the prices went through the ceiling." But his favorite New York stopping place is the Carlyle because "the building is quirky enough so that you're often in different kinds of rooms. Mark Hampton has done a terrific job redesigning many of the guest rooms."

Graves stresses the importance of the small amenities the Carlyle provides and other hotels neglect: a good straightforward sound system ("and the speakers are not hidden behind a flounce," he adds approvingly), a high-quality television and a VCR. "You can go down to the lobby and rent a film. They have cable TV. I don't know what that costs, but I know their rooms don't cost any more than some of the ones down the block. They're able to absorb that cost. I like to watch sporting events when I go to a hotel room. I put my feet up and don't have to think for half an hour before the next meeting, or before going out for dinner. It's not very sophisticated, but then I'm not very sophisticated. I like that kind of thing."

Asked about the high-style, high-tech look of Morgans in New York, Graves smiles. "Well, I was interviewed for that job and didn't get it." But he holds no grudge against Andrée Putman, who did. "The problem with Morgans is that the building was never suited to be a hotel. Everything—the bathrooms especially—is tiny. So it's theater, to try and make you think everything is bigger and better than it is. And she was very skillful. It is aggressively *her* taste, but it is *taste*. You know somebody's home there. And I would rather have her doing that than have my world beige."

In Cambridge, where he usually stays at the Harvard Faculty Club, he is not averse to the new Charles Hotel in Harvard Square. "It's dreadful on the outside, but once you're inside, you don't have to look at it. Inside it's what a chain hotel could be. It's not outrageously priced and the service is pretty good. If all American hotels were that good in terms of their service and the way the rooms are designed, I would be very happy."

Although he has praise for hotels in some other American cities ("I don't think I've ever been disappointed in Chicago"), Graves's favorites are clearly European hotels. This is not only because they have the advantage of being smaller, older, and with more character, but also because they usually feature French doors. Graves can go into virtual rhapsodies about French doors and windows. "The French doors that you find in European hotels are the things that I miss most in American hotels. There is nothing worse than a great Deco or Art Moderne or Beaux-Arts hotel in America that's been remodeled and they've put in gray or bronze glass with bronzed aluminum sash around the edge. It is so cheap and so awful-looking and they think this is modern. The idea of being able, in good weather, to throw open the windows and look out at the street is something I find marvelous about European hotels."

In Rome, for example, he enjoys the Inghilterra. "It's not terribly fancy, the rooms are small, nothing about it is terribly special, but the windows are great," he says. Because he often travels on an expense account,

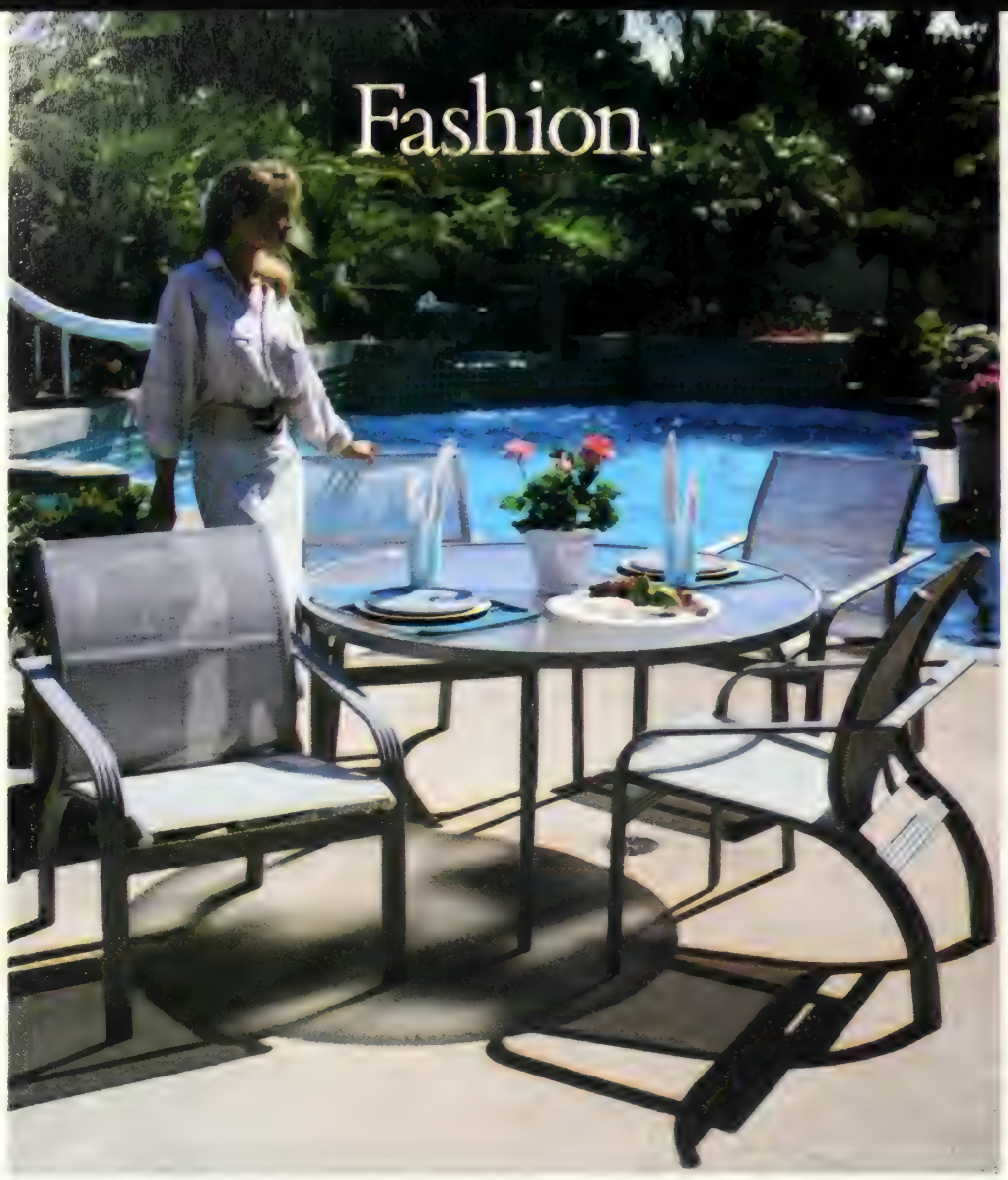
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he doesn't stay at the very best hotels: "I stay not at the Hassler in Rome but next door at the Hôtel de la Ville on the Via Sistina. It's typically European with French windows." At the recommendation of architect James Stirling, Graves has also stayed at the Raphael, off the Piazza Navona. "It's absolutely marvelous from the outside, completely ivy-covered. It couldn't be more charming, but the rooms are boring."

In London, he is partial to Blakes, the hotel created by Anouska Hempel, now a rising fashion designer. Quite a few of the rooms are outfitted with Biedermeier furniture, a preference reflected not only in Graves's own furniture designs but in the superb examples of the style that are spread throughout his office in Princeton. "It's a great hotel for that reason, but it also makes you feel like you're the only person there, maybe with one or two other couples. But while the furniture is wonderful the rooms are much too dark. Most are painted black or indigo. So you may have a wonderful framed Biedermeier print hanging on the wall, but it can be hard to find the light switch. You finally get a little irritated. That high style doesn't quite mesh with modern efficiency, and I think that the mesh can be accomplished. But," he adds, "I don't want to fault Blakes. It's ninety-five percent there and terrific."

Because Blakes has succumbed to popularity, Graves has discovered an alternative in London, the Halcyon. "They've copied Blakes' service. It's two huge Neoclassical houses turned into a hotel. The rooms are light and look onto back gardens or other houses. The spaces are generous, the bathrooms brilliant, they're there instantly with room service, and the food is terrific."

He has also stayed at Browns. "I think people stay at Browns for the scones," he says, "It's charming once or twice, but the rooms have not been done very well."

It's encouraging that someone so acutely aware of what doesn't have to be is now having some input into what *will* be. Though he is clearly pleased with his firm's designs for the resort and convention hotels in Orlando and La Jolla, Graves well knows the constraints that size and budget and the democratization of travel have imposed on the design. "Things are getting larger. It's always a puzzle to us how to make them compatible with, say, what a child can understand. It's very, very difficult," he acknowledges.

"Our hotels will be lighthearted, with a bit of wit and humor about them." He pauses. "Nevertheless, given my druthers, I'd design small hotels in wonderful places." ♠

Graves's Choice

Hotel Bel-Air *(213) 472-1211*
701 Stone Canyon Rd.
Los Angeles, CA 90077
Number of rooms: 92
Price range: $195–$1,300

Beverly Hills Hotel *(213) 276-2251*
9641 Sunset Blvd.
Beverly Hills, CA 90210
Number of rooms: 270
Price range: $150–$265

The Remington *(713) 840-7600*
1919 Briar Oaks Lane
Houston, TX 77027
Number of rooms: 248
Price range: $165–$1,500

Mansion on Turtle Creek *(214) 559-2100*
2821 Turtle Creek Blvd.
Dallas, TX 75219
Number of rooms: 143
Price range: $175–$870

Charles Hotel *(617) 864-1200*
1 Bennett St.
Cambridge, MA 02138
Number of rooms: 299
Price range: $178–$1,200

The Westbury *(212) 535-2000*
15 East 69 St., New York, NY 10021
Number of rooms: 350
Price range: $210–$1,200

The Lowell *(212) 838-1400*
28 East 63 St., New York, NY 10021
Number of rooms: 65 suites
Price range: $190–$540

Mayfair Regent *(212) 288-0800*
610 Park Ave., New York, NY 10021
Number of rooms: 200
Price range: $210–$1,200

The Carlyle *(212) 744-1600*
35 East 76 St., New York, NY 10021
Number of rooms: 500
Price range: $250–$1,200

Hotel d'Inghilterra *672-161*
Via Bocca di Leone 14
00187 Rome
Number of rooms: 102
Price range: $182–$360

Hôtel de la Ville *6733*
Via Sistina 69, 00187 Rome
Number of rooms: 195
Price range: $190–$625

Blakes Hotel *370-6701*
33 Roland Gardens
London SW7
Number of rooms: 50
Price range: $187–$700

The Halcyon *727-7288*
81 Holland Park
London W11
Number of rooms: 44
Price range: $177–$700

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Digging Up-Scale

Seductive mail-order catalogues are causing gardeners to tool up. **Patricia Thorpe** separates the practical from the pretentious

One of the assumptions about gardening that makes it most attractive is that it doesn't take much stuff. And the tools you need don't cost much. In fact, it didn't occur to me that they cost anything at all; as the most recent of several generations of gardeners I thought that tools were things you *had*, not things you bought. Or tools were things you used, whether or not they originally had anything to do with gardening: Popsicle sticks, plastic knives, surgical forceps, milk jugs, the ubiquitous peach basket.

But now more people are beginning to garden with no easy familiarity with a garden's objects or traditions who are startled (or chagrined) to find what a marvelously makeshift enterprise gardening really is. Many of today's new gardening enthusiasts, like most recent converts, bring a determination to do it right backed with the financial wherewithal to guarantee success. That in itself is nothing to fear—after several decades of being a poverty-level leisure activity, gardening could use a little infusion of affluence—but when I heard about the $100 French rose clippers, I got a little worried. The further discovery that institutions as diverse as the Museum of Modern Art and Hermès were selling gardening tools really had me alarmed. The growing popularity of gardening is something from which we can only benefit, but these manifestations seem to indicate something much more sinister: could it be that gardening is now chic?

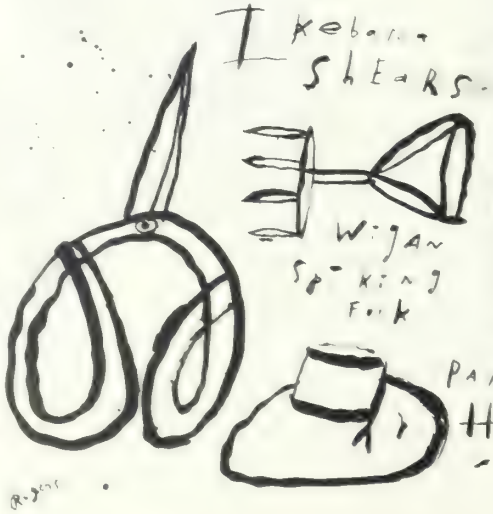
Closer investigation calmed my fears somewhat. The Museum of Modern Art's most singular gardening suggestion was a selection of plastic rakes in preschool colors—delightful in the sandbox, perhaps, but ridiculous in the garden. The rose clippers from Thiebaut in Paris and the Hermès pruning shears are something else—definitely chic, but more a display of the French simply being French than a general trend. The Thiebaut clippers are exquisite—fine French steel with handles of natural antler, razor-sharp, nicely balanced, and made to fit in what could only be described as a lady's hand. Six inches long and costing slightly over $100, this is not a tool for transforming the American landscape. The Hermès pruning shears are somewhat more serious, similar in size, weight, and cutting action to the best professional pruners and at $325 costing only ten times as much. The shears' handles are covered in pigskin and will be practically invisible should you dare to set them on the ground. (The Felco #2 pruner, a superb instrument and one of the most widely used professional tools, retails for around $32 and has handles covered in vivid red plastic. I have still managed to lose it, but only with great effort.)

These manifestations seem more sinister: could it be that gardening is now chic?

Perhaps a more pervasive symptom of growing garden trendiness can be found in the Smith & Hawken catalogue, if only because it reaches anyone who has ever even thought of gardening. S&H has a mailing list with the sensitivity and accuracy of a laser-directed ballistic missile, and this superlative marketing tool is matched by the persuasive power of the catalogue itself.

Photography and prose combine to create an image of gardening that is almost irresistible: gardening that is clean, serene, restful, and infinitely rewarding; gardening that is challenging yet easy, available to the young, the old, the infirm, the handicapped (but not the poor); gardening, in short, that is leisure in its most beautiful form. With a campaign like that, it is easy to see how the company grew in just eight years from two guys selling tools straight from a shipping container to an operation which last year did $20 million in business.

Can you take a tool catalogue seriously if half its pages are devoted to elaborate, beautiful, and expensive ways of sitting down? Armed with that prejudice I ignored Smith & Hawken; if I hadn't, I could have had a decent trowel for the last eight years. The great news is that their tools are terrific—solid, well-made, serious workers. (This is scarcely news, since it turns out that everyone I know, professional gardeners included, has been buying tools from them for years.) And they have a sensibly limited selection. This is not to say they don't display a few samples of the absurd, and yes, there are definitely some items of inescapable trendiness, one of which I had to fight hard to resist. S&H has a panama hat for $19.75 (they also have a fedora for $39, but we won't even consider that), and I even got as far as measuring my head and dividing by 3.14 as instructed. But after laboring with the fractions I had to admit I could not imagine anyone other than, possibly, Tom Wolfe gardening in this hat. Perhaps if I sauntered around in something by Laura Ashley or Ralph Lauren. But that look wouldn't really go with my Felco pruners and if I switched to the Thiebaut clippers, I'd have to change into Karl Lagerfeld, at least. Then what happens when I swing my pick?



LILLA ROGERS

Speaking of picks, the mainland of gardening still lies far from the shoals of the chic, don't worry. Just

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Pour from a satisfying reserve of power: Camry's twin cam, 16-valve EFI engine shrinks distance with 115 horsepower.

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The 1988 Toyota Camry is an inspired blend of refined power, graceful style, and plush comfort. In 1987, Camry was ranked #1 in its segment in customer satisfaction.* The heritage continues. Enhanced in 1988, Camry LE's sophisticated, fuel-efficient,** multi-valve engine delivers tireless cruising capabilities, quick acceleration, and plenty of passing power. Camry's ride is blissfully smooth and quiet, and front-wheel drive is an ally in any weather. Its flush, aerodynamic styling is a perfect finishing touch. And the new Camry Wagon is an extended version of the same satisfying story. 1988 Camry. Satisfaction, perfected.

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D. Power & Associates 1987 Customer Satisfaction
ith Product Quality and Dealer Service (for 1986 vehicles).
PA estimated 25 city/32 highway MPG for Camry LE with
CT 4-speed automatic overdrive transmission.
1987 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc.

TOYOTA QUALITY
WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE!

glance through a few catalogues such as Walt Nicke, Clapper's, Gardener's Supply, or A. M. Leonard.

Walt Nicke is my own favorite. Full of senior-citizen jokes and pictures of the grandchildren, it offers not only all the unglamorous indispensables of gardening, such as plastic plant labels, seed trays, and saucers, but also the best prices for Felco pruners. It is the antithesis of trendy and inadvertently supplies the perfect put-down to those in search of status: "If you prefer to garden with smart accessories"—they suggest a plastic trug. Clapper's carries a good selection of cultivation essentials, but their real forte is pruning supplies—a wide assortment of loppers, including the Porter "Forester." This formidable tool weighs about seven pounds, has a fiercely hooked beaklike cutter with ratchet action, and could easily sever a man's hand at the wrist. That may be what you're trying to avoid; it can also cut any branch or trunk up to about seven inches in diameter. Clapper's also offers a perfect gem of a folding pruning saw made by Corona. Corona is one of the best of the American tool manufacturers; in spite of being located in California and being the favorite of West Coast gardeners, it remains resolutely untouched by trendiness.

No one could accuse Hammacher Schlemmer of being untouched, but it has been an institution of bizarre merchandising for so long that I'm not really worried about it. Hammacher Schlemmer has always balanced delicately between the buyable and the unbelievable and often succeeds in combining the two, as in their solar-charged garden sprayer, which harnesses one natural phenomenon in order to wipe out others, utilizing the somewhat unreliable power of the sun to replace the timeless ecological combination of air pressure and elbow grease. All this for $620. Yes, they have a hat, too: a solar-powered, ventilated pith helmet for $49.95. As you probably guessed, it has a tiny built-in propellerlike fan. It is perfectly hideous and very reassuring: it's not going to tempt me out of my Mets cap, men's pajamas, surgical gloves, and blue sneakers. Gardening chic may be on its way, but we still have some time to hide before it arrives. ▲



Garden Tools

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25 Corte Madera
Mill Valley, CA 94941
(415) 383-4050

Walt Nicke
36 McLeod Lane
Box 433
Topsfield, MA 01983
(617) 887-3388

Clapper's
1125 Washington St.
West Newton, MA 02165
(617) 244-7909

Gardener's Supply
128 Intervale Rd.
Burlington, VT 05401
(802) 863-1700

A. M. Leonard
6665 Spiker Rd.
Piqua, OH 45356
(800) 543-8955

Hammacher Schlemmer
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New York, NY 10022
(212) 421-9000

Hermès
11 East 57 St.
New York, NY 10022
(212) 759-7585

Corona Clipper Co.
1540 East 6 St.
Corona, CA 91719
(714) 737-6515

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HG STYLE

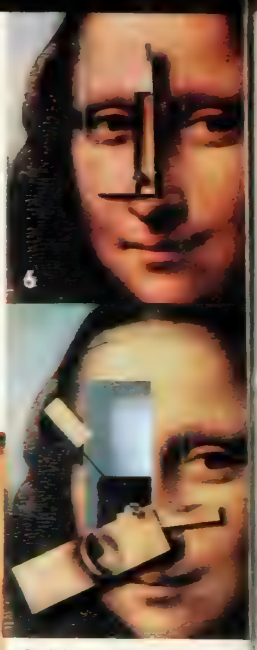
Art is everywhere— even on clocks and chairs

Picasso, Miró, Delaunay, Chagall, and Léger were not only painters but textile designers as well. And in early-twentieth-century England the artists of the Omega Workshop took the inside of the house as their canvas. Today Susan Seaberry, a Los Angeles–based artist, cuts cotton fabric to size and paints it pinned to the wall before using it to upholster a chair. Years ago Robert Denning and Vincent Fourcade introduced a textile based on a painting by the photographer Jacques Henri Lartigue. The fabric launched their decorating career and now covers their dining-room walls. Says Denning, ''It works well in a room with no windows or view. It is instant light.'' Gustav Klimt and the Museum of Modern Art's 1987 exhibition ''Vienna 1900'' inspired the Vienna Revisited collection from Westgate. Clarence House's Homage à Picasso, Giacometti Zoo, and Jeu de Cartes reflect a new direction for the fabric company. CEO Robin Roberts explains, ''Art is the most important part of a fine interior. We are bringing our customer textiles such as these artists might have designed for themselves.'' **Laurie Schechter**



1. Westgate's Klimt-inspired Innsbruck, from the Vienna Revisited collection.
2. Clarence House Jeu de Cartes.
3. Casablanca, reminiscent of Impressionism, from Roger Arlington.
4. Homage à Picasso and **5.** Giacometti Zoo, both from Clarence House.

1–5, MONICA STEVENSON & MASAO VEDA
7, TIM STREET-PORTER & KONSTANTIN



6. Mona Lisa clock by Constantin Boym.
7. Denning and Fourcade's dining-room wallcovering, after Lartigue.
8. Susan Seaberry chair inspired by Picasso.







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HG STYLE

Screens stand on their own—imitating armoires, re-creating skylines, even putting plumbing fixtures to decorative use

The Chinese invented them for draft protection in the eighth century B.C.; the Western world adopted them, but not until the modern era have screens become movable art forms. Mel Shawl, a Pennsylvania-based furniture maker, paints his favorite theme, imaginary skylines, on plywood. A Mustique vacation inspired David Hockney's first screen, a lithograph collage called *Caribbean Tea Time*. Fornasetti's screen—a lacquered trompe l'oeil armoire—is a 1950s design being manufactured now. Alvar Aalto made his undulating rollable design in 1935–36. Eric Raffy's Atlantic screen, with its shape inspired by a breaking wave and porthole-like openings, has a 1930s ocean liner feel. Says Babette Holland, whose screens bring elegance to copper pipes and fittings, "Houses have gotten so small they need special pieces in them." Fiam's *Paravento Vojuer* and Christian Liaigre's *Paravento* play on the definition of the screen by using sandblasted glass and cutouts. **L.S.**



1. Screen by Mel Shawl. **2.** Fiam screen. **3.** Wardrobe screen by Fornasetti. **4.** Raffy ship screen. **5.** Liaigre wooden screen.

6. Babette Holland screen. **7.** David Hockney's *Caribbean Tea Time*, handmade paper, lithography and collage.

1 COURTESY PACE 2 COURTESY PACE 3 PAUL SMITH 4 DEID [illegible] INTERNA DESIGNS 6 ANTOINE BOCZ 7 STEVEN SLOMAN

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Campari and Orange Juice

Campari and Soda

Campari on the rocks

CAMPARI. THE SPIRIT OF ITALY.

HG STYLE

Maps—graphic alternatives with a worldview

Maps are gaining favor as decorative elements, on and off the wall. E. Forbes Smiley III, a dealer in antique globes and maps, says that "maps have a history similar to botanical prints—they were designed, engraved, and colored to impress the eye." His English library globes, circa 1736, are among the earliest examples in this country. Maps are also the inspiration for Dan Friedman's tables. He says, "People are accustomed to aerial views." Two craftsmen at the Isabel O'Neil Foundation for the Art of the Painted Finish decorated the top of a Regency-style pedestal table with an adaptation of a sixteenth-century map. Adding wit to dining tables: a highway tablecloth, Paris map napkin, and rubber-tire napkin ring, from Chateau X. Floor plans, essentially maps of houses, inspire two rugs from V'Soske: architect Richard Meier's *Rug #1* is based on a house he designed in Pittsburgh; Le Corbusier's villas are the inspiration for architect Anthony Ames's *Villa Study #1*. Each rug creates its own interior landscape. **L.S.**

1. Isabel O'Neil Foundation tabletop. **2.** *Globe of ye Earth* by John Senex, c. 1736, and **3.** Dutch wall map, 1656, both at E. Forbes Smiley III. **4.** Wool *Villa Study #1* rug by Anthony Ames. **5.** Dan Friedman's Africa table. **6.** Chateau X place setting. **7.** *Rug #1* by Richard Meier.

1. COURTESY ISABEL O'NEIL FOUNDATION 2. MICHAEL MUNDY 3. NO CREDIT 4. 7. COURTESY V'SOSKE 5. JOE COSCIA 6. JESSE FROHMAN



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twelve delightfully different teapots reflecting 300 years of porcelain history,
from the world's foremost museum of decorative arts.

Only the Victoria & Albert in London has a collection of porcelain teapots like this! And for the very first time in its history, the Museum has issued a collection of authentic *full-scale* re-creations from its irreplaceable treasury.

Each one of the twelve originals selected for the collection was made and decorated by hand a hundred years or more ago. Yet, as important as this collection is historically, its charm and beauty are even more outstanding. For these captivating teapots are wonderfully varied in size, shape and decoration. And together, they represent the height of porcelain artistry throughout the world.

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Talley sheet

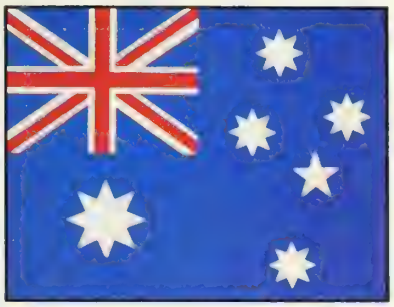
Picnics plus for summer . . . Antique majolica . . . Wheelbarrows come to the table . . . Fresh view—Irving Penn flowers . . .

For long summer days and outdoor living: Barneys New York Chelsea Passage premier finds include majolica cheese keeps, antique watering cans, imported French table linens and napkins. T. Anthony, the New York luggage shop, carries picnic baskets complete with French porcelain. • The sewing stand from the Willow Tree in Palm Beach is a perfect parking spot for summer coolers. Other Willow Tree antiques: rare majolica pitchers and birdcages. Say thank you or spark up the table for lunch alfresco with a moss-covered wheelbarrow from the Breakers Flower Shop, Palm Beach. Honored guests can also leave behind Irving Penn's classic bouquet, from *Flowers*, reissued by Harmony Books. • A summer standard: the T-shirt, crocheted, from Pat Crowley, the Dublin-based designer, is seen here on Lucie de La Falaise, with Ralph Lauren jeans and an Eric Javits hat. **André Leon Talley**

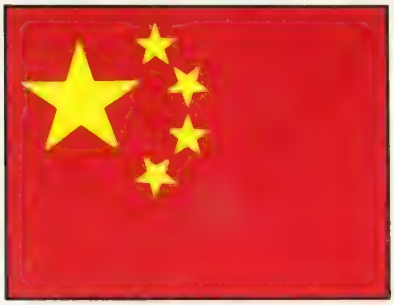


1. Antique French birdcage from the Willow Tree, Palm Beach. **2.** Gingham-lined picnic basket with antique majolica cheese keeps, from Barneys New York. **3.** George Jones rope-handled pitcher c. 1870 and cat-handled pitcher in a wicker sewing stand, from the Willow Tree. **4.** Moss-covered wheelbarrow. **5.** Cotton picnic linens, boldly patterned tablecloth, quilted Chanel pouch for picnics. **6.** T. Anthony wicker hamper, with French porcelain; blanket, Ralph Lauren Home Collection. **7.** Pat Crowley shirt worn by Lucie de La Falaise. **8.** Tiger lily photo by Irving Penn.

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AUSTRALIA



CHINA



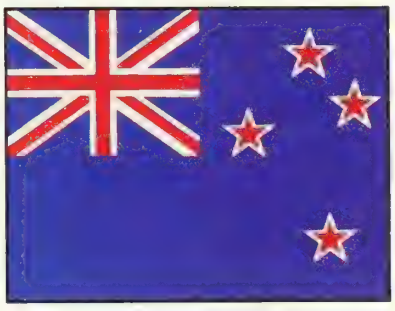
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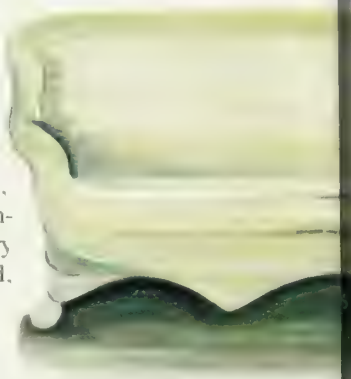

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The ball gown, in full bloom. Bianca Jagger completes the look with six-button opera gloves. At Chanel, Valentino, YSL, couture dresses recall Franz Winterhalter's romantic nineteenth-century portraits. Says Chanel's Karl Lagerfeld, "I started by glancing at Winterhalter's paintings, but I ended up imagining an evening in Argentina. My dress is more a response to the timeless elegance of the tango than a costume look." • For his country house outside Paris, Lagerfeld ordered a wicker sofa from a French mail-order house. Ralph Lauren Home Collection has everything from highboy chests to beds in new wicker furniture. His wicker comes in three stains—natural, black, and fresh white. • The rooftop garden of Carlos de Beistegui was the scene of legendary parties. With garden furniture, fireplace, and oval mirror, the terrace looks as stylish today as in its heyday in the 1930s. **A.L.T.**

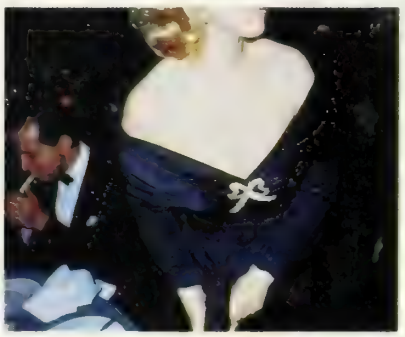








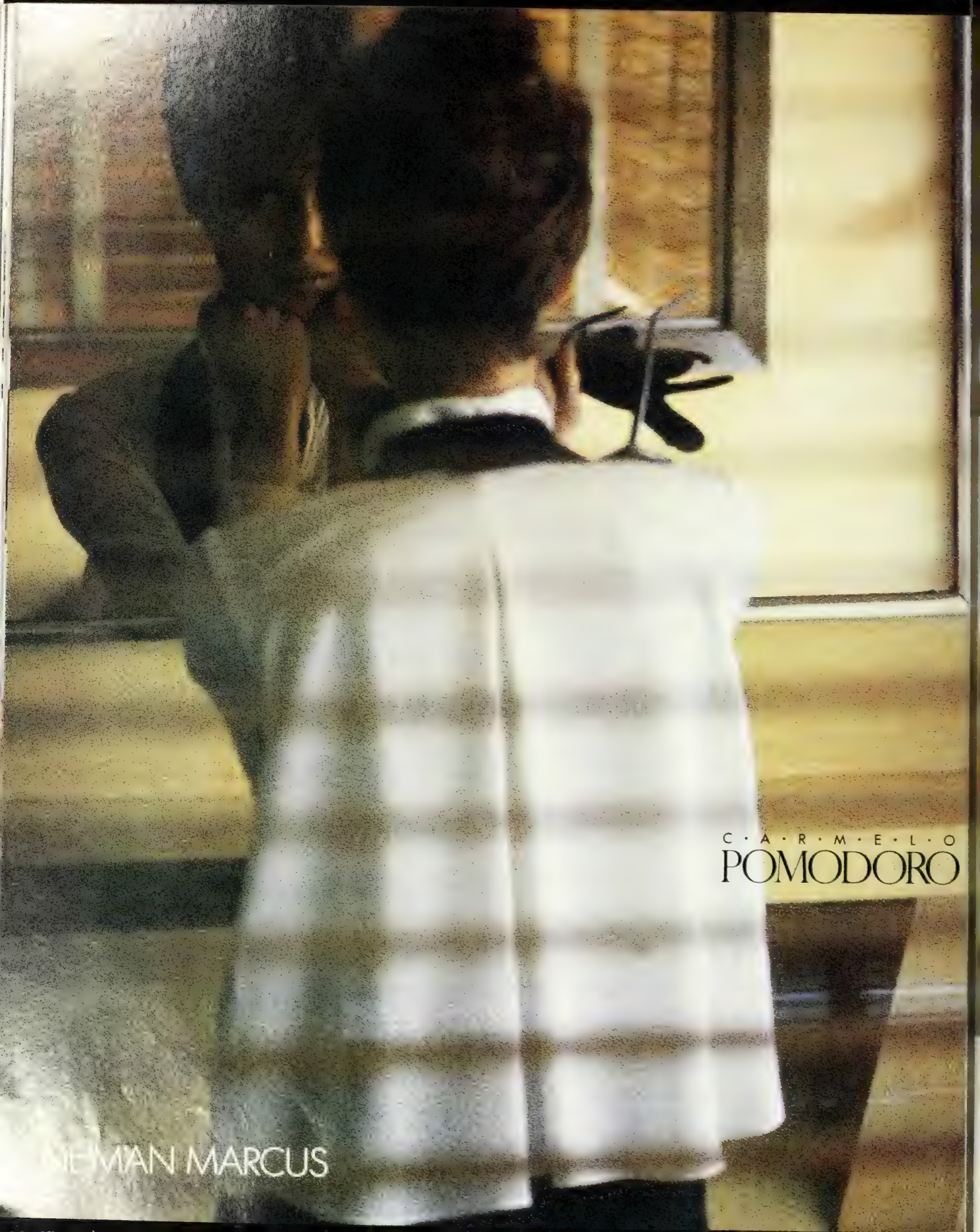
1. Nell Campbell in red "rubber" dress. **2.** Bianca Jagger in Ronald Mann dress and gloves. **3.** Balmain's silk taffeta dress, drawn by Joe Eula. **4.** Valentino's floral silk chiffon and **5.** dotted silk dress. **6.** Lagerfeld's wicker sofa. **7.** Ralph Lauren wicker chair. **8.** Beistegui's terrace overlooking the Champs-Élysées.



The right look: Joy Corinne Henderiks, a vice president for Yves Saint Laurent, in YSL's version of Winterhalter-portrait neckline in satin with matching skirt.

1, 2 MARY HILLIARD 3 JOE EULA 4, 5 ANDRE LEON TALLEY 6 MICHAEL COOPER 7 MICHAEL MUNDY 8 NO CREDIT BOX ANDRE LEON TALLEY


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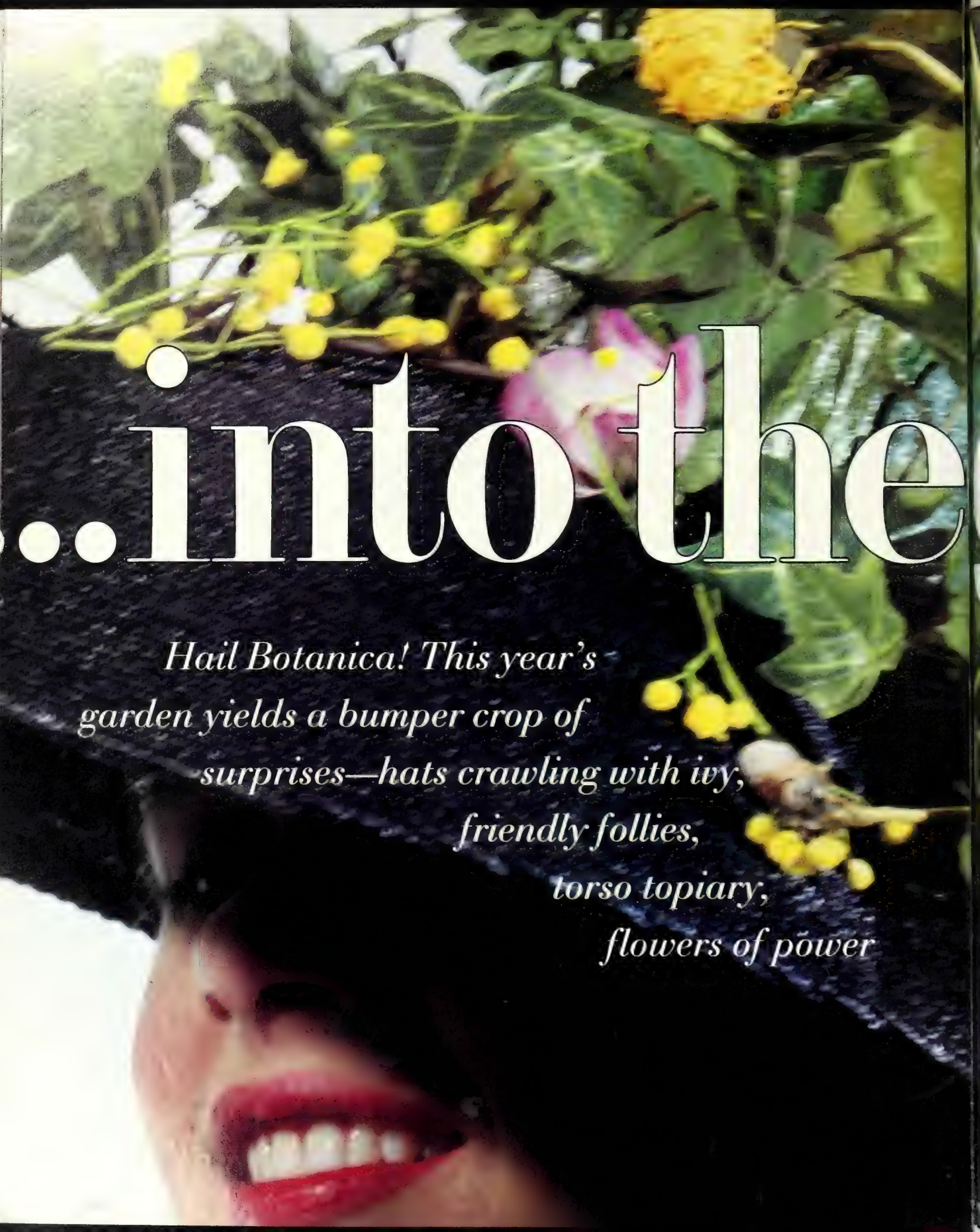
Above: Senga Mortimer's garden rooms. Top: Lucie de La Falaise in YSL Rive Gauche, details page 216.

new talent

comes into the garden! Celebrating our June theme, we visit *Senga Mortimer*'s beautiful garden designed as a series of open-air rooms and another Long Island garden made almost entirely of grasses. We ask architects *Michael Graves*, *Laurinda Spear*, and *Stanley Tigerman* to design **garden furniture,** and we turn three top hairdressers loose to cut a **topiary.** We take you behind the scenes with *Robert Isabell*, who creates Manhattan's most breathtaking flower arrangements, and we find horticultural inspiration in **hats, frocks, and furnishing fabrics.** We don't forget vegetables: Rachel Lambert Mellon describes **Louis XIV's kitchen garden** at Versailles, and Jeffrey Steingarten warns about *Salad, the Silent Killer*. The famous garden designer *Russell Page* is remembered with respect and exasperation. We recall *Lady Diana Cooper*'s sense of style and offer a young boy's memory of *Gertrude Jekyll* and a rabbit. If all of this outdoor stuff is too much for you, Rosamond Bernier has touching memories of **Braque,** and we show you the homes of *Nicky Haslam*, decorator to royalty, and of photographers *Robert Mapplethorpe*, *Sheila Metzner*, and *Herb Ritts*. —*Anna Wintour*



Top: Russell Page by Hirschfeld. Above: Hats by Philippe Model, details page 216. Left: Watering can by Stanley Tigerman.



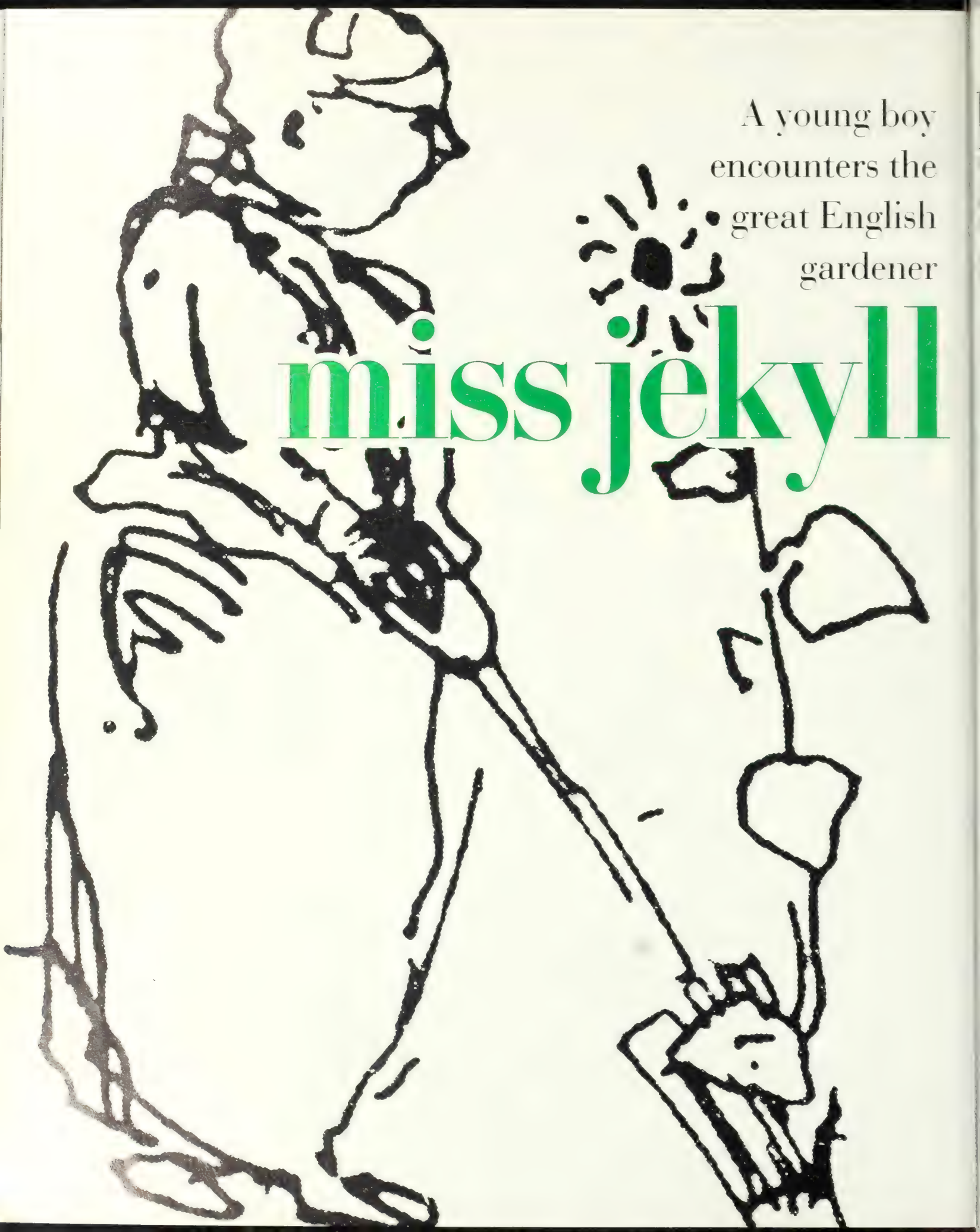
...into the

Hail Botanica! This year's garden yields a bumper crop of surprises—hats crawling with ivy, friendly follies, torso topiary, flowers of power



garden

Philippe Model hat worn by Alexa Hampton, daughter of Mark Hampton. Garden fork from Smith & Hawken. Hair/makeup: Ron Lewis for Bumble & Bumble, NYC. Style: Gabé Doppelt. Details page 216.



A young boy encounters the great English gardener

miss jekyll

My mother was quite friendly with Miss Jekyll at first. There are photos of my older brothers in floppy hats clambering about on a high bank where sand martins made their nests. They are in Miss Jekyll's book *Children and Gardens* published in 1908.

But then Miss Jekyll asked my mother if she could include the plan of our heather garden in an article she was writing. Miss Jekyll wrote, "A friend and neighbor, by no means lacking imagination, has planted the most hideous heather garden I have ever seen." My mother never spoke to her again, but by that time Miss Jekyll and I were friends. She was about eighty and I was eleven, and I would bicycle secretly to see her.

To enjoy her fascinating company I had to drink, upon arrival, a glass of raspberry juice and vinegar. I never knew why she insisted on this disagreeable form of hospitality.

She lived in a house designed by her protégé Edwin Lutyens. It was made of Bargate stone and reflected the new and fashionable notion that you could build a house for Ladies and Gentlemen which was suitable but unassuming. She and I would investigate every foot of her large higgledy-piggledy garden. One day I said, "Oh, Miss Jekyll what is that beautiful tree?" She looked down at me and said, "*Prunus malus floribunda purpurea*—remember it."

I often accompanied my mother when she was asked to tea by Miss Jekyll's brother, Sir Herbert Jekyll. Sir Herbert was baffled by his spinster sister who "spent her life with a trowel in her hand." He preferred the company of worldly people like Lady Asquith, whom I disliked because she pinched my ears.

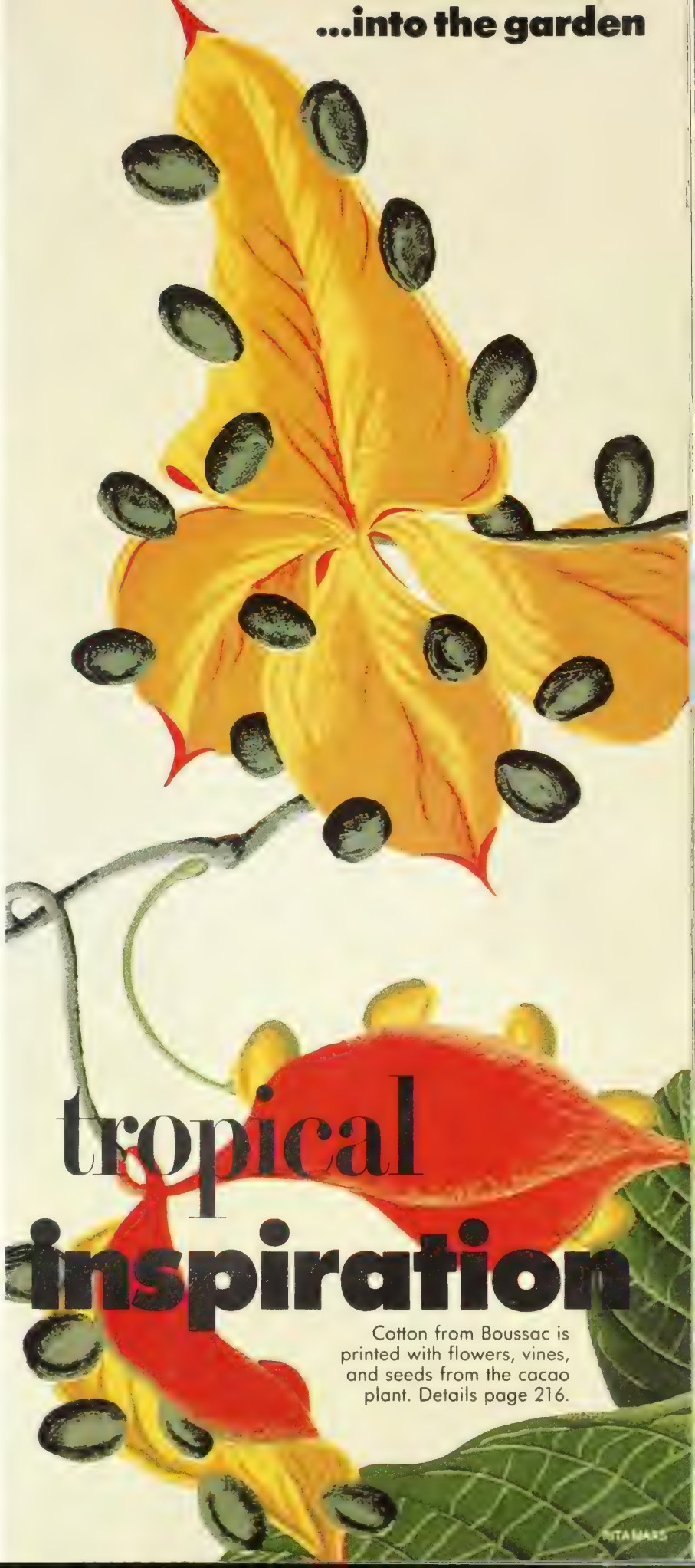
I was lucky to call on Miss Jekyll on an afternoon that she was going to plant a basketful of *Lilium giganteum*. I carried the heavy basket till we got to the place the gardener had prepared. "Where's the rabbit?" said Miss Jekyll. The gardener reached behind a tree and handed her a freshly killed rabbit. Miss Jekyll threw it into the hole. The gardener added a little leaf mold, just enough to cover the rabbit, followed by an inch or two of coarse sand. "Now," said Miss Jekyll, "always seat bulbs clockwise," and she promptly seated all the bulbs firmly in the sand with a twist to the right, clockwise, and the gardener covered the bulbs with topsoil, and that was that. I went back and looked at the lilies four months later, and they were already five feet high.

I think Miss Jekyll was a magician, but all good gardeners are. ▲

David Pleydell-Bouverie

and i

tropical inspiration



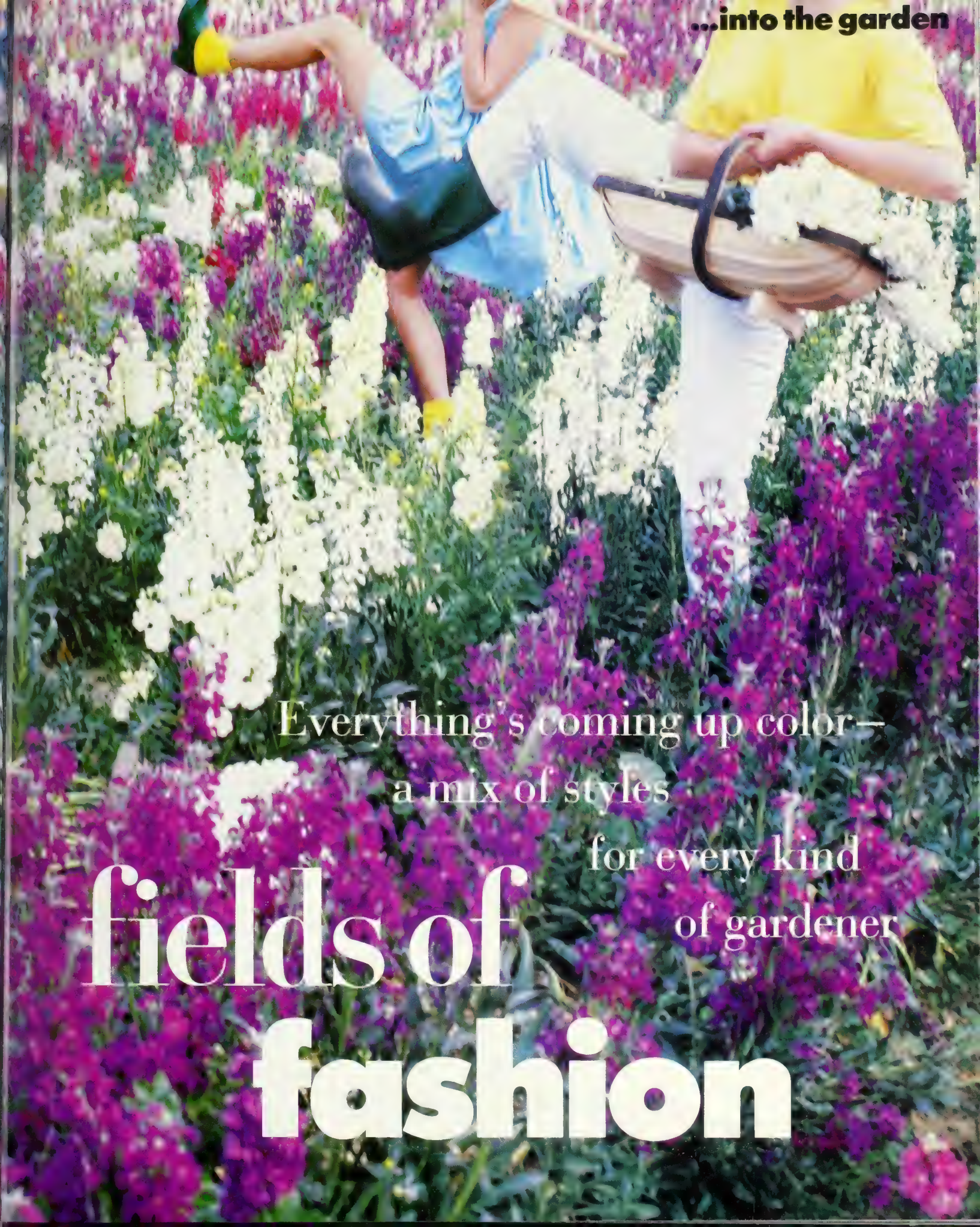
Cotton from Boussac is printed with flowers, vines, and seeds from the cacao plant. Details page 216.

VIN LUTYENS FROM *MISS JEKYLL PORTRAIT OF A GARDENER* (DAVID & CHARLES)



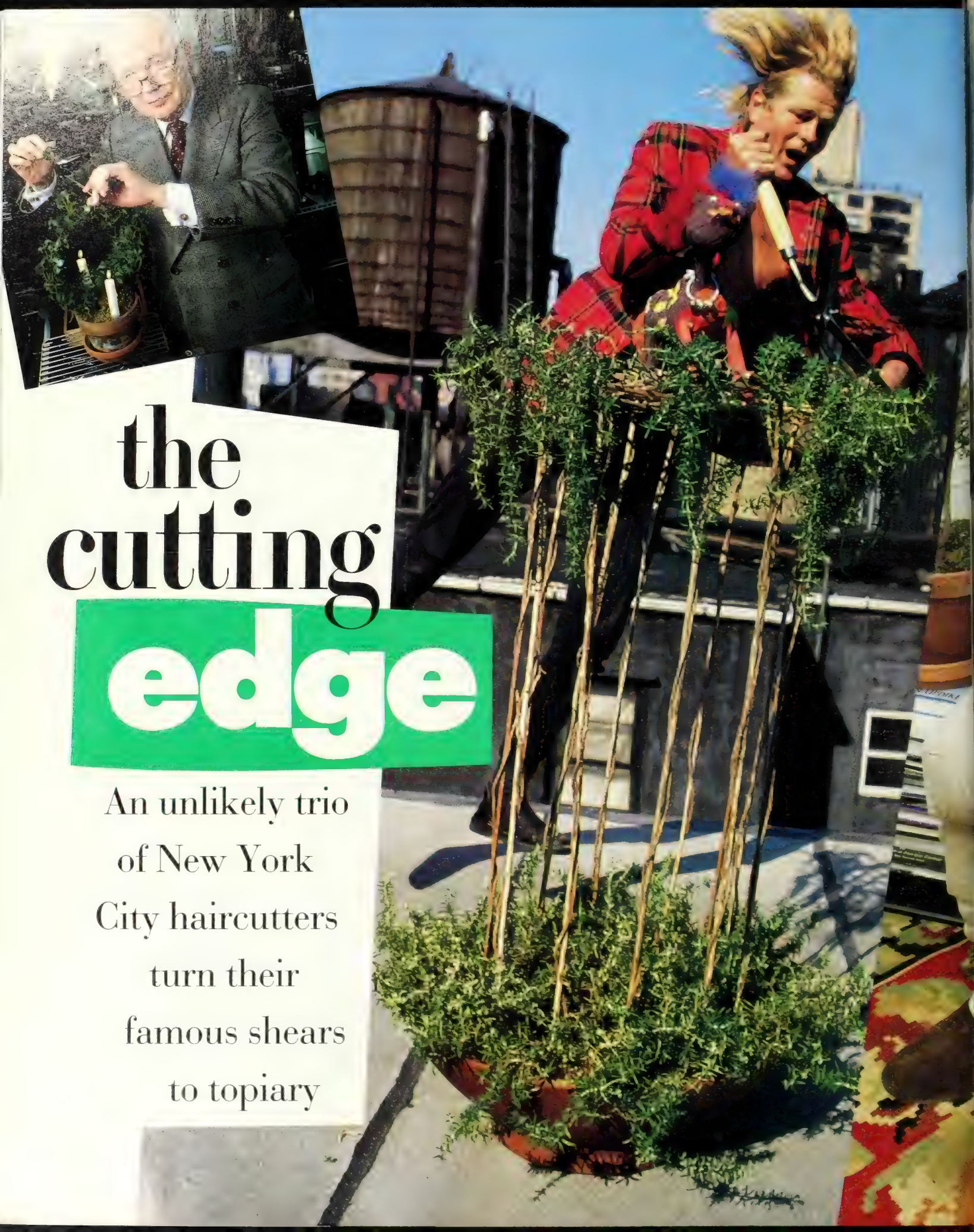
Stomping through the stock at Fisher Farm in Lompoc, California: floral chiffon jumpsuits, Jean-Paul Gaultier; silk Lolita dress, Paul Golding; Gap T-shirt and Ralph Lauren jeans; leather bag, L. L. Bean; gardening footwear, tools from Smith & Hawken. Details page 216. Style: André Leon Talley.

MAX VADUKUL



Everything's coming up color—
a mix of styles
for every kind
of gardener

fields of fashion



the cutting edge

An unlikely trio of New York City haircutters turn their famous shears to topiary

...into the garden



Didier Malige grew a topiarylike torso of ivy over a wooden frame: "You try to imagine a shape and make it happen. Mine was inspired by Jean-Paul Gaultier." Opposite: **Christiaan** looked at his raw materials, in this case rosemary, and created a "living pedestal. You have to walk around natural things and see something in them." Opposite inset: **Kenneth** fashioned a coronet and found the exercise a "form of pruning, though hair is easier."

MAX VADUKUL



Three architects look out the window to the garden to see what could be there

garden follies

Arquitectonica's **Laurinda Spear** brings Memphis to Miami in her wavy-back garden bench, right. **Michael Graves** pictures morning coffee outside in the fresh air with his bow-tied spade table, above. "It's a play on the play," quips the ever-mischievous **Stanley Tigerman** of his Elephant Can watering can, left.


...into the garden

isabell in bloom

The social life of Manhattan would wilt without Robert Isabell, the city's reigning Flower King

Robert Isabell is perhaps the only person in New York who shows up at more parties than Bianca Jagger. And like Ms. Jagger, Isabell always arrives with a very attentive entourage (although in his case it's fifteen kids who look as if they'd just been collectively tossed out of Choate). But unlike Ms. Jagger, Isabell and company tend to arrive unfashionably early—say, eight to ten hours before party time—making a not-so-grand entrance with cartons of candles, racks of just-pressed tablecloths, and, of course, more flowers than you thought existed this side of paradise.

"I can't talk now, Gayfryd Steinberg is waiting," Isabell screams from the cellular phone in his black Jaguar XJ-S. He's on his way to the Park Avenue triplex of the queen of New York's Nouvelle Society to finalize plans for the matrimonial merger of the year—Saul Steinberg's daughter Laura and Preston Tisch's son Jonathan—and he's late. Unfortunately, Isabell can't talk about the wedding later that day either.

It is unusual for a vow of silence to be imposed on a florist by his client, but Isabell's clients are not ordinary people, nor is he an ordinary florist. Ordinary florists do not drench derelict basement nightclubs in metallic silver paint so that those at a memorial luncheon for Andy Warhol will be reminded of the late artist's infamous Factory. Ordinary florists do not set out 5,340 candles in architect Cesar Pelli's World Financial Center Winter Garden so that 620 guests can view fashion designer Christian Lacroix's new collections in a flattering light. Ordinary florists do not fly jasmine in from Hawaii for the chandeliers at Le Cirque's L'Orangerie so that the stage will be aromatically set when Carolina Herrera uncorks her new perfume for the press. And ordinary florists most certainly do not dismiss a second request for two-year-old photographs of a certain wedding in Hyannis Port with a withering, "I told you already, Mrs. Onassis wouldn't like it."

It's a very long way from tending a tiny flower shop in Bergdorf Goodman to tenting Rose Kennedy's backyard for her granddaughter's wedding party, and Isabell has made the journey in only seven years. The boy from "nowhere," Minnesota, is now everywhere in Manhattan that women in Scaasi gowns and men in bespoke dinner jackets gather after dark. Isabell rose to his current preeminence through the rank and file of New York City hostesses. A few well-placed orchids for a dinner party here, a memorable arrangement delivered to a famous socialite there, and word gets around—at least on Manhattan's Upper East Side. "I have style and taste," claims the 35-year-old Isabell, and it's true. His high-profile weddings and blockbuster parties may cost hundreds of thousands at times, but they never cross that delicate line between lavish and vulgar. Is it criminal to spend so much money on a party? "Not if it's the event of someone's life or if it's for charity, which they usually are," reports Isabell.

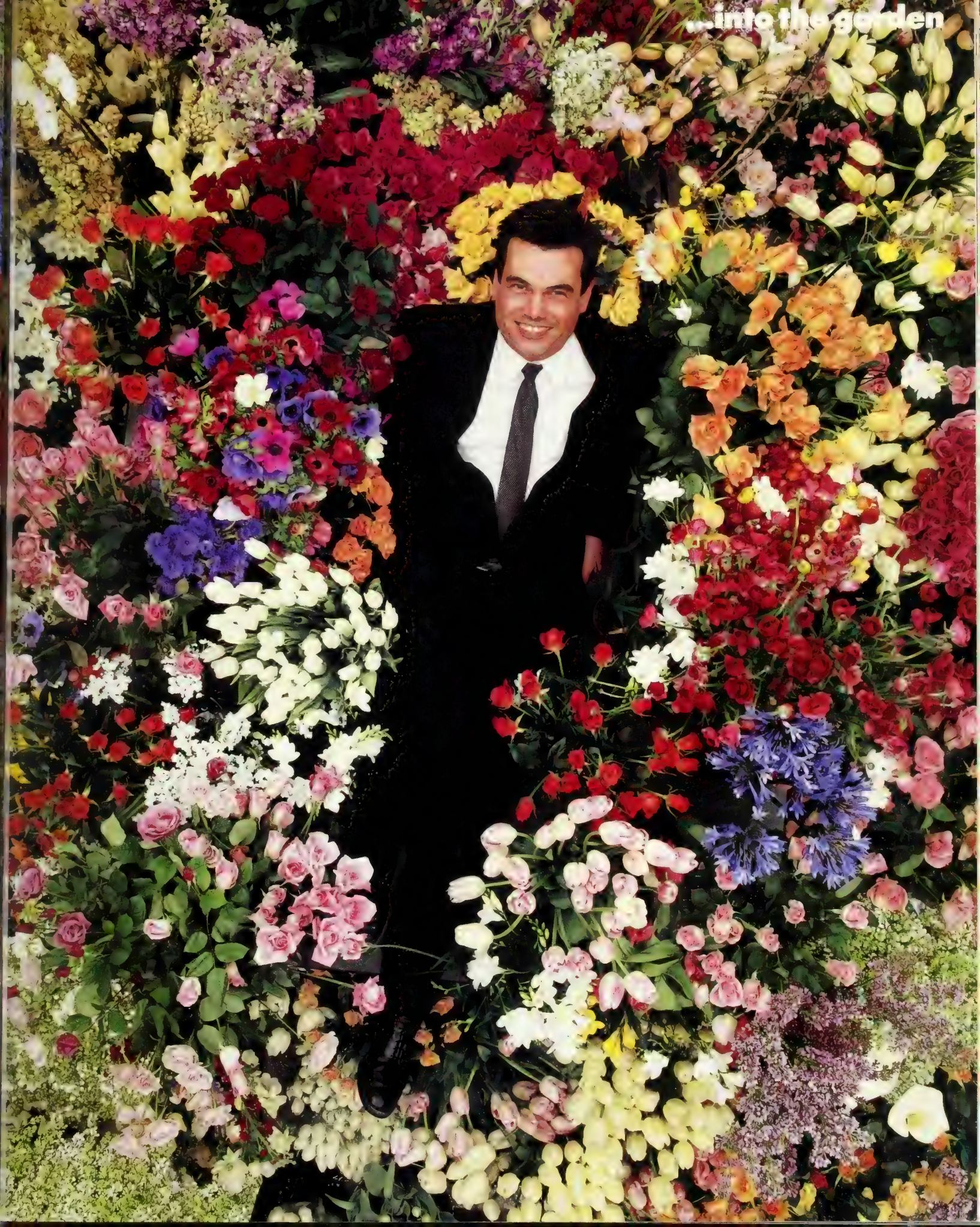
And what happens to all those roses and irises and tulips and lilies after the party is over? Isabell gives them to the waiters. "My clients aren't the type who take the centerpieces home."

Charles Gandee



Robert Isabell, right, amidst the $40,000 worth of cut flowers that just happened to be in his Greenwich Village studio one typical Tuesday.

GEORGE LANGE


...into the garden



Garden ROOMS



Folly à deux: The pergola, above, that inspired Senga Mortimer at the cottage at Badminton, then the home of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort. Opposite: Her own version, showered with the pale pink climber 'New Dawn' and 'White Dawn'.

Amateurs make the best gardeners, says Senga Mortimer, and her own Southampton garden may be the best proof. She tells ***Charles Gandee*** *how she took inspiration from history and cultivated an inviting outdoor architecture*

"You have to have lasting structure in a garden, otherwise it won't work. Trees or walls or hedges provide spatial definition. You must create shapes that last, since flowers disappear with the seasons."



PETER MARGONELLI



Privet-izing the garden: The early-summer border with tall bearded iris, peonies, Himalayan geranium, lupine, white geraniums, and catmint. Just visible beyond the gate is the round garden.



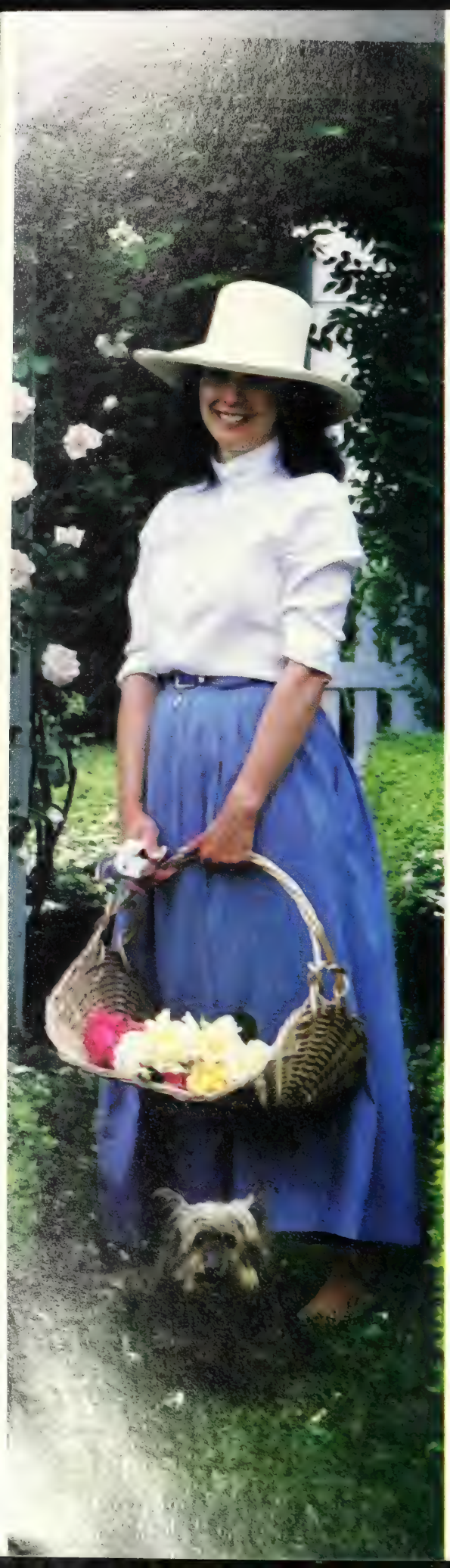
Since I didn't want anyone to see the garden from the road and since I didn't have a zillion dollars to spend on brick walls. I put in privet. From the front of the house you don't even know the garden is there"

PETER MARGONELI



"The only thing worse than instant landscaping is instant decorating. I hate them both. I'm always changing, so why shouldn't my garden continually evolve? We're both works in progress"

Down the garden path: A walkway, above, bordered with hostas—Hadspen blue, *Hosta sieboldiana* 'Elegans', and lovepat—selected for their bluish leaves. Opposite: The full late-summer border with pink monarda, yellow hybrid daylilies, lamb's-ears, dark pink 'Claridge Druse' geraniums, and artemisia.



A lot of people in Southampton claim to be gardeners but they're not—their gardeners are gardeners"

Don't bother telling Senga Mortimer you're a gardener unless you have the hands to prove it. She'll want to see callouses, broken fingernails, and blisters, the telltale battle scars of hand-to-hand combat with Mother Nature. If you don't have them she'll dismiss you as a dilettante—no second chances, no apologetic explanations about "the most wonderful little pair of gloves." Senga Mortimer is very tough on the subject because in her mind a garden is no place for sissies.

Mrs. Mortimer knows whereof she speaks. Seven years ago HG's gardening editor and her husband traded in their weekend gate house for a larger house in Southampton. "I didn't really want the house, but how could I say no to three acres of land just begging to be a garden?" asks Senga. She couldn't.

The first order of business was to change the house's name from Whitewood to Aluminum Abbey: "It may have been white, but it most certainly was not wood." The next logical item on the agenda should have been remodeling the two-story house, which needed it. But the new mistress of Aluminum Abbey turned her back on the house and commenced work on the garden, which has since become her passion and, not surprisingly, her manicurist's fortune.

Mrs. Mortimer's approach, at least in those first years, might be termed hit-or-miss. The impulse to extend the house's central hall out into the landscape with a grand privet-lined allée was a great success; the vegetable garden, on the other hand, a dismal failure. "My children refuse to put anything green in their mouths, and even if they could be persuaded, it's cheaper to buy green things at the roadstand than grow them."

Out came the vegetable garden. In search of something her three children wouldn't turn up their noses at, Mrs. Mortimer hit on the idea of a rose garden, filled not with "those modern hybrids but with old roses with wonderful names like 'Félicité Parmentier', 'Gloire des Mousseux', 'Cardinal de Richelieu', 'Reine des Violettes', 'Boule de Neige'." The rose garden's crowning glory is a lattice pergola, "borrowed" from the Duke of Beaufort's cottage at Badminton, thanks to a handy 35-mm Canon Senga took with her when she paid a call on the duke and duchess one summer.

Although she has also been accused of borrowing the concept for the series of outdoor rooms flanking her garden's central allée from Vita Sackville-West's garden, Mrs. Mortimer protests: "I'm embarrassed to say I've never been to Sissinghurst—really I haven't." Rather, the beautifully proportioned sequence of round, square, and rectangular garden rooms was inspired, according to their architect, by an overwhelming desire not to look at the swimming pool. Even tucked away in a far corner of the garden, the pool was still partially visible until Senga erected four walls of privet. As any architect will attest, once you start building, it's hard to stop.

But in the end the green walls that divide the garden are merely an armature. Neat, rigid, disciplined, and more than a bit formal, they attempt to tame the glorious chaos of borders and beds bursting with lilies, geraniums, peonies, poppies, violas, pinks, and veronica.

Does she do it all by herself? Not quite. Senga Mortimer does in fact enlist assistance from outside the family from time to time. But somehow it never quite works out: "They always try to get creative and start doing things like sneaking in orange flowers, which I cannot bear. So off they go. After all, this is my garden." ♠

CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES

PETER MARGONE



Borderline passion: In early summer the garden spills forth with Siberian iris, foxglove, 'Festiva Maxima' peonies, red and pink Oriental poppies, and 'Wargrave Pink' geraniums. Opposite: Senga Mortimer, gathering the bounty of her hard work.

No one had a greater impact on garden design—or more rich and powerful clients—than Russell Page. **Senga Mortimer** talks to those who worked with, battled with, and loved the controversial master

The Garden Pa




Rhododendron cove at the Paleys' Kiluna Farm


Ungilded lilies at the Frick

Modestly born, only moderately educated, and mostly underpaid, Russell Page nonetheless climbed to the top of his profession. At his death in 1985 he left a legacy of scores of beautiful and influential gardens in eleven countries—and a host of admiring yet exasperated clients. They were among the most illustrious, demanding, and knowledgeable figures of the day. Here they speak of this difficult, brilliant man who had an instinctive understanding of all that a garden could be—but who never created one for himself.

Michael Tree: He was not a man who can be remembered. He was like talking about the Ritz.

Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe: He was very eccentric. And he was very intimidating. My wife knew him inside out. Russell and my wife used to be terribly amusing in the office. I used to call them Dilli and Tante. Which one was Dilli I did not quite know.

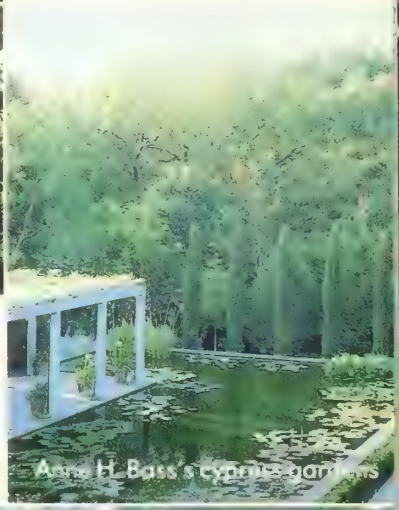
C. Z. Guest: He was an incredible man. He was a great big, tall, handsome, marvelous man, a man of affairs, of the world. Savoir faire he had. And he was such a gentleman. God, women were crazy about him. He was really what you'd call a scholar.


Starting dog chin: Babe Paley

Babe liked him very much. But he was very peculiar. I had the feeling he didn't just want to work for you, he wanted to socialize with you, too.

—William Paley

Thomas Vail's garden


Anne H. Bass's cypress garden

He became your three- or four-day houseguest. He liked good food. And every day he would have tea. —Thomas Vail

Guy de Rothschild: He wasn't a hardy fellow in the sense of those beefy English people who when it's cold they like it and when it's colder they think it's even better. He was much more refined and artistic than that. I'm quite sure that he had, let's say, a rather complicated emotional life.

Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe: I think that what Mr. Page did was make himself attractive only to those he wanted to make himself attractive to. And if he felt that they were not accepting him, then he just turned the charm off.

Duke of Beaufort: I don't think he was rude—I think he was perhaps rather tactless, with people's gardeners especially. He didn't get on with them. He was very touchy. He always thought people were treating him like a tradesman, through the back door and all that sort of thing. In fact, they were all delighted to have him—he was a very agreeable and intelligent man.

Anne H. Bass: He was immediately turned off by vulgarity. He said he could tell in two minutes about potential clients just by looking at the ashtrays in their houses.

Geraldine Stutz: C.Z. asked Russell to design my garden and


Orderly profusion at Leeds Castle

HIRSCHFELD © 1988
PRESENTED BY MARGO FEIDEN GALLERIES

he replied, "C.Z., dear, as I said, I'm too old. I don't want to—and I'm too crochety to deal with ladies; I have this wonderful thing going with PepsiCo and I'm finishing the island off Chile, and please, spare me private ladies." But C.Z. is dogged.

Eventually, about a year later, Russell said, "Alllll right, C.Z. I will go see Mrs. Gibbs's garden under the most stringent circumstances in the world." He was in New York consulting with PepsiCo, and he said, "If she will pick me up at the Carlyle Hotel promptly at nine on Saturday morning and see that arrangements are made for me to be back in town by seven, I will come and take a look."

To me being anywhere promptly at nine on a Saturday morning is kind of wild. I appeared at the Carlyle, and standing under that canopy is this tall man in exactly the right kind of worn corduroy and gum boots with an easy jacket and a scarf twirled twice around his shoulders, wearing a beret because it was raining. He was very tall, maybe six feet seven. And wonderful. He was like a tree who had been out against the elements, as he had been for seventy years. Everything was oversize but elegantly attenuated. Long pants, long fingers, and body, very graceful.

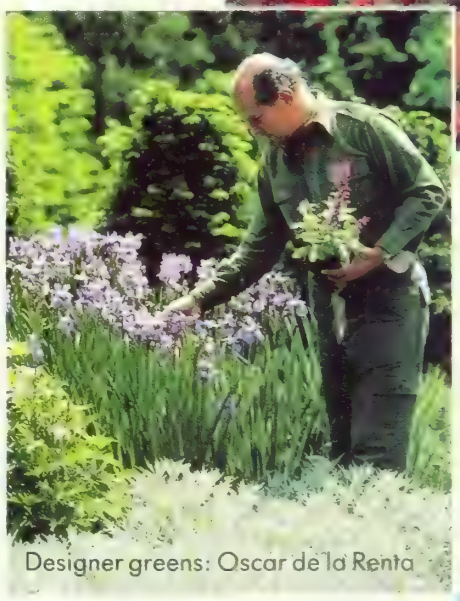
I say, "Good morning, Mr. Page," and he folds himself into the car, looks at me, and says, "Good morning, Mrs. Gibbs," as if I were a demented child. Those were the last words he spoke for an hour and 45 minutes. When we arrived, he takes his umbrella out of the backseat, raises it, hands it to me, and without a word takes off. He intends I should go with him and shelter him under the umbrella.

For two hours—I cannot tell you what it did to the muscles of my arms. We traipsed over every accessible part of the property. With my arm stretched up I keep the umbrella over the giant. He is sniffing, muttering to himself. He picks up a hunk of soil, smells it, wanders through the woods, snaps off the edge of a bush or a branch. He has this wonderful kind of X-ray eye, as if he were breathing it in, as though it were coming in through his pores. I've never seen such concentration. It's as if he were looking at a face or looking at something and memorizing it, knowing it through seeing it.

Finally, back at the house under the shelter of the front porch, he took the umbrella out of my hand. He looked down at me, smiled seraphically, and said, "Geraldine . . ." after not having addressed a word *(Text continued on page 208)*



Royal retreat: Page with the Duke of Windsor



Designer greens: Oscar de la Renta

I knew him for years and years. I used to see him all the time at the Duke and Duchess of Windsor's Moulin, where he used to garden every day. I think he gardened four days a week with the Duke, for years.

—C. Z. Guest

Russell said to me, "As far as your garden, you will never have one. But I can improve on your view."

—Oscar de la Renta



Improved view at the de la Renta garden



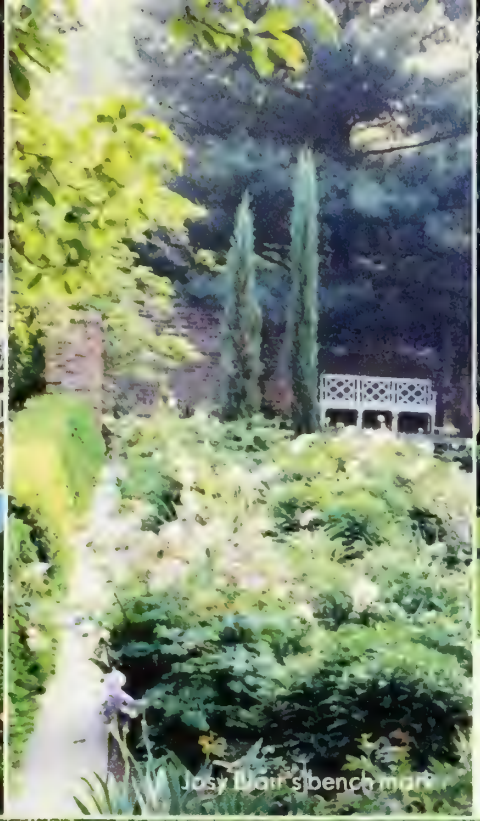
Page ing PepsiCo



Bordering on excess at PepsiCo


nt Brando Brandolini


The Brandolini garden


Josy Blair's bench mark


C. Z. Guest, Ian, and her topiary creatures

The bench was a sixth of a mile away. Russell took one look and said, "Cut a quarter inch off the legs."

—Josy Blair


and Duchess of Beaufort, daughter Anne


The Cottage Garden at Badminton

He liked America very much. He liked the museum world. And he rather liked rich people.

—David, Duke of Beaufort


The rigid lineup at Longleat

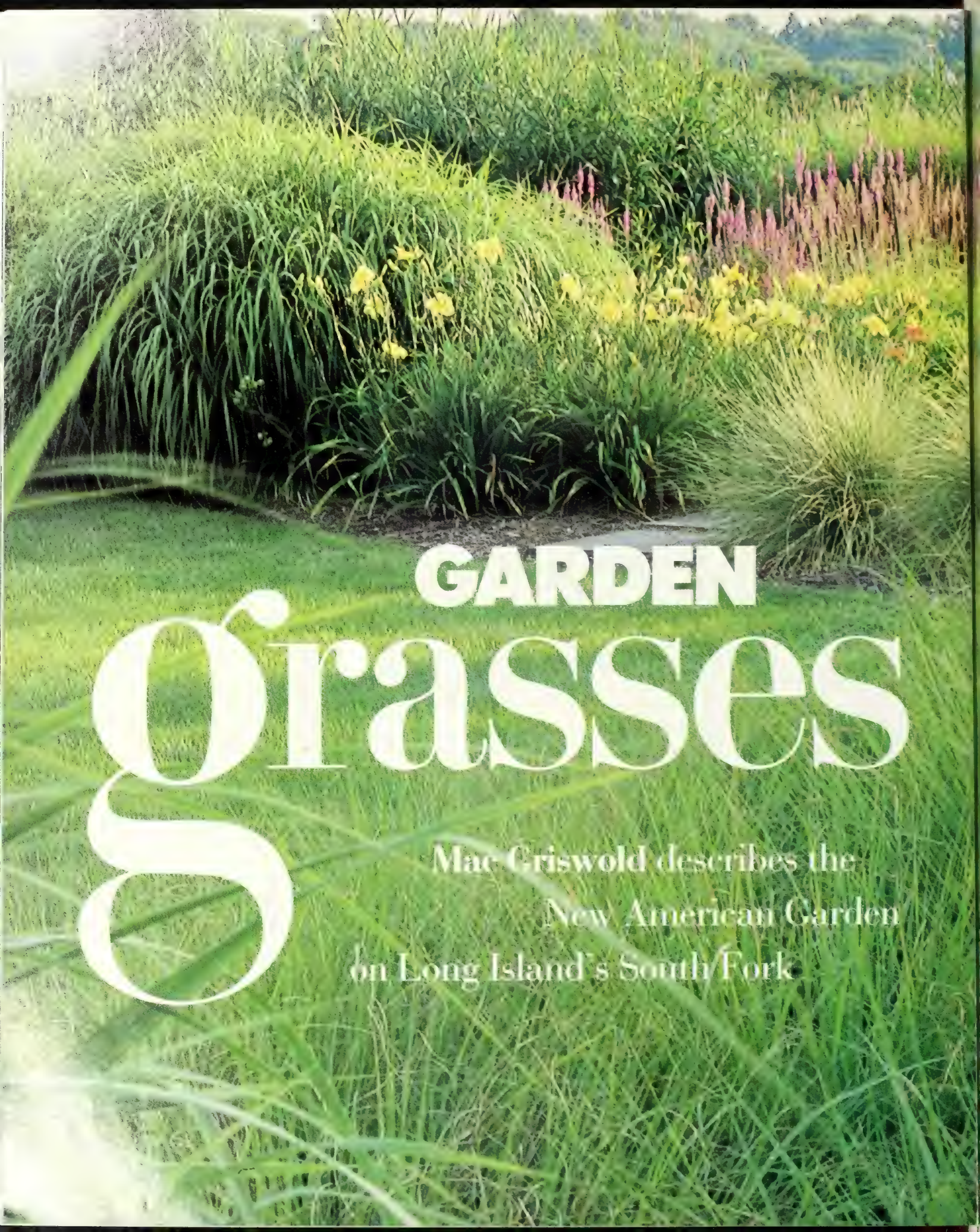

Geraldine Stutz


Fenced-in flowers, Stutz garden


Lilacs for days, Stutz garden


Page's favorite red at the Agnelli garden


By Fiat: Marella Agnelli in her garden


GARDEN
grasses
Mac Griswold describes the
New American Garden
on Long Island's South Fork



Summer waves
Silver grass and fountain grass part for a company of daylilies, loosestrife, and yarrow. At right wands of mauve 'Windsail' screen the terrace umbrella.



Landscape garden is the phrase that for two hundred years has meant Capability Brown's vision of an agricultural countryside: painted by Constable, pastoral, English, with statuesquely arranged trees and even an occasional cow on the (always) smooth, deep-green velvet lawn. Now, at last, there's a new version: exciting, American, hip-high, filled with grasses and wildflowers, a dream of the lost prairies or whatever wild lost place each of us imagines.

Like all really successful Edens, this new landscape garden is formulaic. The look depends on certain plant combinations and design ideas. Ornamental grasses are the most dramatic planting feature of the elegantly shaggy ensembles devised by Oehme, van Sweden & Associates, the Washington-based landscape design firm chiefly responsible for the New American Garden, as the style is now being hailed.

Alex and Carole Rosenberg are New York art dealers, quick and confident in their artistic judgments, accustomed to sizing up the new. Six years ago they were searching for a landscape architect for their Long Island weekend garden, located at the edge of a marsh-rimmed freshwater pond behind the South Shore dunes. It took about five minutes for Carole Rosenberg to know what she was looking at when she leafed through Oehme, van Sweden's portfolio of grasses, bamboos, and black-eyed Susans. Both she and Alex recognized a mastery of texture, form, and space presented in a natural style they had never seen before.

"We had been in the house for four years," Carole Rosenberg remembers. "We loved the reeds and the visits from the swans. We'd cut down the brambles—the only thing that grew in the garden—to see the water. An artist friend, Buffy Johnson, had designed the free-form pool, which we painted the same no-color as the pond. We hired a landscaper and let him experiment on the driveway turnaround, but his work was boring, so we tried to do it ourselves."

Alex Rosenberg was not an inexperienced gardener; Carole had had an herb garden. They put in dozens of plants. So did their houseguests. Everyone wondered how so many plants could just disappear into the landscape. At the end of one frenzied weekend of gardening, a guest, sculptor Lila Katzen, mentioned a beautifully planted outdoor exhibition space in Washington where a piece of hers had been on display. It turned out to be the now very well known Federal Reserve building garden, designed by Oehme, van Sweden.

The Rosenbergs immediately felt at home with Oehme, van Sweden's revolutionary idea: year-round garden beauty doesn't have to be—should *not* be—evergreen or in forever-perfect bloom. Infancy, age, and even untidiness are welcome. No one stalks the *(Text continued on page 206)*

Winter plumage
Maiden grass and giant native reeds soften the icy edge of a Long Island seaside pond.

MARINA SCHIN



Like poison ivy
Carole Rosenberg says Russian sage, center right, grows like that malevolent weed. Blue oat grass, in foreground, and striped porcupine grass, upper right, contrast with the soft blue flowers of the Russian sage.



lady in the garden

André Leon Talley celebrates the legendary style of Diana Cooper and photographs a young beauty of today

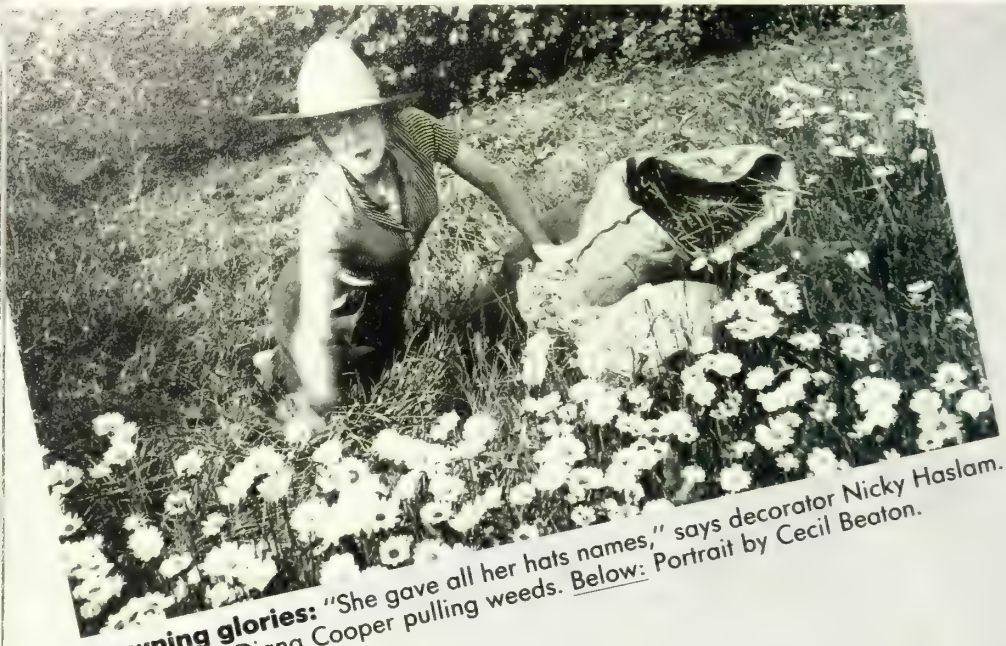
"She was the most decorative gardener. The right glove



High-style gardening: Fifteen-year-old Lucie de La Falaise in Saint Laurent Rive Gauche linen jacket embroidered with sequin tulips. Hat by Eric Javits. Details page 216. Makeup: Sonia Kashuk. Opposite: Lady Diana Cooper in her garden.

nd hat for wandering around cutting roses were her thing"

She had this magic quality—chic isn't the word. She simp



Crowning glories: "She gave all her hats names," says decorator Nicky Haslam. Above: Lady Diana Cooper pulling weeds. Below: Portrait by Cecil Beaton.



CECIL BEATON, COURTESY CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC. © 1
INSET, CECIL BEATON, COURTESY SOTHEBY'S LONDON

ave to everything an extraordinary sense of stylishness"



"No matter what she did, be it milking a cow or making goat cheese during the war or simply wearing a big oversize hat, Diana had innate style," says art historian John Richardson. "She was never contrived—and yet she had this magical quality even if she wore farm-worker's overalls while mucking out the cowshed at her house at Bognor. Chic wasn't ever a word to apply to Diana. She simply gave to everything an extraordinary sense of stylishness."

Throughout a life that spanned over nine decades from 1892 to 1986, Lady Diana Cooper was an arbiter of style. If she appeared in a film by D. W. Griffith, it made the headlines. When she attended a Venetian fancy-dress ball, she would be the most sought-after guest. As the wife of Duff Cooper, British ambassador to France, she mixed high bohemia and high politics.

"I remember when I lived in Paris and was always broke. I asked friends to bring things around for dinner. Diana arrived with the best crested embassy china for me to serve dinner on," says Maxime de La Falaise, who is herself a paragon of style.

"At Chantilly, her house in the country," Maxime continues, "she would come down for dinner in wonderful tea gowns, with skin like translucent alabaster. She was the most decorative gardener. The chic gardening gloves and the right hat for wandering around cutting roses for tables in the house were her thing. I don't think she did much weeding." ♠

Cooper style continues: Lucie de La Falaise carries on the tradition of gardening with glamour in Ralph Lauren's sweater and pants, Eric Javits hat. Pillows, rugs, footstools from Ralph Lauren Home Collection. Inset: Lucie in Saint Laurent Palm Tree jacket, Eric Javits hat. Details page 216.



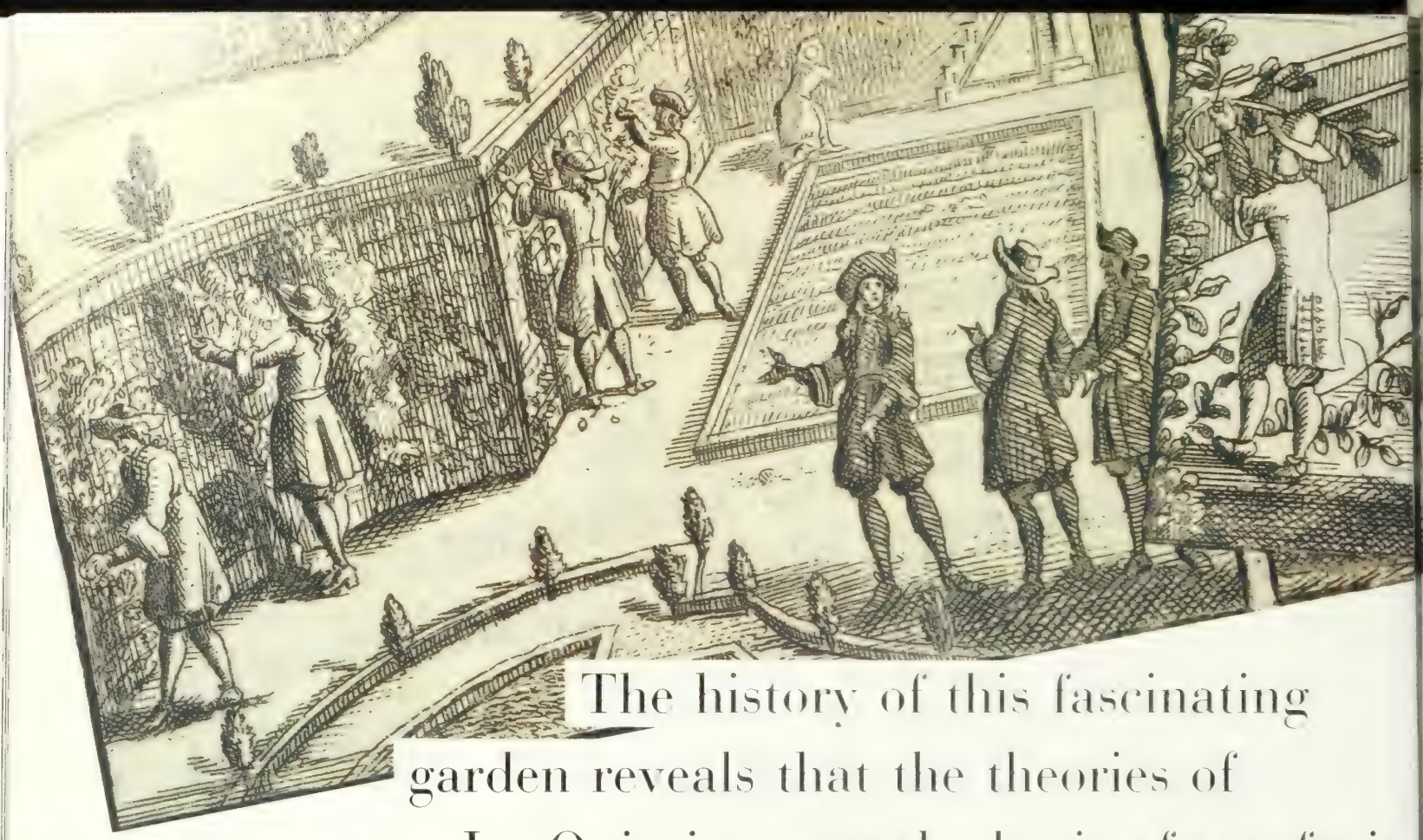
Mrs. Mellon's SECRET GARDEN

Beyond a courtyard of unassuming houses at Versailles is the extraordinary kitchen garden Louis XIV. Rachel Lambert Mellon explores



Compleat gardeners: Mrs. Paul Mellon, opposite, in her greenhouse in Upperville, Virginia. This page: In the Versailles garden designed by Jean de La Quintinye, a pear tree is trained to an iron trellis.

ANDY OATES



The history of this fascinating garden reveals that the theories of La Quintinye are the basis of our fruit and vegetable culture today

We had finished the weekend shopping in the marketplace at Versailles, filling our baskets with vegetables, fish, and cheese. My friend, knowing my love for gardening and recognizing joie de vivre—a smile, a red nose, and freezing hands stuffed in pockets—said with sudden inspiration, "Come with me."

We drove a few blocks, left the car in a narrow dark street, and walked into a courtyard of ancient white stucco houses. Climbing the steps of one, we opened an unlocked door and followed an empty corridor, until we came to a second door made of glass.

It was late autumn, a faint mist was beginning to shorten the last light of day. We opened the door and before us was an uninterrupted space so great that a far row of houses beyond a wall was silhouetted by the glow of the departing sun.

Turning into this gray mist and down a pebbled ramp covered with moss and dried leaves, we came to a forest of espaliered fruit trees towering high on the surrounding walls. Trellises outlined beds of vegetables—row upon row of red and green cabbages, artichokes, blue green leeks, beets, and the feathered tops of carrots. Pears hung from the small twigs that climbed the walls or covered the trellises.

For one who had struggled with this form of horticulture the garden had the unreality of a dream. A gardener walked past returning home as darkness fell. He touched his cap without a word. Wandering in speechless wonder through the acres of thoughtfully pruned fruit trees and carefully tended vegetables, we came to a tunnel where wooden doors lay open against the walls that supported the terraces. These tunnels, cluttered with wheelbarrows, watering cans, and other garden paraphernalia, were connected to more gardens—walled rooms of small grass-filled meadows with now and then low wild white asters. Here standard trees of plums, apricots, and apples were evenly planted in the center, and doors led from room to room, the walls always covered with espaliered fruit. In some places the standard trees had been pruned that day leaving a wreath of small branches on the ground where the mist had formed droplets of water that glistened.

No one explained the garden or disturbed the silence. My friend, a quiet reassuring presence, understood the pleasure and the mystery of the adventure. Keeping to the straight



paths, we eventually returned to a closed gate we'd passed unnoticed on our way in.

The magnificent gate at the end of a wide walk stood between two high walls covered with ripe pears. Around it was a working yard filled with carts, hot frames, potting sheds, straw matting, and a small foundry ready to repair the broken tools lying outside. The gate held the secret to the garden. Woven into its painted blue ironwork bordered with gold were the initials of Louis XIV.

This was the king's kitchen garden. Little has been written about it compared with the other glories of Versailles, but its enchanting story is not lost to literature. Charles Perrault, whose tales include *Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty,* and *Puss in Boots,* wrote a poem to it and to the gardener who made it, Jean de La Quintinye.

The history of this fascinating garden reveals that the technical and advanced theories of La Quintinye are the basis of our fruit and vegetable culture today. Two years after his death his only surviving son, the abbé Michel de La Quintinye, gathered together his father's carefully written notes and published a book in his name entitled *Instruction pour les jardins fruitiers et potagers*. In 1693 this was translated into English by John Evelyn as *The Compleat Gard'ner*.

La Quintinye was eleven years younger than his contemporary, the great landscape architect André Le Nôtre, who looked to the sky to outline and balance his designs of parks, avenues, and gardens. La Quintinye, on the other hand, dedicated his life to horticulture and the soil. His designs benefited the growing of plants and fruit trees with walls for protection against the wind or to catch the sun. The paths were straight to aid cultivation and harvesting.

La Quintinye was not descended from a family of gardeners as were many gardeners of his time, including Le Nôtre and several generations of Mollets; he originally chose to study law. Born in Chabanais in 1624, he finished his early studies at the Jesuit college in Poitiers and completed his legal education in Paris becoming a lawyer at the court of Parliament. A distinguished young man, eloquent and skilled in his profession, he was chosen by Jean Tambonneau, president of the Chambre des Comptes, as a suitable tutor to educate his son, Michel Antoine. The young lawyer moved to the house of Tambonneau near the rue de l'Université where he took up his responsibilities with seriousness and integrity. Tambonneau lived in a beautiful house surrounded by a large garden, which held a new fascination for La Quintinye. Without neglecting his young charge, the tutor began to spend his free hours in the study of botanical and agricultural books, both ancient and modern.

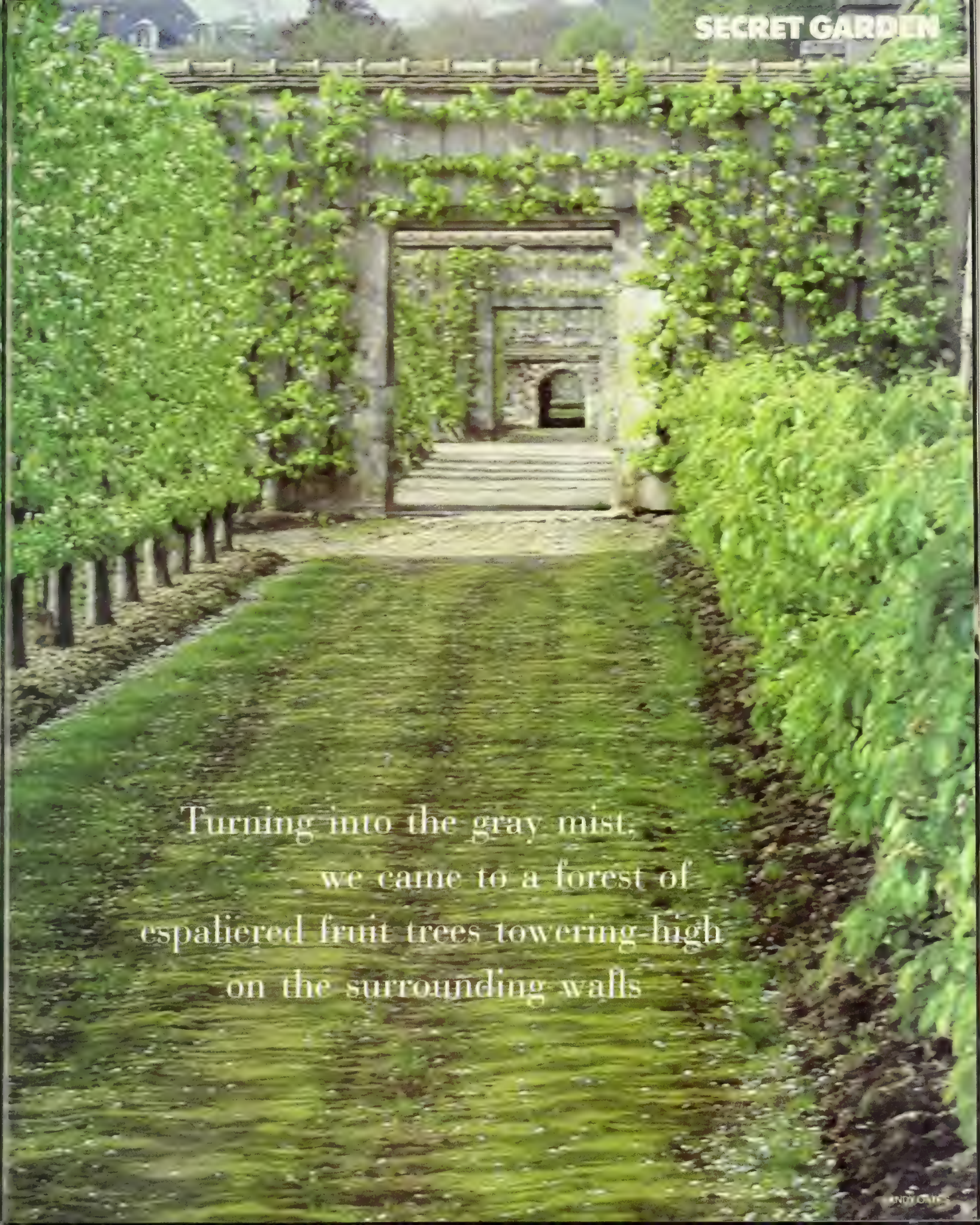
Practice makes perfect: An illustration, opposite, in La Quintinye's *Instruction pour les jardins fruitiers et potagers* shows fruit trees being pruned in the king's garden. Above: This engraving, from the book's last chapter, illustrates "new instruction for the culture of flowers."

After thirteen years as an instructor and a trip to Italy, La Quintinye decided to abandon the law for the garden. Aware of his lack of practical experience, he asked to be employed in the garden he knew so well, and recognizing his natural ability, Tambonneau turned over to him the running of his garden. He thus began to match technique with the knowledge of horticulture he had acquired from books. He was passionate in his cultivation of espaliered fruit trees, especially pears, keeping notes about grafting, pruning, preparation of the soil, and transplanting. His methods produced better fruit years ahead of conventional methods.

Led by his curiosity to observe and compare other forms of cultivation, La Quintinye sailed twice to England, where he was received by Charles II, an avid gardener who begged him to remain and oversee the royal gardens. He chose, however, to return to France. His exceptional originality brought La Quintinye great success. Among the many gardens he designed were the orchards and vegetable gardens for Colbert at Sceaux, Fouquet at Vaux-le-Vicomte, and the prince de Condé at Chantilly. The extravagant life of France created a demand for out-of-season *(Text continued on page 206)*



On a grand scale: Espaliered apple trees supported by a trellis of wire and wire border. The steps leading to one of the fruit gardens. Left: The plan for the vegetable garden.



Turning into the gray mist,
we came to a forest of
espaliered fruit trees towering-high
on the surrounding walls

close-ups:



herb ritts

Lightstruck: Sun streams through new windows onto the original fireplace in Ritts's living room. Left: In a photograph by his assistant Lorraine Day, the photographer holds a vintage Irving Penn print from his collection, *Saul Steinberg in Nose Mask*, 1966.

THE Birds

he art of Georges Braque took flight, as seen in a

Bernier remembers the artist in his studio



A still life of the elements that went into Georges Braque's art in his sculpture studio and, opposite, the imposing artist in 1958.

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN

Lord of the Birds

It was in 1939 on the eve of World War II that Georges Braque first showed signs of becoming the Lord of the Birds. He was 57 at the time and had been a preeminent figure in twentieth-century art since his close association with Picasso before 1914. But until that fateful summer no bird in flight had made its way into his work. Yet there it was—a bird of undefined species, putting on a good turn of speed as it flapped its way across the studio. Braque caught it, moreover, exactly as it moved past the readied but untouched canvas on the easel. It was as if he wanted to alert us that, thereafter, bird and canvas were to be in partnership.

In the great series of *Studio* paintings—the crowning achievement of Braque's later years and among the highlights of the Braque retrospective at New York's Guggenheim Museum, June 10–September 11—birds unknown to Audubon appear over and over again. In the ceiling design for the Etruscan Room in the Louvre, two huge birds wheel in close formation with stars and crescent moon in attendance. There are paintings of a bird returning to its nest, a painted plaster of two doves on a black background, a print called *The Fire Bird*, and a design for jewelry in which two blue birds were named Pelias and Neleus. You couldn't go to the studio in Paris any time after World War II and not recognize Georges Braque as the Lord of the Birds. As to what they meant, he never liked to say. If pressed on the subject by some tactless visitor, he would say, "It is something very Braque, madame," and change the subject.

Braque died in 1963, but his house near the Parc Montsouris in Paris is still lived in by his heir, Claude Laurens and his wife. The leafy no-exit street used to be called the rue du Douanier, after the Douanier Rousseau, but now it is called the rue Georges-Braque. When I went back there to dinner a few months ago, the journey was uncannily familiar, not least the familiar apprehension about missing the narrow turnoff from the park.

The house was built for Braque in 1925 by Auguste Perret, the father of the reinforced concrete frame. (Braque liked to say that he drew up all the plans, by



In *Studio VIII* of 1952–55, one of the highlights of his later years, Braque summed up his diverse and revolutionary career through the objects that surrounded him. His signature bird becomes a soaring, triumphant presence.

DOUGLAS COOPER COLLECTION
COURTESY GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM



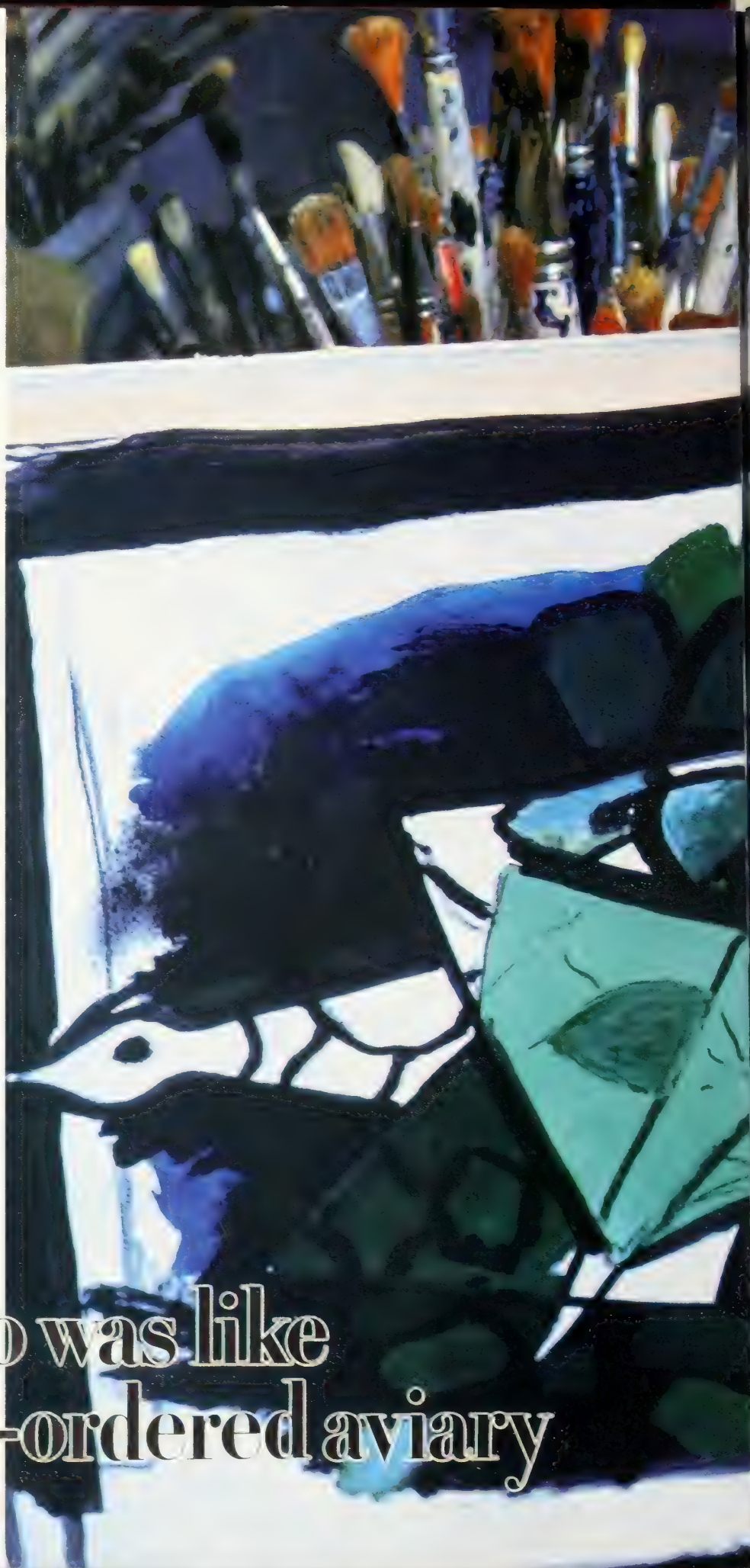
the way.) It always surprised me that Braque lived in a house made of concrete since he disliked synthetic materials intensely and would only wear real cotton, wool, and silk.

He was very proud of the house, even down to the paulownia he had planted in the little front garden. (Two of the paintings from his last years are of birds setting up house in that paulownia.) On my first visit in 1954 I arrived with a vivid impression of Braque already in my mind. In 1950 I had gone to a party for the sculptor Henri Laurens, one of Braque's oldest and closest friends. Laurens had been passed over—wrongly, we all thought—for a prize at the Venice Biennale.

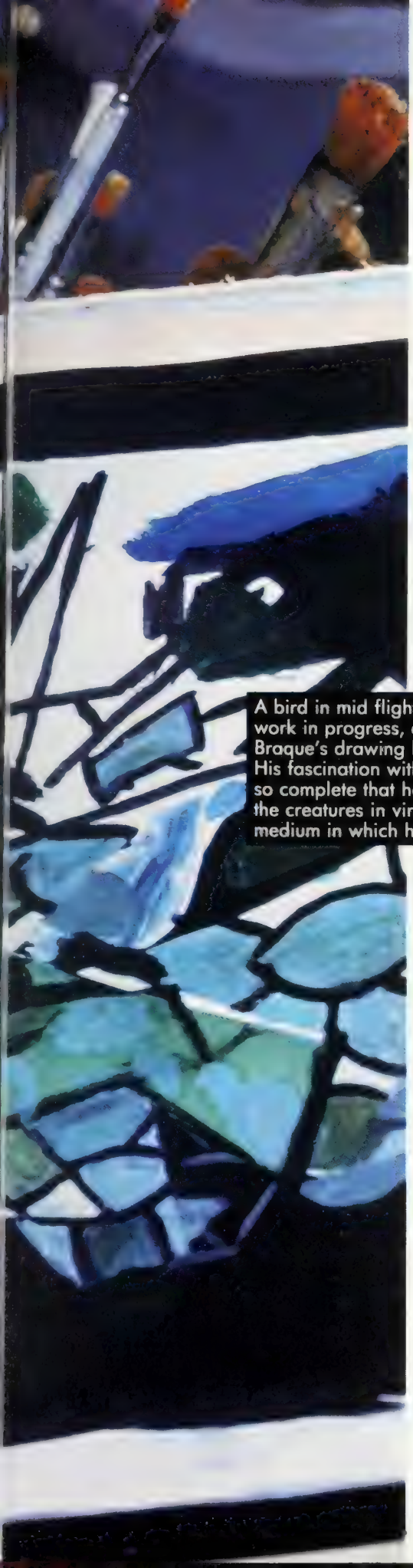
The party was a gesture of solidarity and affection held in a bistro in Puteaux, near Paris, where the painter Jacques Villon used to live. We all sat at long trestle tables, and there was a very good dinner with many toasts, and finally we danced. Everyone wanted to make it a happy occasion. Everyone danced—even Braque. As a young man he had been a great dancer, as well as a bicyclist, swimmer, and boxer. But after he was badly wounded in World War I, he had to take things more easily.

But that evening he made an exception, and I can still see him turning majestically in a waltz with his handsome features hidden behind an improvised mask. In an uncharacteristically playful gesture he had torn holes in a white paper napkin that covered his face completely.

In the studio, however, there was nothing informal about him. The door was opened for visitors by Mariette Lachaud, the tiny birdlike woman who was Braque's studio assistant. (She is still there, by the way, with her serious face and long sharp nose—a face that might have come off the capital of a Romanesque column.) It was she who led the way up a tall staircase with conspicuously easy rises and into the stu-



His studio was like a well-ordered aviary



A bird in mid flight captured in a work in progress, a gouache on Braque's drawing board in 1958. His fascination with birds became so complete that he portrayed the creatures in virtually every medium in which he worked.

dio where Braque was waiting in his favorite oblique and slightly hooded light.

It was a bit awesome. Braque had a commanding presence, but he had trouble moving around. So he sat on a sofa and extended his hand like a benign sovereign. He was always elegance itself, dressed most often in his own colors—dark blue, brown, black, white. His slippers were burnished till they shone like horse chestnuts. He had been one of the first men in Europe to wear denim, cut to perfection.

I had come to ask for his blessing on the art magazine *L'Oeil* of which I was cofounder and editor. Naturally I hoped that he would let us run an article on his recent work and, if he agreed, a photograph of him. Meanwhile, I tried to get my bearings. The studio was full of many surprises. When I looked at a little child's chair that stood not far away, Braque explained that he sat there to work while Mariette Lachaud handed him the paints and brushes as he needed them, thereby saving him all unnecessary movement.

Braque was a man of regular and orderly habits. Nothing could have been further from the precarious and barely penetrable jumble in which Picasso lived. He was orderly in other ways, too. "Still the same wife?" Picasso would ask when I gave him news of Braque. Braque did, indeed, have the same wife for more than a half century. He had the same house in Paris until his death and the same house in Varengeville in Normandy. Stability was important to him.

So I was not surprised to find that his studio in the 1950s was like a well-ordered aviary in which every bird was on its best behavior. Large birds streaked across large canvases, dive-bombing any clouds in their way. Small birds clustered on sheets of lithographs tacked to the wall. Ghostly birds lay on the floor on transparent sheets being prepared for more lithographs. All around the room there was a forest of easels of varying heights. Fanned out in a sumptuous display, they made me think that I had walked into a Braque still life larger than life. Remembering what Pascal had said—that all our misfortunes spring from our inability to stay still in one room—I thought that Braque had solved that problem once and for all.

All the ingredients of his art were there: the plants, the bowls of fruit, the primitive masks and shields and standing figures, the shells and bones, and the pencils and brushes so carefully marshaled on big sheets of corrugated cardboard. There were also unexpected souvenirs of other artists' work—a reproduction of one of Van Gogh's paintings of sunflowers for one and a reproduction of Corot's portrait of the great soprano Christine Nilsson. Picasso, Braque, and Juan Gris had all admired an exhibition of Corot's figure paintings in Paris in 1909, he told me. But Braque—never one to force the pace—waited thirteen years before he painted a variant of one of Corot's figures.

He liked the first issues of *L'Oeil* and wrote a characteristically measured endorsement that he allowed to be used for its promotion. He also promised to let me know when he had finished one of the great *Studio* paintings that were to sum up the ideas dearest to him. And, sure enough, one day I got a telephone call. "Venez," he said, not being a man to waste words. And so in 1955 I had the privilege of seeing *Studio VIII* before he had even decided how he would sign it.

Fired by the occasion and by the sight of Braque in his studio with all his paintings around him, I asked if we might take a photograph of him. After a long pause he agreed. "But I must get something first," he said, and with infinite precaution he got up and walked across to a vermilion spectacle case that he tucked into the breast pocket of his jacket. "Every picture needs a spot of bright red," he said.

The big studio upstairs is empty now, but the house downstairs is much the same. The miniature upright piano that belonged to Erik Satie is still there, as well as the flower piece by Cézanne which Braque always kept by him, and the combination of English comfort, here and there, and French frugality. But the birds have almost all flown away, and I miss them. I also miss the fifty-centime stamp issued in France at the time of Braque's eightieth birthday. Braque's white bird on a blue background looked exactly right. It was a happy time when letters from Paris landed on breakfast tables the world over with the Lord of the Birds clear for all to see on the top right-hand corner of the envelope. ♠

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN



Braque's birds ornament the ceiling of the Etruscan Room of the Louvre, executed in 1952–53.

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Flights of Fancy

Art's impact on fashion becomes stronger and clearer than ever before in Yves Saint Laurent's tribute to Braque

Yves Saint Laurent strapless long dress with embroidered doves and Cubist guitar, from his spring/summer couture collection, worn by Yasmin Parvaneh. Hair: James Bradshaw for Jean Louis David. Makeup: Michel Delarue for Yves Saint Laurent Beauté. Style: André Leon Talley.

Salad
THE SILENT KILLER

Jeffrey Steingarten looks into a bowl of leafy greens and raw vegetables and discovers some frightening facts

I love salad, taken in moderation like bacon or chocolate, about once a week. Adults who demand a salad at every meal are like little children who will eat nothing but frozen pizza or canned ravioli for months on end. They tuck into the dreariest salad simply because it is raw and green. No matter that the arugula is edged with brown, the croutons taste rancid, the vinegar burns like battery acid. No matter that it is the dead of winter when salad chills us to the marrow and we should be eating preserved meats and hearty roots, garbures, and cassoulets. No matter that they are keeping me from my dessert. They think nothing of interrupting a perfectly nice meal with their superstitious salad ritual—heads bowed, mouths brought close to their plastic wood-grained bowls, crunching and shoveling simultaneously—their power of conversation lost.

Salad gluttons, defined as people who eat salad more than twice a week in winter or four times a week in summer, are insidiously programmed with three related beliefs: first, that all foods are either poisons, which make you fat and feeble, or medicines, which make you sleek and lovely. Second, that raw vegetables, including salad and crudités, fall into the medicine category. And third, that the plant kingdom has been put there by some benign force for man's pleasure and well-being. All three beliefs are toxic delusions.

I have spent weeks combing the scientific journals for data on the poisons that lurk in every bowl of salad and every basket of crudités. My quarry was not the artificial man-made pesticides, fungicides, herbicides, and hormones that hog the headlines of our daily newspapers. I was after the true perils—the fresh and natural poisons that plants manufacture to stay alive and perpetuate their species, just as a cobra uses its venom. Having completed my research, I can confidently predict that by the end of this century the surgeon general of the United States will require the following warning label: "Excess Consumption of Salad Ingredients Can Cause Vitamin Deficiency, Bad Skin, Lathyrism, Anemia, and, Quite Frankly, Death."

Imagine that you are a juicy and attractive vegetable. All around you are predators—germs and fungi, bugs and snails, birds and animals—who see you as nothing more than their next meal. You have no house to hide in, no feet for running away, no money with which to buy a gun. It's a real jungle out there, and the neighboring vegetable covets your place in the sun. What do you do? Either have a nervous collapse or pull yourself together and evolve a complex system of chemical warfare.

Like the walnut or eucalyptus tree, you can secrete a growth inhibitor through your leaves which the rain will wash down into the soil to keep your neighbors at a safe distance, or you can secrete it directly through your roots as apple trees and wheat do. If you lack subtlety, imitate poison ivy and produce an oil so noxious that human predators will teach their children to avoid you like the plague. If you approve of contraception, concoct a brew of juvabiones to delay the reproduction of insects that bite you, or ecdysones to accelerate their growth right past the childbearing years. If you excel in Byzantine plots as the snakeroot does, you might consider tainting the milk of cows that forage on you so that Abraham Lincoln's mother will die when she drinks it. Think of the publicity. *(Text continued on page 214)*

Much more sinister than the vitamin and mineral blockers in raw vegetables—which after all merely fool certain people who believe that salad is good for them—are the toxins, which can make them very ill



Roughly Modern

There's a gritty glamour to this converted firehouse, according to **Martin Filler**

The converted industrial loft has come a long way from its original reincarnation as low-cost artist's studio space. The director of an art museum in a large East Coast city was eager to replicate the expansive, informal, flexible, art-receptive atmosphere of the SoHo loft and found an adaptable local alternative in a handsome though derelict 1840 firehouse. He and his wife launched a focused nationwide search for an adventurous young architect and found what they were looking for in the New York team of Henry Smith-Miller and Laurie Hawkinson.

They have a small but superior practice specializing in renovations, several in downtown Manhattan. One was a loft for fashion designer Neil Bieff which was published in this magazine. It inspired the museum director and his wife to contact Smith-Miller and Hawkinson. "They were about as ideal clients as we've ever had," says Smith-Miller. "They allowed us to look at the project with a completely open mind. Although we had to restore the exterior very carefully because the house is in a historic district, on the interior we were able to develop the most radical strategy we could."

That involved virtually hollowing out the three-story brick building and inserting an entirely new structure within the shell of the old. The architects were determined to have both remain perfectly apparent with no confusion as to which is which. "A lot of what passes for historic preservation today

Architects Henry Smith-Miller and Laurie Hawkinson, left, have transformed an old firehouse into a dramatic home for a gregarious art-world couple. Right: The top-floor living room is both tough and sleek.

OBERTO





"It's not just the new and the old, it's what you get when you put the two together"

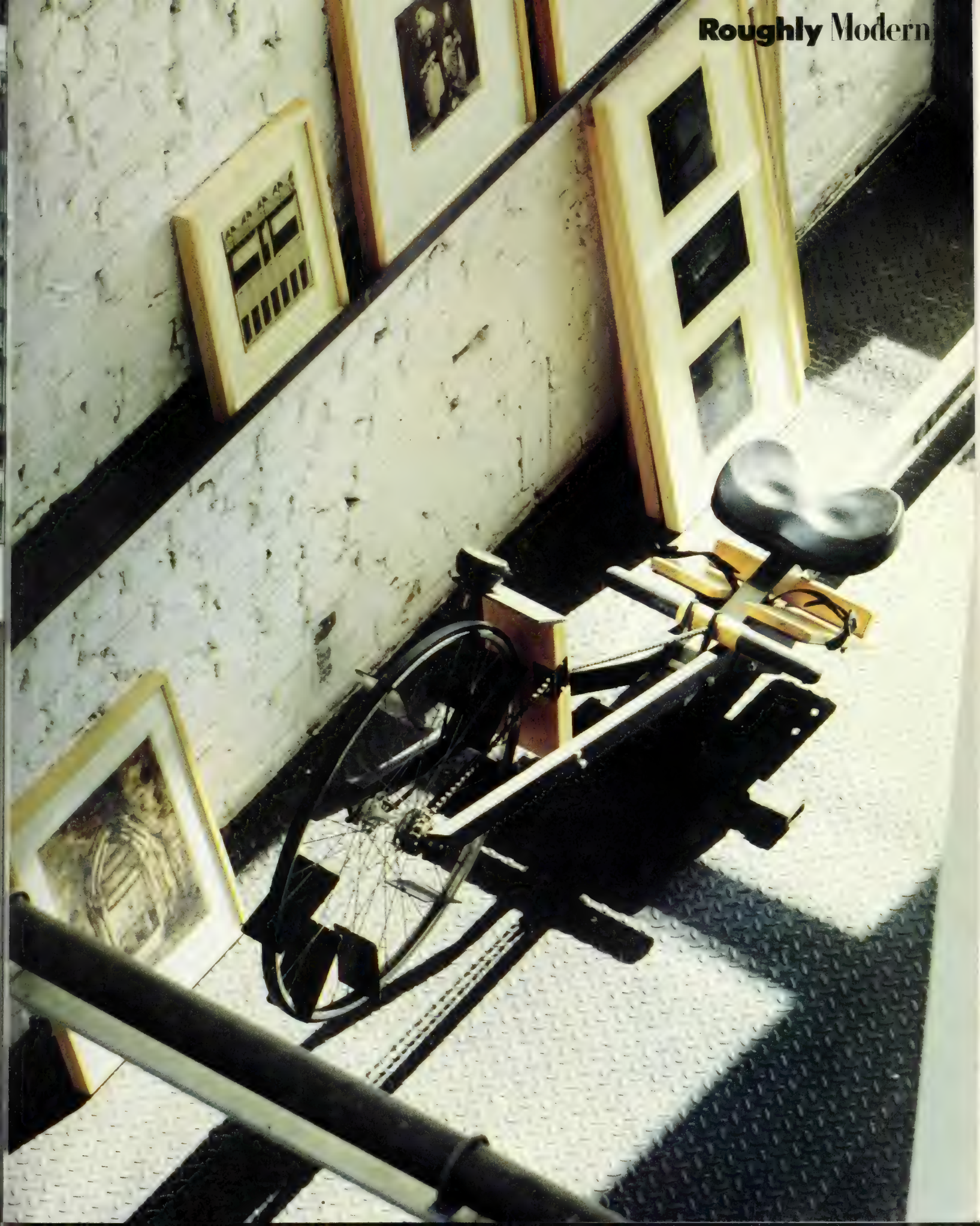


In the living room the steel cladding of the elevator shaft takes on a burnished glow. Opposite: Above a 16th-century Italian walnut chest of drawers, a series of photographs by Bernd and Hilla Becher. Chair by architect Mark Mack for Bernhardt. Striped etched-glass panel in floor admits light to story below.





The architects designed an entirely new internal structure and inserted it into the existing brick shell. The central stair core, above, top, and right, dramatizes the play of light within. Opposite: A rowing machine takes on a sculptural air next to a group of framed pictures.




"The concept had to do with our getting light down into the core of this narrow dark space"



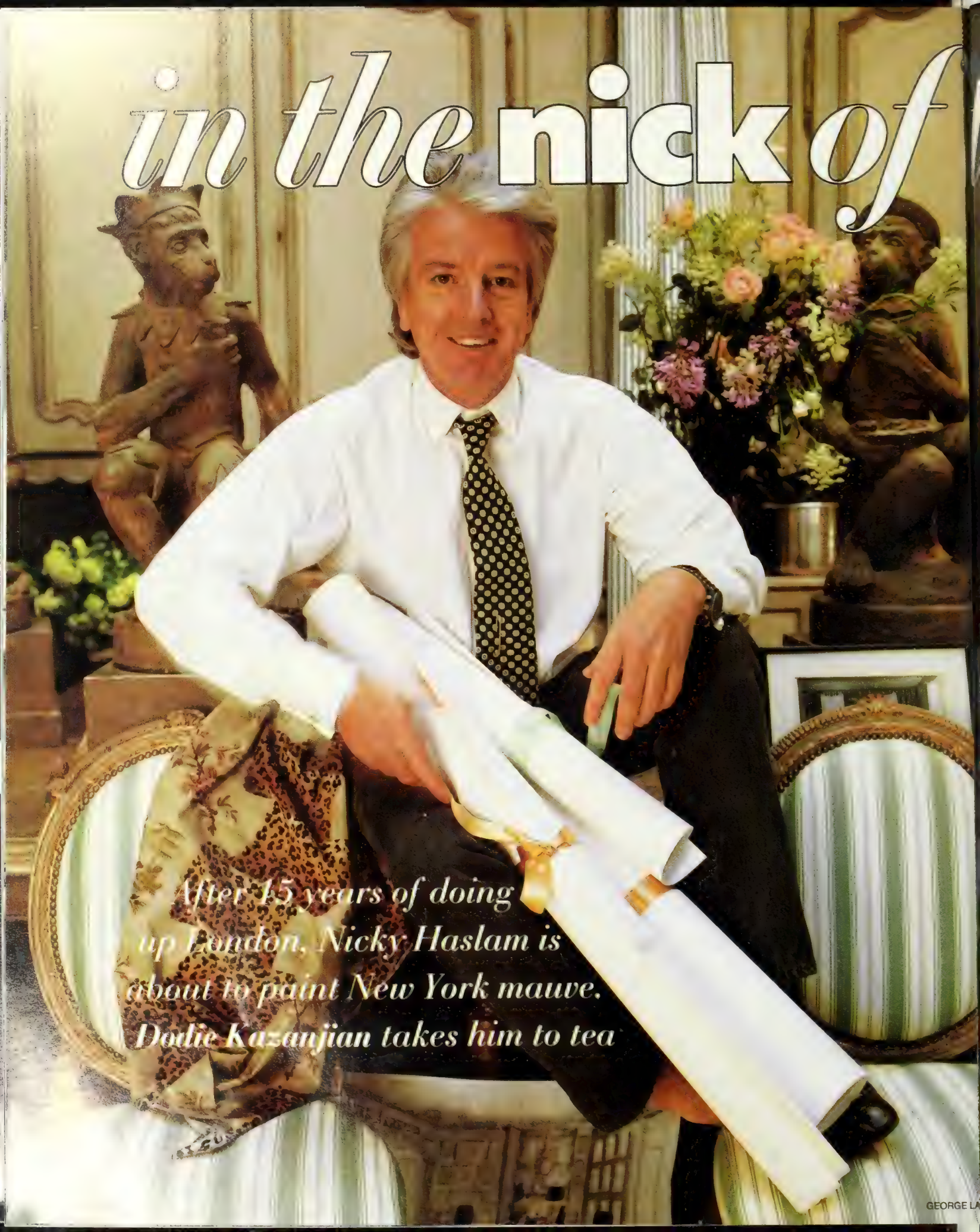
One new window, opposite, was punched through the wall above the kitchen range. Above: *The Red Sculpture,* a series of photos by Gilbert & George, hangs over the dining table. At left, the elevator shaft.

makes me very nervous,'' explains Laurie Hawkinson. ''It doesn't account enough for the passage of time. I find it richer when you can compare what was and what is. That's why we prefer to take the memory of what's there, fix it in time, and then put a new way of life into it.''

The architects devised what they call an upside-down plan in which the main living space is at the very top of the house, the owners' private quarters below that, and at the bottom a utilitarian but architecturally negligible ground floor. ''We took the idea from the 'architectural promenade' of Le Corbusier's Maison Citrohan,'' Smith-Miller points out, ''though it wasn't necessary for us to get into that with the client. For them the concept had more to do with our getting light down into the core of this long, narrow dark space and taking advantage of the wonderful views from the top floor.''

The building is flanked by low houses but rises above them over the second floor. Hawkinson and Smith-Miller cut a number of new windows into the originally blank side elevations, which immediately changed the character of the interior by emphasizing its relation to the surroundings in all four directions. Visitors quickly bypass the ground floor, taken up by a huge garage and a small rental apartment, and ascend the steep stairway to the dramatic second-floor landing that serves as the real entrance to the house. Black-painted metal deck flooring (''We mop with Rust-Oleum,'' the owner confides), black wire-panel railings, steel catwalks, and movable modern ''shoji'' of corrugated fiberglass give this central light well a gutsy high-tech texture set off by the ruinlike handling of the original masonry walls. The architects left exposed portions of brick beneath the thick plaster and added a new dimension of material richness in the process.

The imaginative detailing of the many industrial found objects incorporated into the scheme has a pleasantly offhanded quality and speaks to the designers' admirable sense of architectural priorities. ''When you get too hung up on details, you tend to lose sight of the whole,'' says Laurie Hawkinson. ''We're much more interested in the way people live than in how a million materials meet one another. The two of us have gotten much more aware of that. We're not the gods who come in and say, 'This is how you shall live.' It's not just the new and the old, it's what you get when you put the two together.'' ▲ *Architecture Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron*



in the nick *of*

After 15 years of doing up London, Nicky Haslam is about to paint New York mauve. Dodie Kazanjian takes him to tea

GEORGE LA



Artistry at work: A corner of Haslam's library is used to prepare watercolor renderings of his designs for clients. His favorite mauve makes an appearance in the cherub-bedecked lining of the curtains. Opposite: Haslam with items typifying his blend of the classical and the fanciful.

Nicholas Haslam is coming to New York. Again. "Really? I saw him just the other day, and he didn't breathe a word to me," says Kenneth Jay Lane, one of Nicky's first friends when he originally lived in New York. "Nicky is a very amusing cat, with an enormous sense of style. I met him the day he arrived in 1961. He was at the theater with Jane Vane-Tempest-Stewart, who is now Lady Jane Rayne. I was having dinner the following night with Bill Blass and Billy Baldwin, and Nicky joined us. Within three days he knew more people in New York than I did."

"He's like Jerry Zipkin," says Mark Hampton, "in that he's an indefatigable organizer involving people going to things. Nicky, like Jerry, never has trouble reaching people."

"I'm thrilled Nicky's coming," says Jerry Zipkin. "I'm worn out on my own."

Twenty-seven years and many friends later, London decorator Nicholas Haslam is opening a New York office. "I just saw something that might be an absolute dream," says Nicky of a possible office space. He is sitting in the tearoom at the Carlyle over a cup of Indian tea and chocolate cake with whipped cream. His grapefruit diet pills are on the table, too. "It's an old *Vogue* studio on 55th Street that's being used as a storeroom with jolly nice furniture. It would be wonderful to have just a desk and a telephone in that storeroom. It's so romantic. It's rather like my own rooms. It's like everything I love."

What does Nicky love? According to Mark Hampton, "His style is full of whimsy and fantasy,

"Ladies in England now realize they better get their hair done properly and they better get a decorator"



Palatial comfort: Inspired by a room in the palace of Pavlovsk, Haslam's sitting room features paintings by Leon Kossoff, striped pillows with black and yellow yarn "bees" on a mauve brocade sofa, and faux milk-glass walls. A copy of Napoleon's column on the coffee table provides an imperial touch.
Opposite: His watercolor of a scheme created for the Saatchis.



influenced by the English and European tendency to have storerooms and attics full of funny things. He has a taste for a light romantic kind of room that is typically English Edwardian."

But are New Yorkers ready for this sort of thing?

"I think they will be with Nicky," predicts Hampton.

"New York is much more adventurous," says Nicky, who fits Cocteau's definition of genius: knowing how far to go too far. "There's an awful lot of traditionalism in London. New Yorkers are more open to the decorative approach."

He believes the gap between New York and London is closing, however. "People in England thought they could do it themselves," says Nicky. "They thought it was unnecessary to have a decorator. Until about ten years ago it was thought unnecessary to have a hairdresser. These days, ladies in England realize they better get their hair done properly and that they had better get a decorator."

Nicholas Haslam has no intention of abandoning those ladies in England. Or his deeply social life or his weekend hunting lodge and garden in Hampshire (it was once John Fowler's house and now belongs to the National Trust) or Zelda, his black Pekingese, or his new Chelsea mansion flat with a drawing room, a morning room, and a library he just decorated for himself.

"The cliché that no designer can do his own place almost came true," admits Nicky, whose clients have included Ava Gardner, James Goldsmith, Princess Aly Khan, Princess Michael of Kent, Lady Rothermere, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, Lord Lewisham, the Charles Saatchis, and St. James's Palace. "I was the worst client I've ever had. I simply couldn't make up my mind which room could be used for which purpose. Should the morning room be the library or the library the drawing room or. . . ?

"There are designers who are slavish re-creators of the past, who get everything absolutely perfectly in period. I think that's totally valid, but I also think it is faintly museumy. One has to be a guardian of the past, but I don't want my rooms to seem historicist. I want them to feel ephemeral, almost undefinable, a romantic part of the past that carries through to the future and beyond."

His dining room is a good case in point. It's a re-creation of a re-creation of the dining room of the Amalienberg Palace. Cobwebs are sprayed onto the *(Text continued on page 212)*

"My God, my clock stopped at the time the mob stormed Versailles. I must leave it like that"





Twilight mood: In his interior octagonal dining room Haslam evokes a mist of shadows through silvery paneling, distressed mirror paper, bits of broken glass, and a painted ceiling. The clock is stopped at 4:55. Opposite: A Nicky Haslam stripe printed on glazed chintz by Brunschwig & Fils, from an Elsie de Wolfe original in Haslam's private collection.

JAMES MONTFORD



Parting Gestures

As a houseguest, tipping the help is a highly subjective matter requiring tact and diplomacy

What do you leave your personal chambermaid after you've spent a pleasant weekend at a country estate? Who else should you remember? The butler? The cook? The chauffeur? The chambermaid's chambermaid?

"I have no idea," admits Evangeline Bruce, the wife of the late ambassador David K. E. Bruce, who has entertained and been entertained in China, London, and every corner of the world. "I always have to ask other people what they are doing."

"The most amazing people don't know," says Joan Gardner, a consultant to Christie's. "At my mother-in-law's in Palm Beach, the most sophisticated people would ask, 'How do we tip our way out of here?' "

If you are a houseguest, tipping the help is the diciest kind of tipping there is. After all, what's fifteen percent of a wonderful weekend in the country? It's a highly subjective matter. "The sum must differ, perforce, with the size of the pocketbook, as well as the amount of waiting upon required, but it is always customary, in spending a night or a week-end in a friend's house to 'remember' the servants," says *Vogue's Book of Etiquette* (1929). "Most of them are excellent judges of human nature and will take a small

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tip and a kind word from a gentleman quite as gratefully as they take a large one and an aloof look from a new-made imitation."

Alas, a "small tip" has had to keep pace with the times. "If I'm alone and one person makes my bed and presses my dress, I give ten dollars," says Letitia Baldrige, former social secretary to the White House for Jacqueline Kennedy and the author of *Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette*. "I'm never a houseguest longer than two nights. I believe in the old rule that says if you stay longer, like fish, you begin to stink."

She continues, "If my husband and I are together, I give fifteen dollars for the night. If there's a cook who has prepared dinner and then breakfast, I give ten dollars to the cook, too. If I'm driven around a lot, I give twenty dollars to the chauffeur. I don't give anything to the butler because there aren't any butlers anymore. Staff like that started to disappear about ten years ago."

Francis Kellogg, a veteran houseguest, has worked out a tipping formula. "It depends upon whether you just have breakfast or breakfast, lunch, and dinner. If I only have breakfast, I give ten dollars a day. I give twice that if the cook cooks me three meals a day. This formula is for one or two people." But he admits there's a tremendous range. For example, last November he spent a week aboard a 72-foot yawl in the Caribbean with five in crew, and he left a $400 tip, which works out to $57 a day divided by five or less than $12 a day per person.

"When I said good-bye I handed it to the captain in an envelope and said, 'This is for you, however you want to divide it,' " says Kellogg, who carries personal stationery for these occasions. "I didn't include a note because I didn't have time. I've since written him saying how wonderful the food was."

"I always leave my tip in an envelope with a note," says Letitia Baldrige. "Leaving it in an envelope without a note is very cold."

Some people are embarrassed to tip the help, especially if there is a big staff, so they leave a lump sum with the host to distribute. "This is not as personal," advises Baldrige. "When you give it yourself, the domestic feels much more of an attachment."

Sometimes guests ask how much they should leave. "I'd never say, 'Don't bother,' because I think they should," says Joan Gardner. "Guests are extra trouble, and I think they shouldn't even have to ask. Of course, people ask when it looks like deep trouble—if there's a cast of thousands."

Some people are so anxious about the subtleties of the act that they can't bring themselves to utter the word *tipping*. Each year the conservative pundit William F. Buckley Jr. rents a château in Switzerland with a staff of five. One year his son and daughter-in-law, Christopher and Lucy, invited a couple to stay for a week. "At the end of the week," says Christopher, "my dad took me aside discreetly and said, 'I think you should tell your guests they ought to leave a *propina*.' Dad never says tip. He always says *propina*. Since it's money, you know, it's best not to discuss it directly. So he always lapses into Spanish."

His father suggested the following *propinas:* $150 for the cook, $100 for the concierge, $100 for the butler, $100 for the scullery maid, and $50 for the underchef.

"So it fell to me to go with crimson face to our friends and say, 'Oh, by the way, please fork over five hundred bucks," he recalls. "I was mortified. They were very sweet about it but clearly shocked to the depth of their souls, as well they should have been."

Christopher and Lucy were houseguests themselves not long ago at an enormous country estate for a long weekend that included a shooting party. He was told by someone who had been there umpteen times that the formula was "fifty bucks for the head butler, twenty bucks for the underbutler, twenty bucks for the maid, and fifty bucks for the gamekeeper." But Buckley wanted to leave something more than this recommended *propina*. So he handed one envelope to the maid with a note saying, "Meet me by the sugar maple." And he handed another envelope to the butler with a note saying, "I love you. Meet me by the sugar maple."

"I was hoping to bring about a romance between them. They'd both show up, and I'd be long gone by then, leaving them to their passion beneath the maple tree."

You can't always expect to get a fringe benefit when you do the *propina*. But there are some basic rules. Tip in the currency of the country. It should always be in round numbers. And you'll always do right when tipping servants if you follow the great rule of "putting yourself in the other's place." It was true in 1929, according to *Vogue's Book of Etiquette*, and is still true today: "Think of the other person and of how one would feel in his shoes, and the right way will come to one unawares. This is really the backbone of etiquette . . . in the merry-go-round of society."

Dodie Kazanjian





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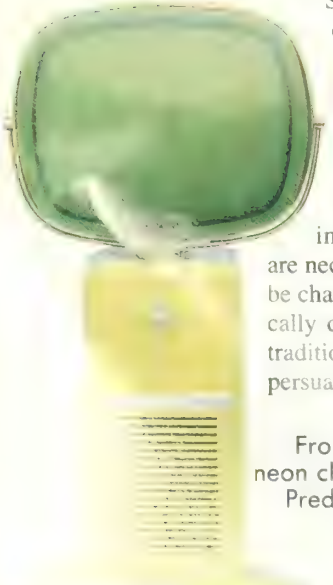
Pieces of the Past

Architectural salvage houses across the country offer everything from doorknobs to entire rooms

Salvage, by the sound of it, isn't something you'd willingly bring into your house. But architectural salvage can mean marble columns, Adirondack love seats, Prairie School leaded-glass windows, holy-water fonts, even a Gimbel's elevator directory which indicates that ladies' riding habits are found on the fifth floor. The largest salvage company in the country—the six showrooms of the Great American Salvage Company—houses 80,000 square feet of inventory that defies description, everything from doorknobs and bathroom fixtures to complete interiors and exterior façades.

The classic salvage house—the sister operation of a wrecking company or dismantling service—bids on buildings slated for demolition. Before the structure is crushed by a wrecking ball, the interiors and the exterior architectural elements of interest are collected and then resold with little restoration. In this way, at least part of the heritage of the original building is preserved, and the public has a valuable source for fixtures, hardware, metalwork, and furniture often at better prices than those offered by antiques shops. Because of the large volume of inventory, the merchandise is generally sold as is.

Set and prop stylists, interior designers, and architects have long relied on salvage houses, but today many homeowners are rummaging to fill a need and to savor a bit of the past. A keen eye, a good imagination, and patience are necessary, but the results can be charming. One can use classically designed elements in nontraditional ways. Columns of all persuasions—from Doric to Corinthian in everything from marble to tin—are often bought in pairs and topped with glass to make tables. An ornate metal gate becomes a fine headboard for a bed. Garden fixtures are nothing short of noble: the Great American Salvage Company's New York showroom had, on a single Saturday, two immense working fountains, several ornate stone benches, a fanciful stone birdbath, and countless examples of weathered statuary.



From Colonial: 1950s neon clock, top, and Philco's Predicta television, left.

Many salvage houses keep a request file for clients out of town

"We don't presume to decide how our client will use the piece he buys," says Gil Schapiro of Urban Archaeology in New York. "A copper lighting fixture with a natural verdigris finish might be perfect for one person, but the next one who walks in the door will want it cleaned. We let the buyer decide." Urban Archaeology has a full restoration service and will help clients find contractors for the installation of bars and other large fixtures. Most of the salvage houses listed offer these services and can make referrals for additional carpentry or glasswork needed. Wainscoting, stained-glass windows and cabinetry often require the expertise of craftsmen skilled in adapting old fixtures to new sites. In addition, many salvage houses keep an active request file and will send photographs to clients out of town.

"In general, the American eye for authentic detail has become more discriminating," says Annie Steinwedell of Salvage One in Chicago. "The owners of a prewar brownstone, for example, will no longer accept brand-new doorknobs. They'll go to great lengths to find crystal knobs or iron fencing faithful to the original design of their home."

A few caveats for shopping for salvage: choose to browse on a day unbroken by other appointments. If you need a few things in particular, jot them down beforehand—the inventory can be wonderfully distracting. Steel yourself against sentimentality, or you may come home with a drinking fountain just like the one you remember from grammar school. (See listing page 194.)

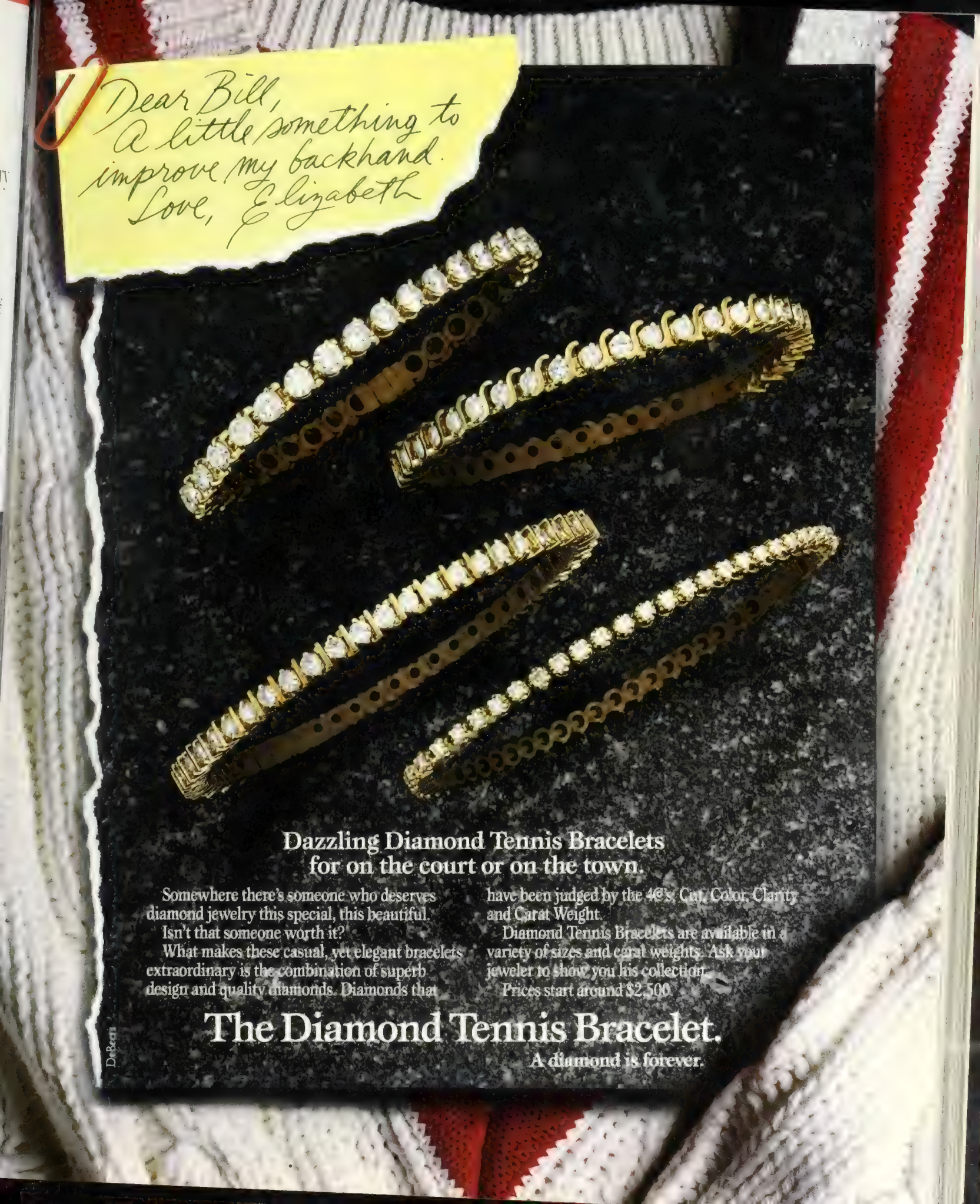
Diane Lilly di Costanzo





COURTESY COLONIAL ANTIQUES (3)

At Irreplaceable Artifacts, top, display on one of fifteen floors. Above: At Colonial, Gustav Stickley 1905 oak chair.


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DeBeers

Architectural Salvage

NORTHEAST

Architectural Antiques Exchange
715 North 2 St., Philadelphia
PA 19123; (215) 922-3669

Great American Salvage Company
3 Main St., Montpelier, VT 05602
(802) 223-7711
97 Crown St., New Haven, CT 06508
(203) 624-1009
34 Cooper Sq., New York, NY 10003
(212) 505-0070
Madison and Main St., Sag Harbor
NY 11963; (516) 725-2272

Irreplaceable Artifacts, 14 Second Ave., New York, NY 10003
(212) 777-2900

Old House Parts, 1305 Blue Hill Ave.
Boston, MA 02126; (617) 296-0445
By appointment only.

Pelnik Wrecking, 1749 Erie Blvd.
Syracuse, NY 13210; (315) 472-1031
315 Oriskany St., Yorkville, NY 13495
(315) 736-4621

SAVE Warehouse, 337 Berry St.
Brooklyn NY 11211; (718) 388-4527
Open Saturdays and Sundays only.

Stamford Wrecking, One Barry Pl.
Stamford CT 06902; (203) 324-9537
A huge inventory of windows, doors, etc.

United House Wrecking, 535 Hope St.
Stamford, CT 06906; (203) 348-5371
They don't do wrecking (demolition) but will take on salvaging (dismantling) all over the East Coast.

Urban Archaeology, 285 Lafayette St.
New York, NY 10012; (212) 431-6969
Exquisite, well-displayed inventory.

MIDWEST

After The Paint, 2711 Lafayette St.
St. Louis, MO 63104; (314) 771-4442
By appointment only.

Architectural Antiques, 801 Washington Ave. North, Minneapolis
MN 55401; (612) 378-2844

Art Directions, 6120 Delmar Blvd.
St. Louis, MO 63112; (314) 863-1895
There are 10,000 square feet of architectural elements and salvaged fixtures.

Colonial Antiques, 5000 West 96 St.
Indianapolis, IN 46268; (317) 873-2727

Olde Theatre Architectural Salvage
2045 Broadway, Kansas City, MO 64108
(816) 283-3740

Salvage One, 1524 South Sangamon St.
Chicago, IL 60608; (312) 725-8243
Artifacts from all over the U.S. and Europe.

Wooden Nickel Architectural Antiques, 1408 Central Parkway
Cincinnati, OH 45210; (513) 241-2985

SOUTH

Architectural Antiques, 2611 West 7 St., Little Rock, Arkansas 72203
(501) 372-1744

The Bank, 1824 Felicity St., New Orleans
LA 70113; (504) 523-2702

Florida Victorian Architectural Antiques, 901 West 1 St., Sanford
FL 32711; (305) 321-5767

Great American Salvage Company
1630 San Marco Blvd., Jacksonville
FL 32207; (904) 396-8081
7 West Washington St., Middleburg
VA 22117; (703) 687-5980

Nostalgia, 307 Stiles Ave., Savannah
GA 31401; (912) 232-2324
Majority of inventory is bought in England.

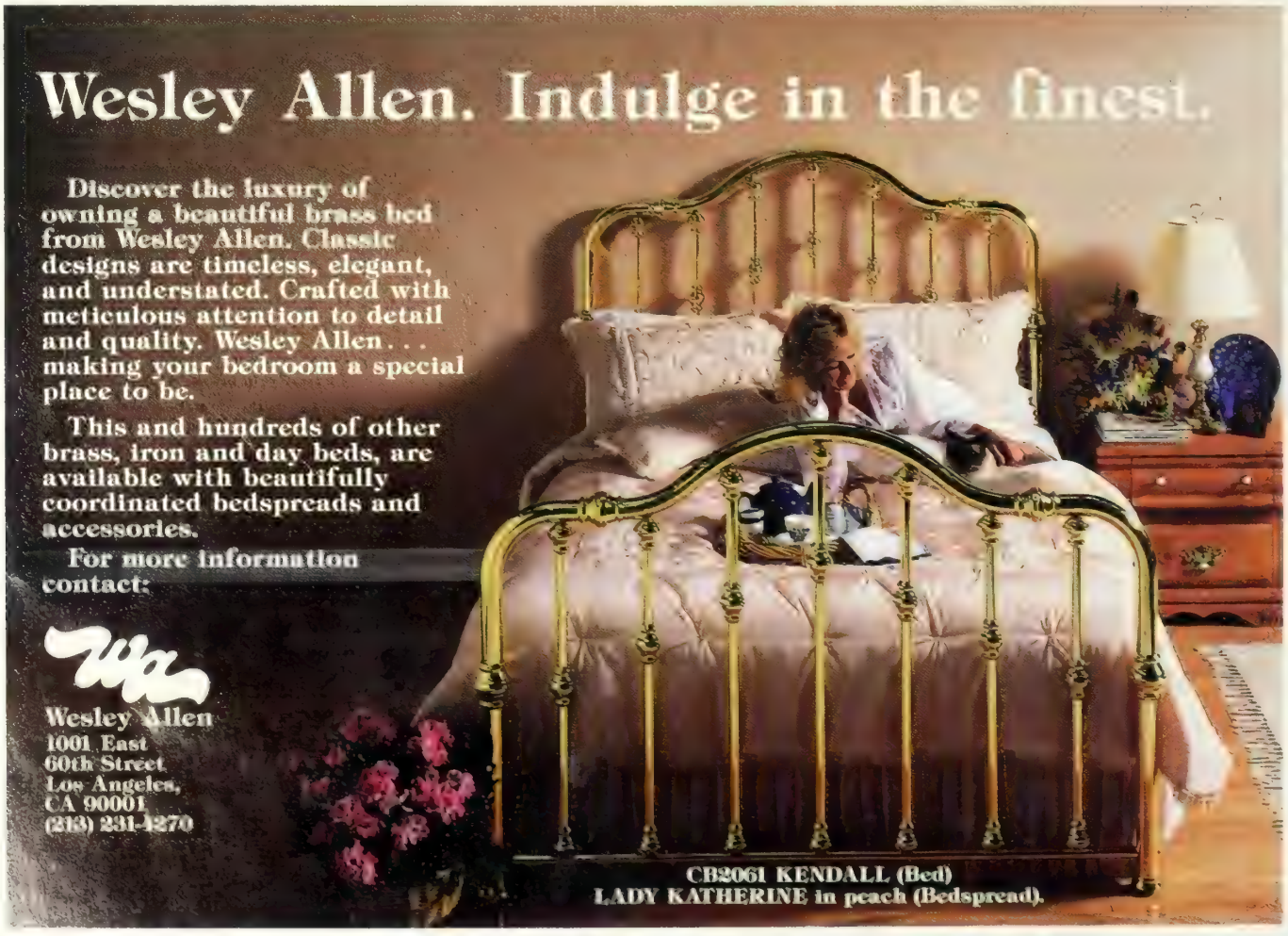
The Wrecking Bar, 292 Moreland Ave.
NE, Atlanta, GA 30307; (404) 525-0468

WEST

Cleveland Wrecking, 3170 East Washington Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90023
(213) 269-0633
A varied inventory of salvaged items.

1874 House, 8070 South East 13 St.
Portland, OR 97202; (503) 233-1874
Mostly wooden elements and hardware.

Scavenger's Paradise, 4360 Tujunga Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91604
(213) 877-7945



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Laser Comeback

With new players on the market, the laser disc returns to the mainstream

Now that more than 50 million VCRs are in American households, attention is finally focusing on a format that puts the ubiquitous VHS tape to shame—the laser disc. While VHS tapes usually display hazy detail, distorted colors, and speckled screens, most laser discs show pictures finer than any ever seen on television. They are the video counterparts of the digital compact disc and possible inheritors of its success.

It may be impossible to tape broadcasts using a laser disc, but no tape yet can match the best disc. (This is true even of the Super VHS format now seeping into the marketplace; ED Beta, due this summer, may be another story.) Laser discs do not wear out, they permit pristine special effects, and many offer CD-quality digital sound. Most major releases are also cheaper than tapes, with prices around $35. For building a movie library they are the obvious choice.

Pioneer Electronics nursed along the format since introducing it in 1980; until recently, it was the only manufacturer of the 250,000 players in use domestically and the only distributor of more than 2,200 titles. Pioneer's $2,000 flagship player—the LD-S1—is a stunning machine. But many of its less expensive models double as CD players and play all sizes of videodiscs: the 8-inch, the 12-inch, and the bizarre new 5-inch CD Videodiscs, which contain one music video and four audio selections.

Sensing a coming boom—and the merging of home audio and video systems—companies such as Denon and Sony will also soon be delivering combination players. The finely engineered Yamaha CDV-1000 sells for $799 and even offers better CD sound than most low-priced CD players.

Meanwhile, disc possibilities are just beginning to be explored. Voyager's Criterion Collection offers scrupulously transferred movie classics with a second audio track containing commentary and a video scrapbook of stills, interviews, and rare footage. There are over 25 films in Criterion's features catalogue, selling from $39.95 to $99.95. For information call (800) 446-2001, in California (800) 443-2001.

Though laser discs still play a minor role in the video world, their range seems unlimited. There are Metropolitan Opera and Glyndebourne performances, tours of the Louvre, satellite photos of the planet Uranus. Interactive discs teach everything from sketching to belly dancing. There are mystery discs that turn the viewer into a detective. A multivolume animal encyclopedia can even be controlled by computer. These discs are distributed by Pioneer's LaserDisc Corporation (201) 573-1122, but other companies, such as PolyGram, are entering the fray with discs from their rich music catalogue.

A nearly forgotten format puts the ubiquitous VHS tape to shame

The choice is no longer between tapes or laser discs; it is for both.

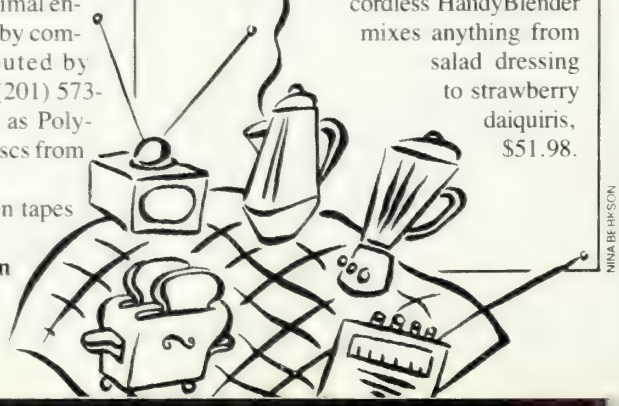
Edward Rothstein



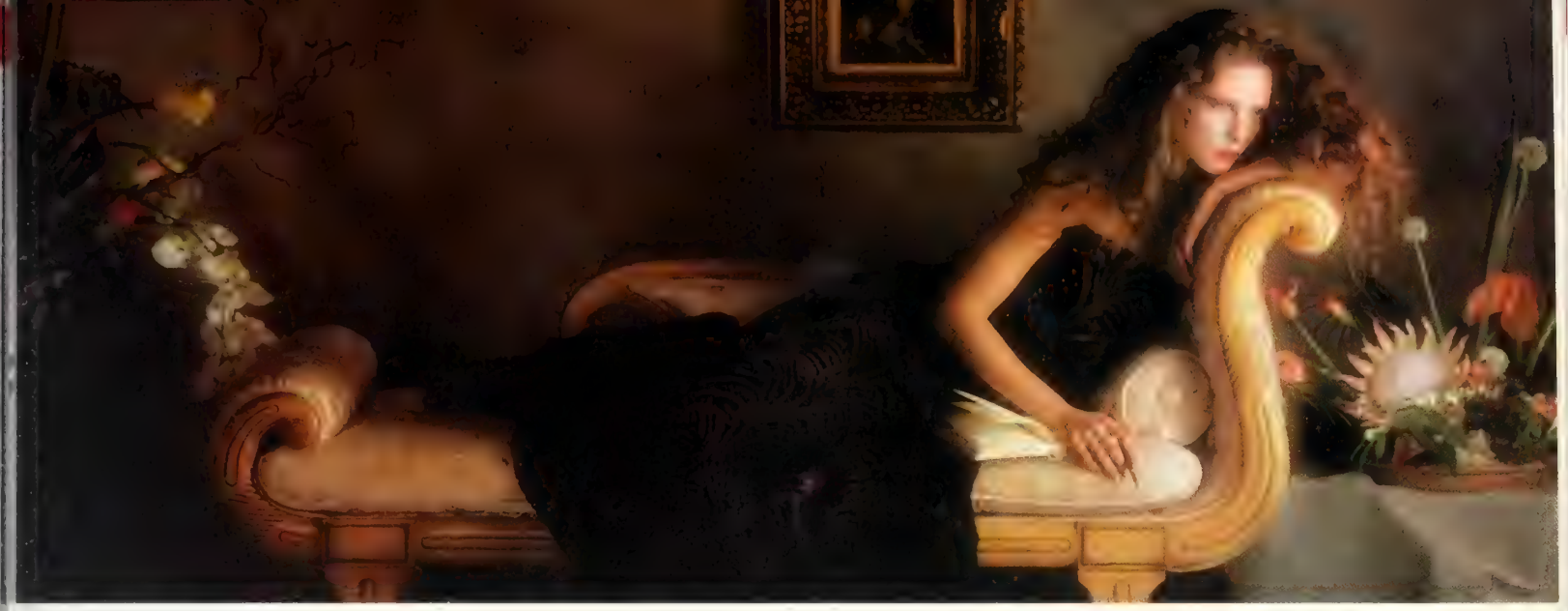
CONSTANCE HANSEN (2)

Cheese, wine, TV and thee

Picnic purists may balk, but you can take the comforts of home to the woods or the beach. From Sharp: the portable 3-inch 3ML100 LCD color television powered by dry cell, car, or rechargeable battery as well as AC current, $599, and the QT-S360 stereo cassette/radio player with 360-degree speaker design, in blue, white, gray, yellow, red, black, $99.95. From Black & Decker, the 32-ounce cordless HandyBlender mixes anything from salad dressing to strawberry daiquiris, $51.98.



NINA BERKSON



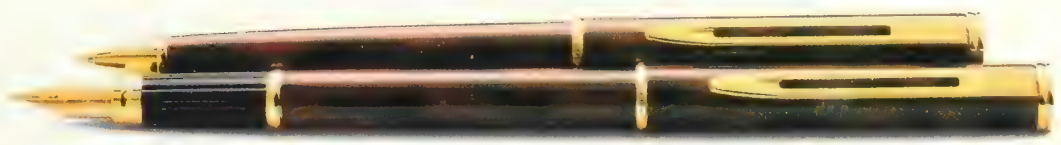
I gave up chocolate. I gave up espresso.

I gave up the Count (that naughty man).

And his little house in Cap Ferrat.

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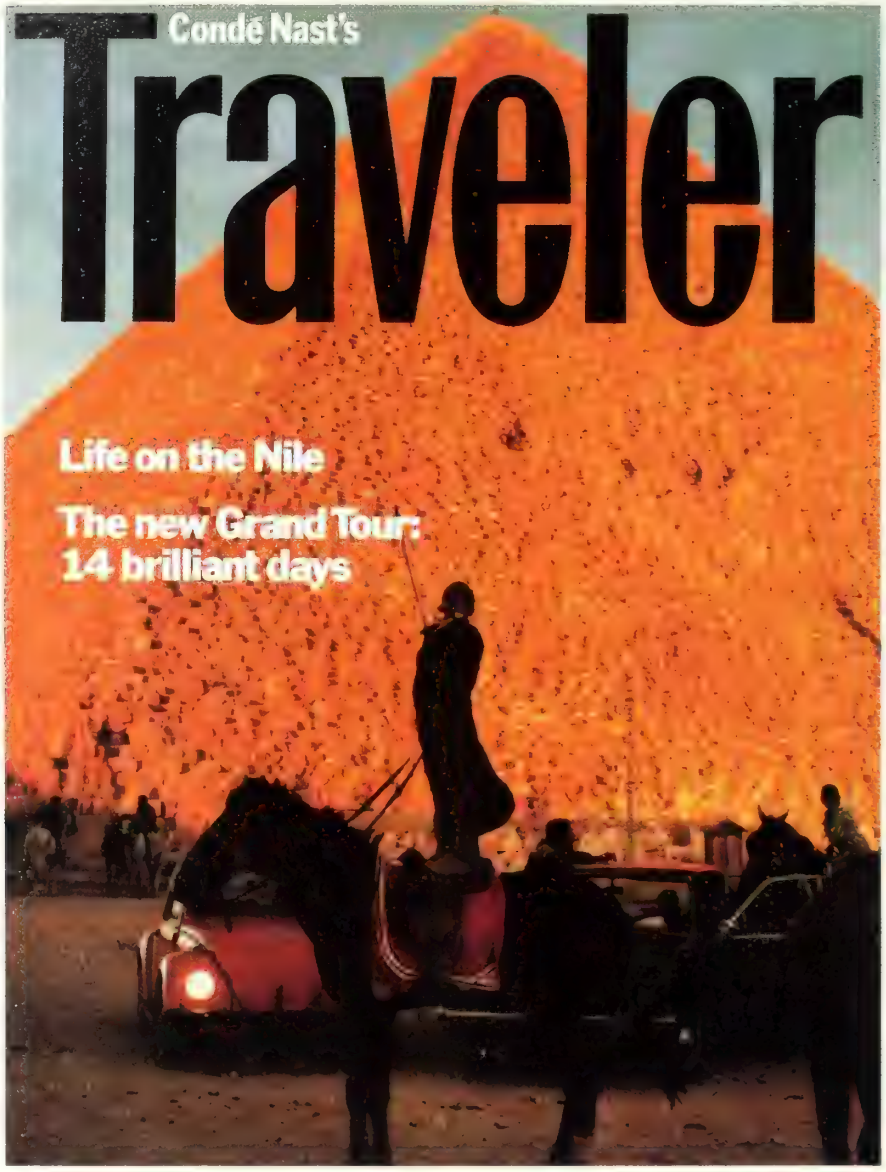


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Botanical fabrics display the richness of leaves, flowers, berries, bulbs

The Victorians' mania for hothouse plants to decorate their parlors was equally evident in their frequent use of fabrics liberally patterned with exotic ferns and palms in many different hues. Likewise today, the growing interest in gardening and the vogue among fashionable florists for flowers and plants showing bulbs and roots is also reflected in contemporary fabrics, which, used like wallpaper, transform even the smallest room into a horticulturist's paradise. Among the best are these bold and unusual designs.

Amicia de Moubray















Nakai fabric, right, from Boussac. Left: Brunschwig & Fils Fraisiers fabric. Above: Clarence House Vignoble in background, Camargue on cushion. Antique bench from Newel Art Galleries. On the wall, matted prints from Ursus Prints; Ferns fabric by Old World Weavers. Country Floors tiles. Center inset: Brunschwig & Fils Anemones. Top right inset: Boussac's Nucleus fabric. All frames by J. Pocker & Son. Details page 216.



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Divide and Conquer

Once considered white elephants, many great houses are now being converted into condominiums

The demand for 146-room houses is, as you might suspect, very small. Donald Trump probably wouldn't be interested since he and Ivana already have a weekend getaway—Marjorie Merriweather Post's 118-room Mar-a-Lago in Palm Beach. Both the sultan of Brunei and Sylvester Stallone could most likely handle the $52 million price tag such a house carries, but it's difficult to picture either of them relocating to the North Shore of Long Island.

So what's to become of Oheka Castle, architects Delano & Aldrich's behemoth retreat for financier Otto Kahn in Cold Spring Harbor, New York? Chances are excellent that the 1916 monument to capitalism will follow in the footsteps of Stanford White's Patterson/McCormick Mansion in Chicago, McKim, Mead & White's Orchards in Southampton, and any number of other great houses around the country that have been carved up into condominiums. (Gary Melius, the current owner of Oheka, embarked on the condominium-conversion course in 1984 but changed his mind after completing a prototype unit and put the castle up for sale.)

A popular variation on the conversion-to-condos theme is offered by William K. Vanderbilt II's winter home on Florida's Fisher Island and Alfred I. Du Pont's estate farther up the coast in Jacksonville, which have been called into service as clubhouses for new housing developments. "Once a millionaire's opulent mansion . . . today the focal point of your leisure hours," explains the breathless brochure for Rosecliff, yet another example of the same phenomenon in New York's Westchester County.

Although there's something slightly unsettling about transforming financiers' palatial estates into condos and clubhouses, demolition is frequently the only other alternative for what realtors not so affectionately refer to as white elephants. In other words, preservation has its price.



NORMAN McGRATH

Signs point to the condominiumization of Oheka Castle, Otto Kahn's 1916 estate

Unsettling as it may be, demolition is frequently the only other alternative

Perhaps no community is more aware of just how high that price can be than Newport, Rhode Island. The venerable summer resort boasts an extraordinary number of sprawling estates erected by generations of assorted tycoons, and although most of them are still privately owned, many have fallen into the ever-waiting hands of developers—a group not generally known for situating either architecture or preservation high on its list of priorities. Residents still bristle over the wholesale slaughter of Bonniecrest, for example—a once-grand Tudor mansion that was converted from single-family to multifamily use six years ago. The conversion was so murderously executed that the Department of the Interior had Bonniecrest removed from the National Register of Historic Places. (Among other crimes, the developer bulldozed Frederick Law Olmsted's landscaping to make way for three Mediterranean-style villas, with a total of 43 units.)

Happily more recent estate conversions have given Newporters less cause for complaint. Although the old guard still grumbles, the transformation of the 1927 English Tudor compound architect John Russell Pope built for himself into ten "luxury" condominiums is perfectly respectable, as is the recent reworking of architect William MacKenzie's 1937 château into six residences. In the latter instance, however, the developer should leave well enough alone and not construct the two-duplex building he recently unveiled for the site.

Considering Newport's luxe housing stock and the exigencies of contemporary real estate, it is not surprising that an architecture firm would rise to meet the local demand for residential conversions. The Newport Collaborative has established itself as just such a firm over the last seven years by specializing in what its brochure rather coyly refers to as historic mediation.

"We try to go back to the original room configurations as much as possible," reports partner Glenn Gardiner, who adds that it isn't always easy since many of the thirty houses he and his partners have converted into condominiums had already been hacked up into apartments after the Depression. Nonetheless, the Newport Collaborative's portfolio includes a range of notable successes, both architecturally and commercially—from ar-



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chitect Richard Morris Hunt's 1864 "chalet" for a socialite who loved Switzerland, now a twelve-unit condominium, to four 1881 Queen Anne cottages, now twenty-two units of charm.

But no matter how sensitive the conversion architect and how reasonable the developer, there is still a bittersweet tinge to the metamorphosis of America's great houses into condominiums. One tends to feel sorry, in a way, for the late Philadelphia art collector Henry P. McIlhenny whose great 34-room Rittenhouse Square mansion will be transformed into a dozen or so "mansionettes." Perhaps such change signals the passing of an era more grand than our own, the dissipation of romantic dreams that many would like to share.

But think of it this way—now you can.

Charles Gandee

Estate Conversions

The Chalet *Newport, Rhode Island*
Grand Victorian house built in 1864 on a 4-acre site by architect Richard Morris Hunt. Converted in 1984 into twelve condominiums, 650–1,200 square feet: $200,000–$300,000. New tennis court and swimming pool were added to grounds.

Chieftains *Greenwich, Connecticut*
Purchased by department store co-owner Isaac Gimbel in 1925, this 1911 estate is slated to begin conversion into 29 units in August. The original 15,000-square-foot mansion, built in an eclectic style, and the Shingle-style barn, gardener's cottage, and stable will be converted into five units, 2,000–9,000 square feet. There are 24 new 4,200-square-foot houses and a nature preserve planned for the surrounding 96 acres. Prices will run upward of $1.5 million.

Epping Forest *Jacksonville, Florida*
Former estate of Alfred I. Du Pont. Today the 1926 15,000-square-foot Mediterranean-style mansion built by architect Harold Saxelbye is the yacht club for a 58-acre community. Two mid-rise buildings each house sixteen riverfront villas, 1,700–3,700 square feet: $265,000–$587,000. There are also 41 Forest Homes—freestanding single-family units, 2,400–3,500 square feet: $315,000–$387,000. Also available are 53 custom lots. Fitness center, swimming pools, and original 2½-acre formal gardens.

Oronoque *Stockbridge, Massachusetts*
A 22-room Shingle-style "cottage" built in 1887 on 12 acres. Bought from Boston University in early 1986 for $600,000; restored and subdivided into six units at a cost of $1.65 million. Condominiums for sale, 1,700–2,200 square feet: $320,000–$350,000. Eight duplexes planned.

Seafair *Newport, Rhode Island*
Replica of a French château built in 1937 by architect William MacKenzie on an isolated 9-acre promontory overlooking Narragansett Bay. The 30,000-square-foot mansion has been converted into five town houses, 2,600–6,000 square feet: $900,000–$1.75 million. One additional freestanding unit constructed from the former stables and garage should be completed this summer.

Seaside *Fisher Island, Florida*
William K. Vanderbilt II's 216-acre estate is being converted into a resort community of 1,050 new units. In 1987 the 1927 Mediterranean-style mansion reopened as a private clubhouse, and Bayside Village (78 units) was completed. Three different condominium groupings will be constructed in 1988: 35 units in Bayside Village East, 2,000–3,000 square feet: $435,000–$1.8 million; 52 units in Seaside Village, 850–1,700 square feet: $250,000–$685,000; and a 20-unit oceanside development, 2,500–5,500 square feet: $795,000–$2.4 million.

Sunnyside Place *Newport, Rhode Island*
Georgian brick manor house designed by McKim, Mead & White in 1885–86. Converted in mid 1987 into seven condominiums, 1,000–1,600 square feet: $275,000–$300,000. Communal gathering quarters include second-floor terraced outdoor living room with fireplace.

Uihlein Estate *Milwaukee, Wisconsin*
Jacobean mansion built in 1906 by architects Kirchoff & Ross on 3½ acres overlooking Lake Michigan. Original owner's grandson, architect David Uihlein, was responsible for conversion of house in late 1985 into four row-house units and of carriage house and adjoining stable into two additional units; condominiums, 1,900–3,600 square feet: $200,000–$300,000. An eight-car parking garage was added underneath the front yard.

The Waves *Newport, Rhode Island*
Architect John Russell Pope's 1927 English Tudor mansion situated on a 9-acre promontory. Converted into ten multilevel units, 850–2,750 square feet: all sold in past ten months for $600,000–$1 million. Undulating heavy slate roof gave estate its original name.

Whitefield *Southampton, Long Island*
A 25,000-square-foot neo-Colonial mansion, (originally named The Orchards), started by McKim, Mead & White in 1896, completed by Stanford White in 1906. In 1980 main house was converted into five condominiums, 1,700–4,500 square feet: $200,000–$375,000. Developers also built 24 town houses in six clusters, 2,100–2,600 square feet: $200,000–$300,000 a unit. Adjoining formal gardens have been restored.



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Secret Garden

(Continued from page 143) fruits and vegetables as well as unknown exotic delicacies. Ships that circled the earth to explore new territories often carried one or more botanists. They were dependent on competent gardeners to develop their fragile cargoes.

For five years, beginning in 1673, La Quintinye was responsible for the ancient kitchen garden at Versailles built by Louis XIII and for the culture of orange trees in the new orangery designed by Le Nôtre but often attributed to Jules Hardouin-Mansart, who had directed its construction. The kitchen garden was fast becoming inadequate, unable to supply the increasing needs of the royal kitchen. Louis XIV, whose passion for building was reinforced by his pleasure in learning from artisans, collaborated on La Quintinye's project to create a new garden. It was to be of geometric design, including a round basin in the large center square which sent a stream of water a hundred feet into the air echoing the fountains of Versailles.

The site chosen was less than ideal, a swamp hopelessly lacking in drainage. La Quintinye protested, suggesting another site, but the king's will prevailed. Building the garden was a gigantic task that took five years. Hardouin-Mansart began the walls that enclosed the garden in 1677. From July to October 1678, Swiss soldiers loaded soil from nearby land into lumbering wagons. The lake that was created—Pièce d'Eau Des Suisses—took its name from these brave soldiers who suffered the illness of the swamps as they worked.

Long before the carts had stopped carrying the loads of earth, long before Hardouin-Mansart had completed the walls and buildings, La Quintinye started to cultivate and plant the soil. Small corners of vegetables and strawberries began to flourish near warm walls. When the Potager du Roy was finished in November 1683, its fame soon reached beyond the Alps. In 1685 it was visited by the doge of Venice and a year later by the ambassadors of the king of Siam.

High terraces on all four sides outline the central square, creating walls for espaliers and protection from the wind. These terraces are wide enough to allow visitors to walk side by side and view the garden from above. Two wide paths run north and south and east and west dividing the central area into four large squares that are subdivided for late-maturing vegetables. To the south against the outer terrace walls are five small orchards, which were once the original "eleven rooms." To the west beyond the outer terrace and at the end of the wide walk is the royal gate, the entrance used by the king to visit the garden. His interest in the art of pruning and the methods of gardening often brought him here, and a strong feeling of friendship and respect was shared by the king and his gardener. In appreciation of La Quintinye's exceptional abilities, the king built a house for him in the northwest corner of the garden. This house, still there, is now occupied by Raymond Chaux, the director of the horticulture school.

Many lovely legends surround the life of this important seventeenth-century gardener. His simplicity, charm, and knowledge inspired confidence in others. In 1677 he was made a member of the Académie Française, where he joined his friend Charles Perrault. He was also honored by the king in 1687 with the title directeur des jardins fruitiers et potagers de toutes les maisons royales.

Fate, however, allowed this pioneer little time to enjoy all he had earned. His spirit and health weakened by the death of two of his sons, Jean de La Quintinye died in 1688 at Versailles. The king sent these words to his widow: "Madame, nous venons faire une perte que nous ne pourrons jamais reparer" (Madam, we have just experienced a loss that we can never replace).

This is the story of a king, his gardener, and a garden that has survived the calamities of time with the protection of the French government under the supervision of the École Nationale Supérieure d'Horticulture. Today its fruit trees and espaliers are cultivated and pruned by Jacques Beccaletto, using La Quintinye's basic methods with the help of modern science and his own judgment. And its fruits and vegetables are now sold in the nearby markets. There is much for a gardener to learn from the past, from the lives of men like Jean de La Quintinye whose fascination with gardening and knowledge of it is an inspiration for us today. ♠

Gardening Editor: Babs Simpson

Grass Garden

(Continued from page 134) garden with secateurs, cutting off seed heads; they stay on by design, showing the cycle of nature.

At the Rosenbergs, the landscape Oehme, van Sweden consider their most important private project, ten-foot-tall clumps of giant eulalia grass, *Miscanthus floridulus*, echo the rhythm of the huge native reeds, *Phragmites communis*, that fill the surrounding marsh. Thirteen other grasses create height in rounded volumes, not thin verticals, so nothing interferes with the grand horizontal of sky and water. When the English gardener Christopher Lloyd saw it, he said, "They have welcomed the dominance of the sea."

The self-sufficient plants that horticulturist Wolfgang Oehme uses with grasses must pass strenuous tests of hardiness, versatility, and four-season beauty. Staking, pruning, and spraying are out. The Rosenbergs' gardening chores take about four hours a week—just enough time to work up an appetite for a long cool summer lunch.

Perennials are planted en masse: none of the old three-of-this and five-of-that approach, it's more likely a minimum of fifty. Lavender (*Lavandula vera*) and yarrow (*Achillea filipendulina* 'Parker'), two old soldiers from the perennial border, are used as high colorful ground covers instead of lawn.

"At first the plants just knock you out," says James van Sweden." But planting is only about twenty percent of what we do. The rest is what we call the 'hardscape'—drainage, grading, irrigation, steps, surfaces, lighting." A one-acre garden that manages to squeeze in, *and* make beautiful, such traditional eyesores as a fenced vegetable garden and a swimming pool (with filter) is clearly a masterful design. So is a terrace perfect for two which is really big enough to hold six chaise longues, a hundred people, and Larry Rivers's jazz band.

"Layering space is the key," says van Sweden. "If you create scrims of plants, they will contour space and give it mystery without cutting it up." He and his partner believe that working on a large scale makes a small space look bigger. The miraculous terrace covers almost the same area as the house.

Once the hardscape was complete, planting took only one weekend. Hundreds of plants and a six-man crew arrived. The Rosenbergs put them up and cooked mighty meals. Oehme recalls, "We planted till late at night because rain was going to fall."

Then it was all over. "It looked like a potato field," van Sweden recalls, "with little green whiskers." The Rosenbergs were perfect patrons. They did not whine or blanch; they trusted, waited, and applied fish emulsion and water. They had seen the light—the New American Garden was on its way, they were sure. A year later there it was, waving and rustling, a grassy vision, a signed and numbered original in an entirely new series of landscape art. ♠

Gardening Editor: Senga Mortimer

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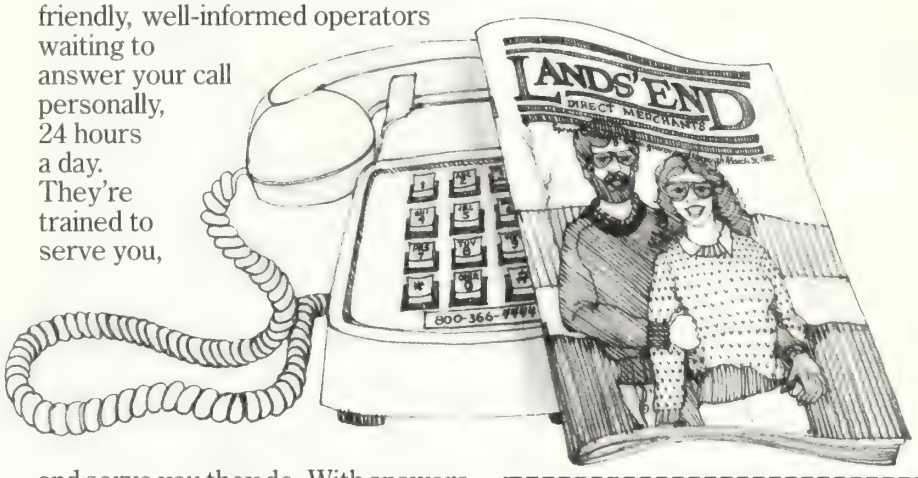
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The Garden Page

(Continued from page 130) to me. "Geraldine, you have the perfect combination of deep country and white water, and we will make it wonderful."

Jacqueline de la Chaume: Cecil Beaton may be Cecil Beaton. But as I always said, he's boring to sit next to, to start with, and then you struggle all through a meal. Russell was that way, too. Sitting next to Russell at dinner was really boring.

Anne H. Bass: He used to love talking about clothes. He did read fashion magazines and kept up. I adore Ungaro and he really loved him, too. Russell thought he was a real artist just for his combination of patterns and colors. And, you know, in a way fashion is similar to gardening. Russell, too, had this sort of brilliant mind for textures and shapes.

Curtice Taylor: He was such a snob and such a climber. I bumped into the man who helped design the new wing of the Frick while Russell was designing the garden. They hated each other, just *hated* each other. And he told me that in the middle of meetings Russell would have the phone ring and he'd pick it up and say, "Oh, Jackie, so nice of you to call." Or, "Oh, Babe."

Jacqueline de la Chaume: As much as I admired his capacities as a garden architect, I thought he was the most unpleasant person I ever dealt with.

Josy Blair: After all, he was an artist, a genius. He was a great genius, and they are not like other people.

William Paley: I was sure he liked what he was doing. He got up at six in the morning and got down to work. A man doesn't do that unless he likes it.

C. Z. Guest: I wouldn't call him fashionable. I don't call people like that fashionable, because they're always in fashion.

Anne H. Bass: He apparently was once shown a very large diamond by a client, and he was expected to express great admiration for it. But he said, "That isn't jewelry, that's mineralogy."

Patrick Bowe: He always said that he did not have a style. He liked to be styleless. The way he worked was, he went to a site, and each site generated a different style of garden. He was like Capability Brown. People said that Brown's work would not be recognized because it was so based on the site rather than on his own personal style. I think it is probably the same with Page.

Paul Rudolph: The way he really worked was not a matter of drawing at all, it was a matter of imagining. That is important about

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him because—and this will sound a little strange—you can't really draw landscape. You can only imagine the three-dimensional. And I saw that's what Russell Page did. He imagined first and in the smallest detail.

Rosemary Verey: I said to him, "I must put another tree in a certain part of the garden. Where should I put it?" And he said, "Well, I'll go and stand where it should go." He stood there and said, "Now go and look at me from all angles."

Guy de Rothschild: He wanted to be more of an architect than one wanted him to be. When I built the house here, he would have gladly designed the house more than the landscape.

Count Brando Brandolini: He did the plans, then I did the planting myself. He never came back. I don't think he was very good with flowers. He had not a clue—and the color was always awful.

Marella Agnelli: He had very good taste in colors and plants. A lot of people are very knowledgeable, but when they finish, you end up not with a very pretty place because they don't have good taste.

Geraldine Stutz: My first naive inexperienced gardener's question to Russell was, "What kind of flowers are you going to plant?" He said with infinite patience, "My dear, in the parlance of the fashion profession, let me tell you that flowers and flowering herbs are like maquillage. Before the maquillage comes the facelift. The bones of the land must be placed as perfectly as the bones in the face. Once the bones are perfectly placed, it doesn't make any difference what maquillage you use."

Anne H. Bass: The one thing he did for us that was really a mistake was plant everything too close together. I admonished him for having done that at one point, and he said, "Well, you have to understand that I don't have many years left, and I want to see an effect right away." I said, "What about me?" And he said, "You can just replant it."

Patrick Bowe: He did an enormous lake for the de Belders just by walking out with about one or two hundred bamboo canes. He walked around the outline of the lake once, putting in bamboo canes as he went along. When he got back to the first bamboo cane, he said, "That's it." And he never looked at the lake again, nor did he change one bamboo cane one inch to one side or the other.

Fernanda Niven: Russell Page and I were once having quite an interesting discussion on plant material and the play of texture. I asked him, "Do you like red?" Well, he drew himself up to a frightening height, shot me a look that could have frozen hell, and said in the most arrogant tone, "My dear, you must never ask a question like that. What do you mean by red? Light red? Dark red? Clothes? Table linen? Socks?"

Oscar de la Renta: I became a friend of Russell's before we worked together. Being a friend I finally thought to ask him, "I have this house in the country and I. . ." We'd had the house for only a year and a half or so, and I wanted him to help me. We set a date. When he arrived, I showed him around. I had planted an herbaceous border, and as we walked by, Russell sort of took a look and said to me, "What's that?" But the way he said "What's that?" I was embarrassed and said, "I don't know exactly. The people who sold me the house put that thing there, and I haven't done anything with it." We finally ended our tour, and Russell says to me, "What is it you want to do?" I said, "I would love to have a garden." He said, "Well, a garden is a room, and to have a room you need walls, but you have no walls, so the only thing we can do is emphasize your view. As for a garden, you will never have one. But I can improve on your view."



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Anne H. Bass: When he started, he would get really impatient. "No, not that way," pounding the ground. He would treat the workers almost as though they were furniture, just screaming at them, gardeners running here and there. He really wasn't an unkind person, so he would back off. He would be completely exhausted by about one o'clock, come in, calm down, and have a drink.

Thomas Vail: Russell Page, when I knew him from 1976 onward, was a completely modern person. He knew that huge places, with twenty gardeners just to change flowers, were no more. So he adapted his elegant designs and superb taste to the modern era.

He was very funny about money. For a long time he wouldn't send you a bill. It was very strange. You would have to press him to accept payment for things. Yet when he was working on the garden, he expected, if he wanted to move a hill, that you would get bulldozers to do it.

Patrick Bowe: He was interested in carrying on the meaningful traditions of Western garden art into contemporary design. For example, the PepsiCo scheme is a contemporary reinterpretation of the principles of the eighteenth-century landscape of Stourhead in England. There is a famous view at Stourhead from the Grotto, the circular window looking over the water, the window framing a reflection of the temple on the other side. This is exactly parallel to PepsiCo, where you look through a large circular hole in the Henry Moore sculpture and see a Calder reflected on the other side.

Donald Kendall: I met Russell down in Chile, and we established a wonderful relationship there. I invited him up to our home and then showed him PepsiCo. He lived at our house for quite a while. It was a very personal thing between the two of us, and that's why he devoted the last years of his life here. It wasn't just the garden. Russell was so happy here, and everybody treated him so well. He was treated like a king because they all thought he was one.

Everett Fahy: I remember that before I met Russell, I spoke to Babe Paley, and she was very enthusiastic about the things he had done. But then she called back later and said, "If you get him to do this work, you'll never get him out of your hair. You'll have him on your back." And it was true.

Thomas Vail: His own establishment was zero. I mean, he did not live in any grand place or have a fancy apartment or a flat or a house or anything. I don't think he ever had a garden of his own.

Curtice Taylor: He'd be driving along some lane in England and say with trepidation, "I did a garden here 25 years ago, and do I dare look?" Then he'd drive down the lane and push back the hedge and there'd be this mess. He'd say, "There's another one gone." He said it was often so depressing because you work so hard and then the property gets sold.

Marina Schinz: Russell was a truly exotic person—almost as if he were from another planet. There was something mysterious about him, always vanishing or appearing unpredictably, whether he came from next door or from a remote corner of the world. His choice of a rosemary bush as a tombstone was true to form and very touching. I think the knowledge that two harsh winters were to follow his death would not have altered his choice. His devotion to nature was absolute.

Hubert Faure: I had the feeling he would not like to have anything written about him. ♠

Credits for The Garden Page

Page 129—Top to bottom: Marina Schinz, Marina Schinz, Horst, Thomas Vail, Tim Beddow, Marina Schinz
Page 130—Top row (left to right): Frank Scherschel *Life* Magazine © 1956, Time Inc., Mick Hales, Josy Blair, Mick Hales, Elvin McDonald; second row: J. Guichard/Gamma, Mick Hales; third row: Marina Schinz, Mick Hales, Senga Mortimer, Marina Schinz, Marina Schinz; bottom row: Marina Schinz, Randy O'Rourke, Mick Hales, Marella Agnelli, Calosso

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In the Nick of Time

(Continued from page 186) arms of the chandelier. Walls are covered with distressed mirror. It's an octagonal room in the center of the flat with no daylight. The ceiling is painted like a late-evening summer sky, and the clock is stalled at 4:55.

Nicky explains the useless clock, "When I bought the clock, it was stopped at that time. Then I realized, my God, my clock stopped at the time the mob stormed Versailles. I must leave it like that."

He's taken poetic license with history in other rooms, too. A room in the palace of Pavlovsk inspired his drawing room of milk-glass walls, bronze fittings, and mauve furniture. An eternal flame in a steel urn burns in the fireplace. In his bedroom, he has tapped his own family history. The walls are painted to look like strata of fossilized rocks to evoke the seventeenth-century paneling of his father's country-house bedroom. Over the bed is the only recognizable scene, a ghostly vision of Nicky's house in Hampshire.

Haslam was born in Buckinghamshire in 1939. His mother, a goddaughter of Queen Victoria, was for a time Fanny Brice's secretary; his father was a diplomat. Nancy Mitford, a family friend, was in and out of the house, and he called her Aunt Nancy. At Eton he decked out his room with leopard-patterned curtains with pelmets of cut-paper ostrich feathers and a carpet of faux grass.

In 1961 he moved to New York and was given a job in the art department at *Vogue*. "When he came to me with a photograph of the Beatles—the discovery of the *century*—whom no one had ever heard of, that established him for me," says Diana Vreeland. In 1973, after working as an art director, a cowboy in Arizona, and a photographer in Hollywood, Nicky returned to London to become a decorator. Lord Hesketh was his first client.

Nicky Haslam is not a middle-pather. He loves the mixture of very cheap and very expensive. "My curtains are often made of the cheapest possible stuff but, mind you, exquisitely made. And then I mix in marvelous fabrics, for instance, gilt and purple metal fringe or eighteenth-century toile."

More to the point, he loves things that look rare but not necessarily expensive. "Rarity is everything. Rarity is the clue to life. Now we're talking basics. As the world becomes more and more the same, rarity is the only interesting thing. Having a different approach. One of a kind. Or even one of a group."

One of a group? "Royalty is rarity. There aren't many of them, so I find them an interesting group," says Nicky, who is preparing a book on royal decoration.

Has he done any work for Prince Charles?

"No, but he's done work for me," jokes Nicky, referring to the drawing by Prince Charles he keeps framed by his bed.

If rarity is the clue to life, unsterility is the key to Nicky Haslam's design. "The other day I got a set of furniture that had calico covers. I took a Pentel and drew zebra skin onto it. I love that kind of instant thing." Unsterility also includes rolled-up sheets of cartridge paper tied up with nothing-colored ribbon chucked in a basket or covering all the books in your library with one-color paper—white or beige—like the Strahov Library in Prague.

Clients won't get the run of the mill with Nicky Haslam. "I loathe greenery indoors—anything like a ficus or rubber plants or ferns. Greenery is made for conservatories or out-of-doors," says Nicky. He also hates the technical: light dimmers and televisions that come up out of coffee tables, whirl away, turn into VCRs, and make a cup of decaf—"that's a very passé form of decorating"—but he thinks some appliances *should* be seen. "There's nothing wrong with a television set. They're so well designed now



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In the Nick of Time

they're not worth hiding." And he loves telephones. "It's not exposed steel girders and brick walls that make rooms look up-to-date. It's telephones and televisions and real-life objects. The objects that were made for Marie Antoinette or Madam Du Barry were the latest things. One must have the newest things knocking around to make the whole thing sing. Lady Juliet Duff always said, 'A perfect room has to contain something ugly, something pink, and something modern.' "

Pink, yes, and mauve. "Not orchid. Mauve mauve. I just think it's the most wonderful range of color. It goes from monkey brown to lilac. It's very underplayed." But not orange. "Orange is common. Of course, one says these things are common, but suddenly they can be rather wonderful, very unexpected. Remember that ravishing orangy velvet boudoir that belonged to the Duchess of Windsor? Soo-o-o beautiful."

Nicky Haslam has never used orange. But perhaps he will in New York. Move over shiny chintzes, ficus trees, and Jerry Zipkin. Think mauve and, who knows, even orange. Nicky Haslam's coming to town. ♠

Salad, the Silent Killer

(Continued from page 172) So much for the benignity of the plant kingdom. Generally speaking, there are four categories of chemical weaponry that salad deploys against its human predators: nutrition blockers, toxins, mutagens (which alter genetic material), and carcinogens. Nutrition blockers are the most delicious of the four, morally delicious that is, because they rob the salad fanatics of the one excuse for their obsessive behavior—that salad is good for you. Nutrition blockers are chemicals that bind with some desirable vitamin or mineral and prevent your intestines from absorbing it. My favorite is the oxalic acid in raw spinach, a vegetable exalted for its high content of calcium and iron. Oxalic acid, it seems, forms an insoluble complex with calcium and iron and blocks their absorption.

Raw red cabbage, brussels sprouts, and beets contain an antivitamin that binds with the B vitamin thiamine and stops its absorption. Various antithiamine factors are also found in mustard seeds, some berries, cottonseed (the oil of which finds its way into the cheaper salad dressings), and some ferns (fiddlehead fans take note). The raw egg in a Caesar's salad contains avidin, which binds up the B vitamin called biotin in much the same way.

One of the most offensive phrases used by nutrition buffs is "empty calories," applied to such culinary triumphs as the frozen Milky Way bar. I, for one, would rather eat an empty calorie than a toxic one. And what could be emptier than a bowl of blocked, raw spinach or cabbage?

As you might expect, vegetables that would otherwise be alluring as rich sources of protein or starch may be equally rich in chemicals that make the protein or starch indigestible. Protease inhibitors in raw turnips, rutabaga, chickpeas, bamboo sprouts, cashews, peanuts, and most beans counteract the enzymes in our bodies that digest protein. In a similar fashion, amylase inhibitors in raw red kidney beans and navy beans render their carbohydrate content unusable.

The keen reader will notice that each of these salad ingredients act as antinutrients only in their raw state. Like some of the toxins we'll come to later, antinutrients are destroyed by proper cooking. Boiling water dissolves or dilutes some of them; high heat denatures or oxidizes others. It is important to know the right method, temperature, and cooking time for each toxic vegetable. Consult your old wives' tales for further instructions.

This year we celebrate the forty thousandth anniversary of the miracle of cooking. Current anthropological thought suggests that modern Homo sapiens rapidly displaced the Neanderthal race in Europe because erect, modern Homo sapiens could cook and Neanderthals could not. These Homo sapiens were able to gain a rich supply of protein by disabling the nutrition blockers and many of the toxins in raw vegetables and thus achieve a crucial advantage in the battle for survival. The way I see it, Neanderthals, with their flat receding foreheads and bad posture, continued to eat salad and *crudité* until they died out, which is why we call them Neanderthals, which means a crude and stupid person, and also why we use the term for people who still eat the way Neanderthals did. I cannot say whether they preferred Thousand Island or Green Goddess, but then again, anthropology is not my field.

Much more sinister than the vitamin and mineral blockers in raw vegetables, which after all merely fool certain people who believe that salad is good for them, are the toxins, which can make them very ill. Some of these are destroyed by cooking and some are not. As you would expect, vegetables that have been bruised or attacked by mold or fungus manufacture these poisons many times more enthusiastically than healthy ones.

The earliest description of poisoning by lima bean is from Mauritius in 1884. Lima and other broad beans contain high concentrations of cyanogens, and poisoning by them is just like the cyanide poisoning in those death-row-on-Alcatraz movies. Cyanogens are also found in unripe millet; young bamboo shoots; and cassava (see also manioc, tapioca, and so forth), the starchy root that supplies ten percent of the world's caloric requirements and still turns up in the Nigerian newspapers as a cause of death. Cassava is unlikely to turn up in your salad, but immature bamboo shoots probably will. Both must be carefully peeled, washed in running (not still) water, and boiled without a lid to prevent the cyanide from condensing back into the pot.

One reason to voyage to France and Italy is that they don't force salad on you with the napkins, the silverware, and the incantation, "French, Italian, or oil and vinegar?" When you request a salad, it is not thrown together by the dishwasher between his more demanding tasks. It is treated as food, not fodder. It has been thoughtfully composed, animated with duck or smoked fish or foie gras, and often served as a first course. Consequently, it does not delay dessert. On the other hand, France and Italy are the source of the current culinary love affair with foods like fava beans, plantains, and chickpeas—all native to exotic lands where life after forty is not an everyday thing.

Favism is a disease named after the fava bean, or vice versa. This darling of the nouvelle cuisine may well turn up raw in your salad. Mild cases of favism result in fatigue and nausea, acute cases in jaundice. The mathematician and cult figure Pythagoras, who was nobody's fool, forbade his followers to eat fava beans. The Iranians never listened to him, and a recent survey of 579 cases of favism there blamed the broad bean for all but four. The good news is that favism seems to attack mainly people who have something called G6PD genetic deficiency. The bad news is that G6PD deficiency shows up in 100 million people of all races worldwide.

Both the ancient Hindus and Hippocrates warned that chickpeas could cause lathyrism—neurological lesions of the spinal cord which result in paralysis of the legs. The sale of chickpeas is illegal in many states in India, where they would otherwise dominate the diet of the poor, who make chapati out of

chickpea flour. If you soak chickpeas overnight or cook them in an excess of boiling water, they will not give you lathyrism. But don't try to make chapati this way.

As for plantains, eat them in moderation. Africans who ignore this injunction ingest too much serotonin and end up with carcinoid heart disease, apparently whether they cook their plantains or not.

Nor will cooking protect you if you make your potato salad with green immature potatoes, which contain *lethal* amounts of solanine in their sprouts and skin. Undercooked kidney beans in those popular al dente mixed-bean salads contain hemagglutinins, which make your red blood cells stick together and account for poor growth among children in parts of Africa. Monkeys placed on a diet of alfalfa sprouts, develop lupuslike symptoms. Soybean sprouts and yams are high in estrogenic factors, which can wreak havoc with a woman's hormones if she consumes too much of them or if the plants have been attacked by mold.

The list is endless. But the government virtually ignores these and other natural poisons in your salad bowl while worrying itself to death about artificial food additives and industrial pollutants. Unmasking this double standard—particularly concerning carcinogens and mutagens—has become something of a mission for Professor Bruce Ames, chairman of the biochemistry department at Berkeley. Ames likes to compare the carcinogenic hazard in an average serving of everyday food to the carcinogens in the most polluted well water in Silicon Valley in California, condemned by the state Department of Health Services as unfit for human consumption. Aflatoxin, for example, is among the most potent carcinogens known and is present in mold-contaminated grain and nuts, like those peanuts you sprinkle on your salad or enjoy in peanut butter. The FDA permits so much aflatoxin in food that the peanut butter in your sandwich can be 75 times more hazardous than a liter of contaminated Silicon Valley water, the amount you would drink in a day if they let you.

Almost as hazardous is one raw mushroom or the amount of basil in a dollop of pesto sauce. Safrole, a compound related to estragole, is the reason that natural root beer is now banned. Much worse than Silicon Valley water and almost as bad as basil is the daily spoonful of brown mustard in your piquant salad dressing. The psoralens in moldy celery regularly cause dermatitis among supermarket checkers. Healthy celery in your salad does no harm, but can you be absolutely sure your celery is healthy? Some investigators warn that psoralens are so carcinogenic that "unnecessary exposures should be avoided."

I should mention that Professor Ames himself seems to have nothing personal against salad. (He even speculates on the anticarcinogenic potential of some vegetables.) But great minds sometimes fail to see the full implication of their own work. This task falls upon the shoulders of those who follow.

Salad fanatics may notice that I have presented no evidence against raw zucchini. The reason is that I found none. Mother Nature could never have foreseen that zucchini—which has no taste and less nutritive value—would be used as a food by modern Homo sapiens. Then again, should we regard those who eat raw zucchini as modern Homo sapiens?

And what about raw fruit? Unlike the antisocial vegetable, fruit is gregarious and loves to be eaten and have its seeds widely dispersed. That's why many types of ripe fruit generate chemicals to *entice* animals rather than injure them. Ripe sweet juicy fruit was designed to give ceaseless pleasure to man and beast alike, even to Neanderthals and their modern cousins. And you never have to boil it into submission. ♠



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COVER
Ralph Lauren cashmere sweater, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, $496, and as a set with pink satin pants (not shown), $1,098, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Georgetown; all Bloomingdale's stores. Eric Javits natural straw hat, $100, at Moda Sport, Los Angeles; 24 Collection, Miami; all Neiman Marcus stores; Henri Bendel, NYC; all Bloomingdale's stores.

CHAIR OF THE MONTH
Page 25 Bugatti chair, $8,800, to the trade at Stendig International, NYC (212) 838-6050.

STYLE
Page 88 Westgate's Innsbruck fabric, 54" wide, $54.50 yard, to the trade at Westgate, Grand Prairie, Atlanta, Dallas, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Phoenix, San Francisco, Washington, DC; Studio III, Boston; De Aurora, Chicago; Harkema-Wilson, Cincinnati, Troy; Chuck Wells Associates, Denver; Gordon Maxwell, Minneapolis; D & E Showroom, Philadelphia; Designers' Resource, Portland; Sewell & Co., San Diego; Designer's Choice Northwest, Seattle. Jeu de Cartes fabric, 51" wide, $108 yard, by Clarence House, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Casablanca fabric, 55" wide, $42 yard, by Roger Arlington, to the trade at Roger Arlington, NYC; Jerry Pair Associates, Atlanta, Miami; Devon Service, Boston; Hinson, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Kneedler-Fauchere, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Duncan & Huggins, Philadelphia, Washington, DC; Wayne Martin, Portland; McQuiston-Riggs, Seattle. Homage à Picasso, 54" wide, $148.50 yard, and Giacometti Zoo, 54" wide, $30 yard, fabrics by Clarence House (see above). Mona Lisa clock, $200, at Gallery 91; NYC (212) 966-3722. Susan Seaberry chair, $2,200, at Taylor/Gretzer Gallery, Los Angeles; La Maison à Soleil, Palm Beach; and to the trade at Kipp Collection, Los Angeles; Lawrence-Green, San Francisco; John Edward Hughes, Dallas; Roz-Mallin, Troy. **90** Mel Shawl screen, $2,600, in the Gallery at Workbench, NYC (212) 532-7900. Fiam screen, $5,240, to the trade at the Pace Collection, NYC, Chicago, Atlanta, Dallas, Dania, Houston, Los Angeles, Washington, DC. Fornasetti screen, $7,850, at Paul Smith, NYC (212) 627-9770. Raffy screen, $995, to the trade at Grange Furniture, NYC, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, Miami, San Francisco, Washington, DC; Casa Isabella, Columbus; Algebra, Philadelphia; Department of the Interior, Pittsburgh; Mossa Center, St. Louis. Liaigre screen, $4,160, to the trade at Interna Designs, Chicago, Los Angeles, NYC (800) INTERNA. Babette Holland screen, $750, to the trade at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. Hockney screen, $200,000, at Tyler Graphics, Mount Kisco (914) 241-2707. **92** Antique globe sold as a pair, $30,000, at E. Forbes Smiley III, NYC (212) 371-0054. Anthony Ames rug, to the trade at V'Soske, NYC, San Francisco. Dan Friedman table, $2,500, to the trade at Art et Industrie, NYC (212) 431-1661. Tire napkin ring, $8, highway tablecloth, $80, map napkin, $12, by Zelda Linnon for Chateau X at Barneys New York; Giles & Lewis, NYC; Zero Minus Plus, Santa Monica. Eat place mat, $35, by Mike Jones for Chateau X, at Clodagh Ross & Williams, NYC; Giles & Lewis, NYC; Elements, Chicago; Wilder Place, Los Angeles. Richard Meier rug, to the trade at V'Soske (see above).

TALLEYSHEET
Page 100 Antique birdcage from the Willow Tree, Palm Beach (305) 655-0504. Picnic basket, $80, brown majolica cheese keep, blue majolica cheese keep, from Barneys New York (212) 929-9000. Wicker sewing stand, $495, majolica rope pitcher, $500, majolica cat pitcher, $595, from the Willow Tree (see above). Moss-covered wheelbarrow, $75, Breakers Flower Shop, Palm Beach (305) 833-3026. Watering can, $200, Chanel bag, $450, menu cards, $1.50, white-lace place mat, $6, Patrick Frey Chinese print tablecloth, $313, red-and-white plaid napkin, $5, from Barneys New York (see above). Picnic basket, $990, at T. Anthony, NYC (212) 750-9797. Ralph Lauren Home Collection blanket, $130, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Dallas, Denver, Palm Beach. **104** Ralph Lauren chair (with basic cotton fabric), $1,488, at Polo/Ralph Lauren (see above).

HG VIEW
Page 107 Natural straw hat with pink roses, $525, red/pink with ric-rac, $500, yellow with rosebuds, $475, olive green with orange flowers, $400, and red with pink roses, $420, all by Philippe Model from a collection at Barneys New York and Bloomingdale's, NYC. Tulip jacket, $37,000, and green silk skirt, $950, at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, NYC, Washington, DC, Chevy Chase; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour. Eric Javits green straw hat, $100, at Moda Sport, Los Angeles; 24 Collection, Miami; all Neiman Marcus stores; Henri Bendel, NYC; all Bloomingdale's stores.

INTO THE GARDEN
Pages 108–109 Hat, $780, by Philippe Model from a collection at Barneys New York (212) 929-9000. Gardening hand fork, $9.60, by Smith & Hawken (415) 383-4050. **111** Boussac of France Nakai fabric, 59" wide, to the trade at Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Decorators Walk, Washington, DC, Dallas,



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LADY IN THE GARDEN

Page 137 Tulip jacket, $8,700, at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, NYC, Washington, DC, Chevy Chase; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour. Eric Javits lacquered green straw hat, $125, at Moda Sport, Los Angeles; 24 Collection, Miami; all Neiman Marcus stores; Henri Bendel, NYC; all Bloomingdale's stores. **139** Ralph Lauren cashmere sweater (see cover sources); white linen pants, $159, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Georgetown, Beverly Hills; Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; all Bloomingdale's stores; all Macy's, CA; Bonwit Teller, Miami, Chicago, Boston; all Frederick Nelson stores. Eric Javits natural straw hat, $100 (see above). Ralph Lauren Palm Belle floor covering, $800; Black Isadora sheets used for pillows, $160-$250; map pillow, $225; wicker footstools in Allison fabric, $147 each from Ralph Lauren Home Collection at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC, Beverly Hills, Dallas, Denver, Palm Beach. Inset: Saint Laurent Palm Tree jacket, $37,000, and green silk skirt, $950, at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, NYC, Washington, DC, Chevy Chase; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour. Eric Javits green straw hat, $100 (see above).

HOME FRONT/ELECTRONICS

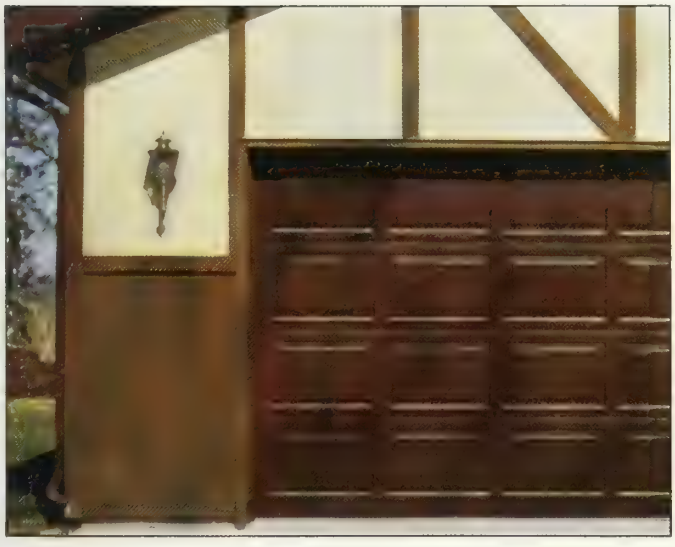
Page 196 Sharp television and stereo at all Macy's, Foley's, Bullock's, and K mart stores. Black & Decker blender at all Macy's, JCPenney's, True Value Hardware, Ace Hardware, and Service Merchandise.

HOME FRONT/ESSENTIALS

Page 200 Nakai from Boussac of France, 59" wide, to the trade at Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Decorators Walk, Washington, DC, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Curran & Associates, Atlanta, High Point, Minneapolis; Ostrer House, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago; Decioccio, Cincinnati; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Janus et Cie, Los Angeles; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Taggart/Zweibel, Philadelphia; S.C. Smith Ltd., Phoenix; Sloan Miyasato, San Francisco; Newton-Edwards, Laguna Niguel. Brunschwig & Fils Fraisiers fabric, 48" wide, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Troy, Washington, DC. Vignoble, 54" wide, $90 yard, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. English 19th-century walnut bench, $9,000, at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. Camargue by Clarence House (see above). Top: Phytanthoza Iconographia print, by Weinman, $145; bottom: Struthiofera fern print, by Munting, $165, at Ursus Prints, NYC (212) 772-8787. Ferns fabric, 55" wide, $69 yard, to the trade at Old World Weavers, NYC; Walls Unlimited, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago; Hargett Associates, Dallas, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, McQuiston-Riggs, Seattle; Scardino Collection, Washington, DC. Garden gloves, $9.50, at Zona, NYC (212) 925-6750. Bulbs from the Grass Roots Garden, NYC (212) 226-2662. Colonial Pavers tiles, $5.25 sq. ft., from Country Floors, NYC, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, for representatives call (212) 627-8300. Brunschwig & Fils Anemones, 50" wide, (see above). Nucleus from Boussac of France (see above) to the trade, 59" wide. Mahogany veneer frames, $9 foot, at J. Pocker & Son, NYC (212) 838-5488.

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CORRECTION: In the May issue, due to an error, part of a sentence was omitted from Tahitian Mythology, John Richardson's article on Gauguin. The full sentence should have read: "If Picasso acknowledged his debts to Cézanne and Van Gogh while he unaccountably denied those he owed to Gauguin, it was doubtless because he was averse to admitting any obligation to someone as light-fingered as himself."





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Duka's DIARY



Status Symbols

From dogs to fountain pens, it's all a matter of fine distinctions, says **John Duka**

Some people want Fine French Furniture. I always wanted a new nose. I have, however, changed my mind on that score because the former is a better investment. F.F.F. is the ambergris of furniture, forebodingly priced, $26,000, say, for a side table, yet it has survived Billy Baldwin's dismissal ("No F.F.F.!" he decreed years ago) to become a status symbol all over again. Unlike the lowly nose job, F.F.F. doesn't have to fool anyone. That's why we want it. That's what the new status symbols are all about.

I would like to say that I have a tough time with status symbols, or that status is a dirty word, or that I would take a Jeep over a Mercedes any day of the week. That would be a lie. I'll take the Mercedes, but without the tinted windows. You see? That is what status symbols are all about. Distinctions. Distinctions and fickleness. Almost nothing is as fickle as the public taste, which every day reshapes itself in imperceptible ways.

Take, for example, the Jack Russell terrier. Compact but manly, fierce but loving, the little Jack Russell is the answer to the dog question for those who live in the city but dream of chasing hares through the brambles. It is also one of the few small dogs that a man can walk without losing face. The Jack Russell terrier, a cult for so long, last year popped into the public awareness like Blaine Trump. But that was last year. This year's dog is not the Jack Russell and for one inescapable reason—the Jack Russell sheds.

The dog this year, and I predict for a long time to come, is the Brussels griffon, or the griffon bruxellois. Smaller than the Jack Russell, but just as fierce, it looks something like a monkey, as beautiful and ugly as a gargoyle, and, most important, you can pick it up after dinner with your friends and not ruin your navy blazer. It also placed second in the toy group at the recent Westminster show, which makes it even more status-y. Certain types of status cannot and should not be appreciated by everyone.

Which, of course, brings us to the subject of furniture and the lint-free way we live. According to one of New York's chicest decorators whose father just happened to be a bandleader (among the decorating world's best-kept secrets), nothing is more status-y than having a butler who speaks French, like, say, Susan Gutfreund's. I frankly don't agree with him. Status is having a butler with a Balkan accent. It's having the guts to have one footman for every four guests. Even if F.F.F. is in once again, French accents are old hat.

The most important direction status symbols are taking now is that the old ones are the new ones

What else do New York's decorators like this year? They like Regency antiques better than ever, especially Scottish Regency. They like antique boiserie. They like wall-to-wall carpets covered with little rugs. Gunmetal-colored swirled doorknobs. Antique Chinese throne chairs laden with pots of hydrangeas. The smart ones like curtains and not Austrian shades.

Meanwhile, Chanel bags can be seen everywhere on women who are willing to pay almost anything for quality. Not surprisingly, Chanel has also influenced the way interior designers think today. And interpretations of Chanel's style, her easy manner with casual and formal textures, are finding their way into some of New York's most beautiful Park Avenue apartments. Many designers, in fact, think glamour and comfort is the most important decorating combination. They want to combine textures in much the same way Chanel might have: pale sanded floors with Thai silk covering everything; wool next to satin. They like alabaster hanging lights in bathrooms, and the contrast of sleek modern interiors with eighteenth-century chandeliers in blue glass. And they don't like Sheraton or Hepplewhite (even though I do), mahogany furniture (even though I do), brown furniture of any kind, and, if the floor is wood, it must be highly grained checkerboard marquetry. And, one whispered to me, nothing (nothing!) is more exciting than a room full of books in wood and glass cases.

With that last, I agree. But the decorators I spoke with left out the most important direction status symbols are taking now. Which is that the old status symbols (with the exception of chipped-beef sandwiches) have become the new status symbols: mink; fountain pens, especially the Montblanc, but not the Montblanc ballpoint, which *everyone* can afford and whose black cartridge does not write black enough; the little Saab convertible in red; diamonds; railroad cars; wooden kitchens; children and families; black-and-white tile floors; and expensive black leather luggage tags that you forget to put on your luggage. ♠

KEN MARYANSKI

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: July

HG

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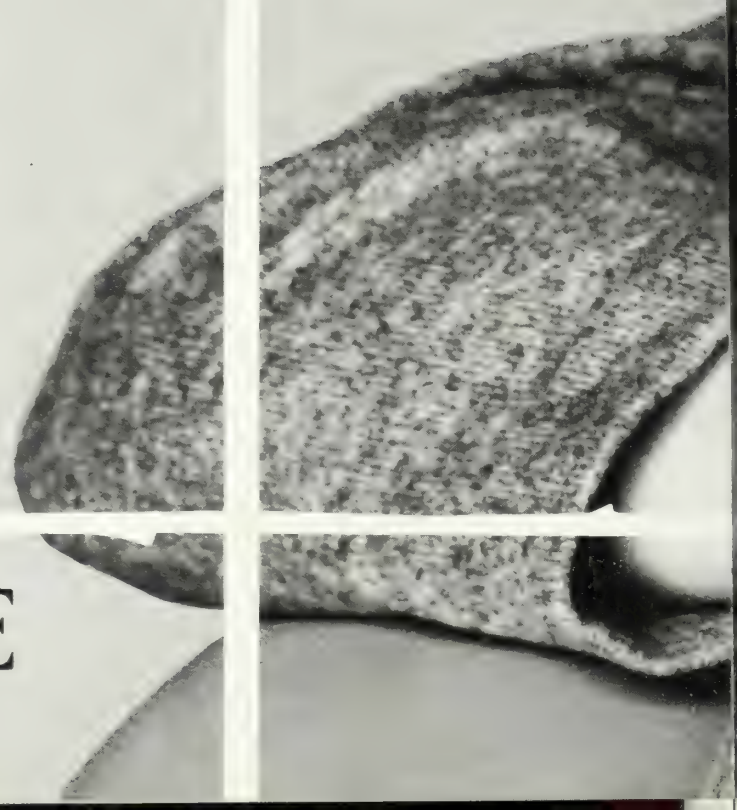
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HOUSE & GARDEN
JULY 1988
Volume 160, Number 7

HG



COVER
Pauline Boardman on her sofa; matching walls in Pelargonium Fancy by Colefax & Fowler at Clarence House. Dress and belt from Donna Karan. Page 66. Details see Sources. Style: Carolyn Sollis. Photograph by George Lange.

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Architect Michael Graves's Princeton living room reflects his passion for the past. Page 132. Photograph by Oberto Gili.



Style at work: Valentino's offices. Page 94. Illustration by Hélène Tran.

The New Sisters and the Reign of Chintz: Liza Campbell looks at five young decorators in the tradition of the legendary Sister Parish. And Caroline Seebohm considers a pattern that never fades **64**

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Valentino's Uffizi: For the famed Italian couturier, grandeur is a working element, as Georgina Howell discovers **94**

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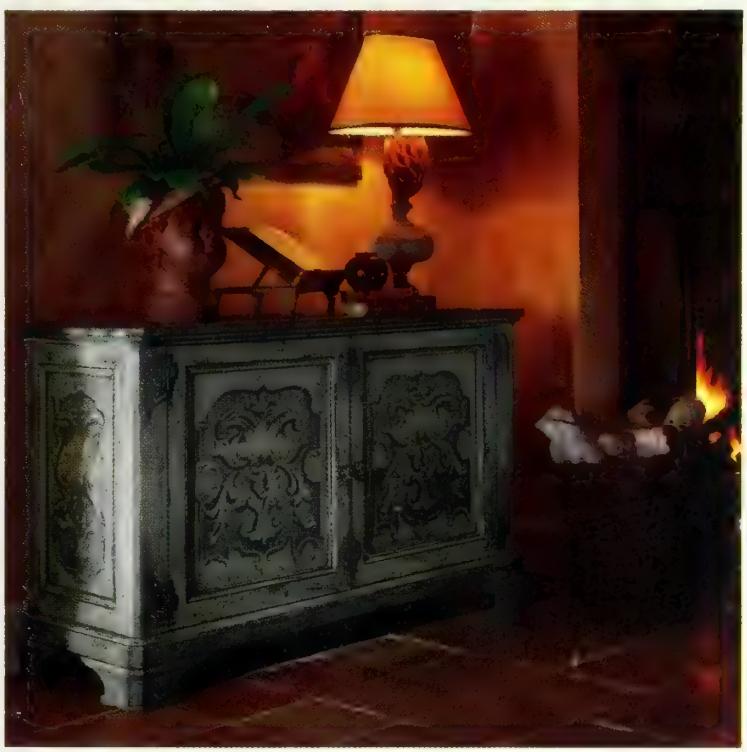
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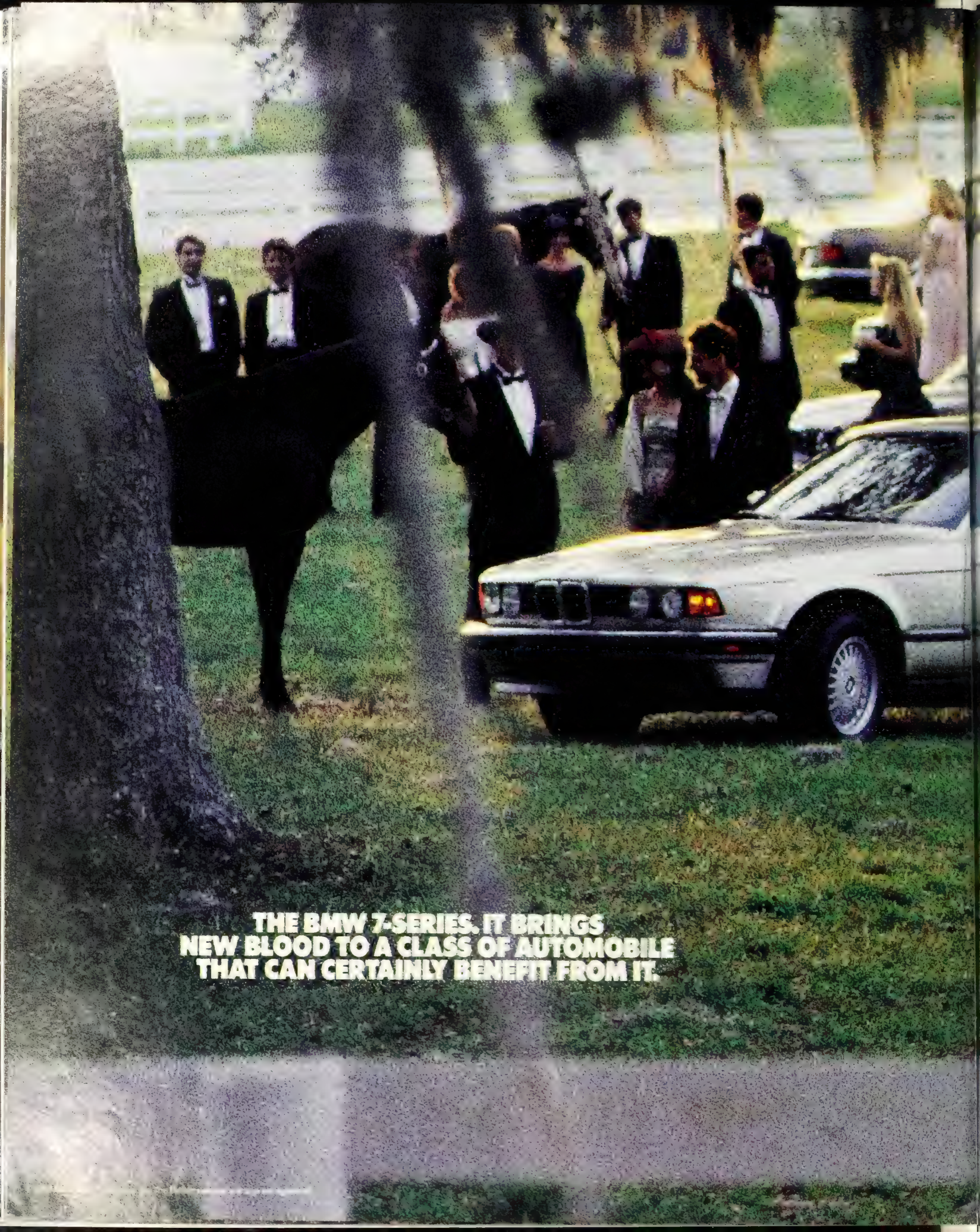
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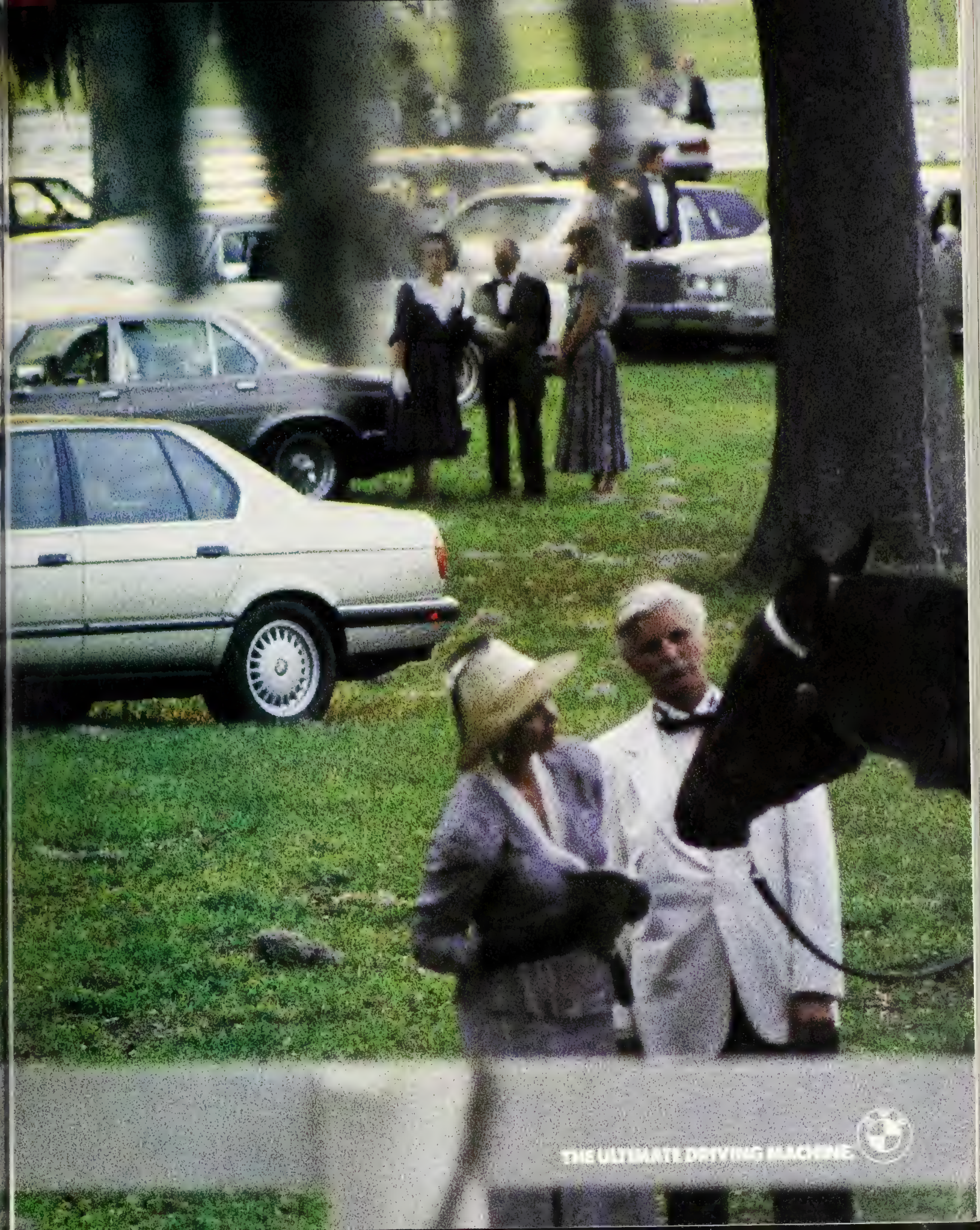
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LIZA CAMPBELL

Scottish-born Liza Campbell began writing when her trip to Timbuktu coincided with a request from *Tatler* for travel stories about odd places. The magazine published her piece, and she then went on to write for the British and French editions of *Vogue*.

Now a frequent contributor to HG, she writes this month about both house and garden. First she interviewed the decorators we call the New Sisters, found them all "absolutely charming," and then went on to meet director David Lynch in his garden, "a perfect extension of his own eccentricity." Campbell admits plant care is not a strong point of her own: "I have black fingers—as opposed to a green thumb. I feel much better with cut flowers."

GEORGE LANGE

George Lange may very well be the only photographer who has had the covers of *Popular Mechanics*, *Ms.*, and *New England Monthly* in the same month. And it's that variety of subjects on which he thrives. "But," he adds, "the work I do for HG is different from anything else I'm involved in. It's more like journalism—capturing a moment."

For this issue Lange photographed portraits of Michael Graves and the New Sisters. "The New Sisters were full of surprises—from the Cajun music Hethea Nye piped throughout her apartment to the exercise equipment Pauline Boardman hid under her living-room sofa."



LAURA DWIGHT



PHILIP NORMAN

GEORGINA HOWELL

"As Valentino occupies one of the foremost places in the fashion world, it is natural that his working palazzo would also show as much glamour and luxury," says Georgina Howell, who interviewed the designer for HG. Howell is style editor for *The Sunday Times Magazine* in London and has written books on the history of British *Vogue* and on one season in the life of fashion designer Bruce Oldfield.

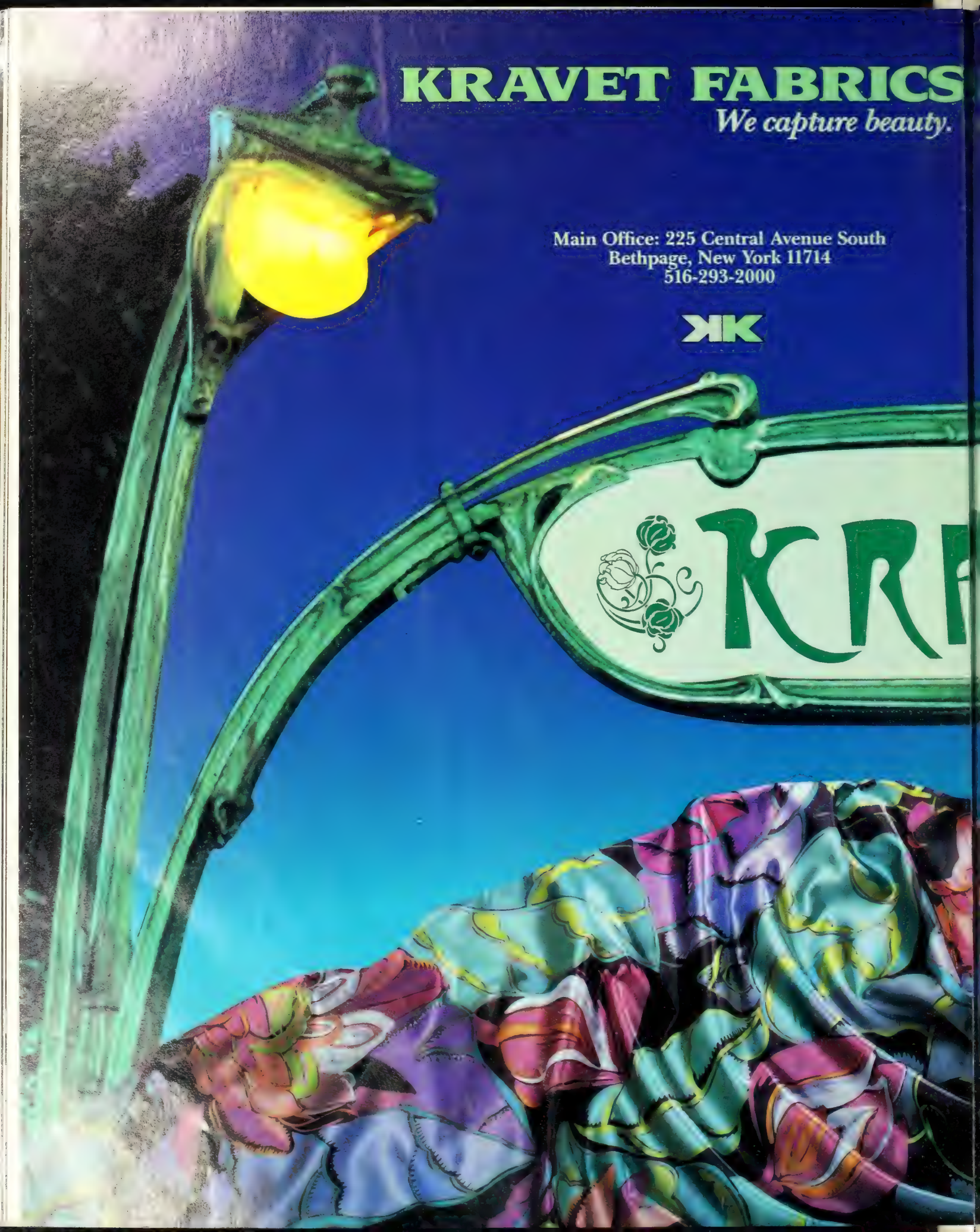


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Amy's Bedroom

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CAROLYN SOLLIS
"For the New Sisters story we were looking for women who are designers and who have other lives—family and social as well," says decorating editor Carolyn Sollis. Sollis should empathize: she has always juggled work and a family—her husband and two little boys. On her own style: "I love traditional things, but I have to add colors or stripes; I don't want it to look too much like my grandmother's."



WILLIAM HAMILTON
Talking with *New Yorker* cartoonist and HG writer William Hamilton clears up a misconception many may have about cartoonists. He does not go through life with a pad of paper in hand. Hamilton loves to write plays. His latest, appropriately titled *Interior Decoration*, is the story of a woman who uses her decorator to get to the man she wants to father her child.



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Europeans in Store

American retailers find high-profile foreign designs can move their high-priced merchandise

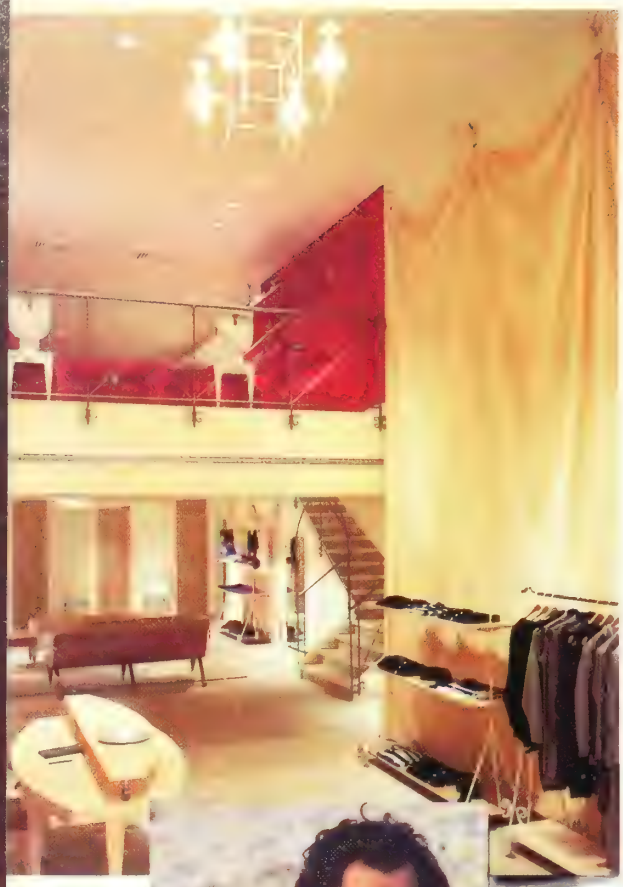
Amid the slow parade of would-be starlets in Lycra stretch pants and fringed leather jackets fingering the bibelots in Bijan's and sniffing the scent at Giorgio's on Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills, Gae Aulenti looks a little out of place with her no-nonsense haircut, no-frills business suit, and unapologetically sensible shoes. The sixty-year-old Milanese architect is obviously a very long way from home.

What's the interior architect of the Palazzo Grassi in Venice, the Musée d'Orsay in Paris, and the forthcoming Museum of Catalan Art in Barcelona doing on L.A.'s most glitzy commercial strip, aside from not blending in? She's putting the finishing touches on her new boutique for fashion designer Adrienne Vittadini.

Aulenti is but the latest name added to the quickly expanding roster of foreign architects and designers who are bringing their talents stateside for retail clients who hope to gain a competitive edge—and perhaps borrow a little European cachet—by importing cutting-edge designs.

"Working with foreign designers is treacherous," reports New York entrepreneur Ian Schrager, who should know. He and his high-profile partner, Steve Rubell, have worked with French designer Andrée Putman on Morgans Hotel, with Japanese architect Arata Isozaki on the Palladium nightclub, and now with French designer Philippe Starck on the

design









The new Angelo Tarlazzi shop, top, brought Paris-based Michael Ray and Paul Mathieu, center, to Manhattan. Eva Jiricna, above, shows her sleek touch in her Joan & David shop, left.

will-it-ever-be-finished Royalton Hotel. The obvious question is, "If it's so difficult, why do it?" Schrager's answer: "I'll go anywhere for talent." He's not alone.

Vittadini recruited Aulenti after seeing the jewelry shop the architect designed for Marina B (B for Bulgari) on Madison Avenue two years ago. She admired the exquisitely detailed display cases, the overriding sense of order and calm, and, most particularly, the recessive character of the tiny shop's interior, which to her mind places the emphasis on the displayed rather than the display. Although Vittadini dutifully interviewed American talent, it was Aulenti she wanted.

> "We don't have a style. We have intuition"

"I'm not into frills," explains the fashion designer, and neither is Aulenti. "I wanted to make the store serene, harmonious, and calm," reports the architect, who achieved her goals with ambient lighting, blond wood, and specially designed furniture intended to give the store a low-pressure domestic quality. Although Aulenti also elected to echo the barrel-vaulted ceiling and quasi-Egyptian interior walls of the Musée d'Orsay it is a gentle echo. And besides, Vittadini likes the Musée d'Orsay. As well as her new shop—she's planning three more with Aulenti.

Czechoslovakian-born Eva Jiricna chose a dramatically different course when Joan Helpern of Joan & David shoes, clothing, and accessories invited the London-based architect to serve as aesthetic guide for the company's expansion. Helpern was intrigued with the architect's high-tech shops, cafés, and apartments for English retailing trendsetter Joseph, and signed her up. Jiricna has now completed six Joan & David stores, and "if she holds up," according to the hard-driving Helpern, there will be many more.

The most impressive shop Jiricna has completed for Helpern to date is in a mega-mall in Costa Mesa, California. To compete with the cacophony of the mall, Jiricna designed a sleek—maybe even slick—steel-and-glass interior that might be described as high tech goes Deco.

There's nothing sleek or slick about the store Paris-based Paul Mathieu and Michael Ray—who prefer to be called decorators—have created on West 57th Street in Manhattan for fashion designer Angelo Tarlazzi. Instead the two young talents, age 29 and 27, respectively, look back to ancient Rome and rustic Bavaria for inspiration. Witness the cast-aluminum antlers in the walls from which are suspended fabrics that change with the seasons and the circuslike wagons that have been pulled into service to hold shirts and sweaters. Though their style might be described as faux ancient, in the spirit of Bonetti/Garouste, Ray bristles at the suggestion: "We don't have a style, we have intuition." They also have talent.

But the American design community needn't be overly concerned. Foreign designers may be landing on our shores in record numbers, but it is helpful to remember that New York architect Robert A. M. Stern recently completed a flagship store in Amsterdam for sportswear manufacturer Mexx International, and San Francisco–based architect Mark Mack just finished a store for skiwear specialists Bogner in Munich. We do, after all, have free trade.

Charles Gandee

COURTESY OF (FROM TOP, LEFT TO RIGHT) MICHAEL RAY AND PAUL MATHIEU; ANTONIA PAVIA; SHARON HOFFMAN; MICHAEL O'BRIEN

Weimar Setting

A new show of German ceramics throws light on a dark era

Weimar Germany tends to conjure up images of George Grosz decay and decadent aesthetes swilling champagne in dark cabarets. But the period also had a utopian zeal and a cheerfully utilitarian aspect. Witness the charming collection of German ceramics produced between the two world wars now on tour in this country

Developing from the strong Bauhaus ideal of mass production of quality design, these plates, coffeepots, and vases from the Germanisches National Museum in Nuremberg, Germany, were commercially produced by more than a dozen German manufacturers, Villeroy & Boch being the most recognizable name today. The surprise is the timeless shapes, lively geometric patterns, and cheerful colors of this pottery—proof that popular concepts of history can be refuted by a teacup.

"Ceramics of the Weimar Republic, 1919–33," which features over 85 objects, was organized by SITES and is at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum in New York through August 28 and will then be seen in ten other cities. Schedule information: (202) 357-3168. **Gabrielle Winkel**



Coffee with cream: Pot by Christian Carstens, 1932–33, now at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum.

COURTESY COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM

Chair of the Month

Jason Epstein contemplates a household chair chosen not quite at random

I doubt that whoever designed this curious chair had Random House in mind, no matter how uncanny the resemblance to our colophon. Perhaps the designer was thinking of a house in an Astroturf garden—an H in a G—or perhaps she was inspired by a child's drawing, which is what this chair most resembles. What lends the chair its charm is the mystery of its designer's intentions. What could she have been thinking?

The workmanship is solid and even the Astroturf seat is neatly installed. The chair weighs close to ten pounds, and a welder must have spent four or five hours—maybe even a whole day—putting it together. At $1,500 each, a dozen of these chairs, enough to go around a dining table, would be a serious investment. But why would anyone want his dining room to look like a subdivision? My guess is that this chair is simply another of those whimsical mistakes overreaching artists make in their quest for the ideal, like the AT&T Building on Madison Avenue with its Chippendale bonnet or the B-1 bomber. Or maybe the chair really was designed by a small child for a world of stick figures under a radiant sun drawn in yellow crayon.



NEIL SELKIRK

Jason Epstein, editorial director of Random House, is amused by the One Family House chair by Kate Loye, of steel and Astroturf, $1,500, at Archetype Gallery, NYC.

art

Museum Madness

Is the craze for instant immortality among art collectors getting out of hand?





PHOTOGRAPH BY ZAHEDI

Private eyes: Armand Hammer, above, and Dominique de Menil, left. Below: An installation at the Saatchi Collection in London.



DON ROBERTSON

Don't look now, but there's a new status symbol in our midst—or at least in the midst of the superrich who spend much of their disposable income on art. It's the private art museum, a phenomenon that has done much cultural good in the past but now—despite a few impressive exceptions—appears to be raising eyebrows and hackles all over the country. In Washington and Chicago, respectively, the new National Museum of Women in the Arts, brainchild of collector Wihelmina Holladay, and Daniel Terra's Terra Museum of American Art have drawn mixed reviews and prompted critic Robert Hughes to coin the phrase *vanity museum*.

Anyone with a passing knowledge of the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, the Frick Collection, the Phillips Collection, or the Barnes Foundation, to name only American examples, knows that there have always been collectors who felt compelled to keep their holdings intact and share them with others. And in all these instances, a confluence of quality, quantity, and personal vision made the evolution from collection to museum seem organic, the culmination of a lifelong obsession.

Luckily there are still new private museums that fit this mold. The Menil Collection, which opened in Houston last summer, has been acclaimed both for the size and uniqueness of its contents—some 10,000 items, particularly strong in Surrealism—and for its discrete, light-filled Renzo Piano building.

But today such museums are few and far between. There's a new breed of collector, especially in the area of contemporary art, and it seems an ever-shortening interval between the advent of the collection and the creation of the museum or



From the Weisman Collection: Alex Katz's *Ada in Aqua*, 1963. Below: Jean-Michel Basquiat's *Parts*, 1984.

foundation. Best known among the new collectors are Charles and Doris Saatchi, who have made up for the relative youthfulness of their collection, a little less than twenty years old, by almost always buying in depth. For the most part, the artists included in their enormous collection of American and European art from the 1960s, '70s, and '80s are represented by at least a half-dozen works, often by many more.

Three years ago the Saatchis began installing selections from their collection in an austere 30,000-square-foot former factory in London's St. John's Wood which had been expertly redesigned by Max Gordon. Open to the public two days a week, the Saatchi Collection may have helped launch the current museum trend among contemporary collectors.

The epicenter of the craze is definitely southern California where Saatchi-watching is a serious sport. There are local precedents as well, dating from the mid 1970s, when Norton Simon opened his own museum: he didn't build one, he just bought the Pasadena Art Museum and put



his name on it. Soon Simon's former brother-in-law Frederick R. Weisman was talking about building a museum for his foundation collection, a group of three hundred works mostly from the 1960s through the 1980s currently on tour. Now, five years later, the Weisman museum has become such a hardy perennial topic around the L.A. art scene that one encounters a pervasive skepticism that it will ever actually happen.

In recent years several new players have entered the game in Los Angeles. Prominent among them are Douglas S. Cramer and Eli Broad, both trustees of L.A.'s new Museum of Contemporary Art (MOCA), who began to collect contemporary art seriously in the early 1970s. Cramer, who made his fortune producing *Love Boat* and *Dynasty*, has built at the edge of his ranch just north of Santa Barbara an 8,000-square-foot structure to display about 60 of his 470 works—and it is open to the public by written request.

Norton Simon didn't build a museum. He just bought one and put his name on it

Established in 1981 and active since 1984, Broad's foundation has recently acquired a building for the storage and display of its collection: a four-story former telephone switching station in Santa Monica which is being renovated by Frederick Fisher. Michele De Angelus, Eli Broad's curator, stresses that the building, scheduled to open in the fall, will not be a museum but rather a study center open to professionals by appointment. Nonetheless it sounds rather like a museum: by far the greater portion—roughly three-quarters—of the building's 24,000 square feet will be devoted to the display of Broad foundation artwork, with exhibitions changing every six months.

Talking to members of the Los Angeles art world, one encounters a rather similar assessment of the Weisman, Cramer, and Broad collections: they all have their strong points and some areas of depth, but they are also uneven, prone to a fair amount of one work per artist representation and "consensus buying." The general feeling seems to be that these collections would do the community a greater good if they were simply donated or lent to either MOCA or the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, where they could be selectively displayed in context.

But the quality—or even the uniqueness—of these collections is not so much the issue as the possibility that for Los Angeles, at this point in time, more could very well be less. Despite what are probably excellent intentions—and the continued generosity of both Broad and Cramer toward MOCA—these private museums are competing, distracting situations in an area that until recently has tended to be too dispersed already. It is especially alarming to think that the concentrated effort that went into the formation of MOCA might dissipate. One weary observer sums up the difficulties by saying that "Los Angeles has no tradition of trusteeship. These are first-timers, self-made millionaires used to calling the shots."

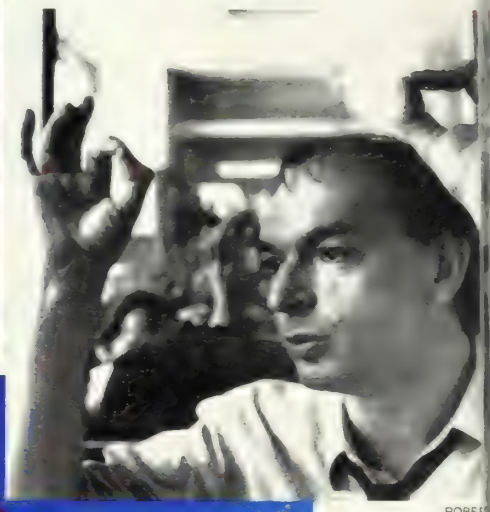
This point was brought home with unusual bluntness in January, when Armand Hammer rescinded his promise to donate a large collection of art to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and announced plans to build his own museum. Among Hammer's no longer promised gifts is a group of 6,000 Daumier lithographs that LACMA was about to buy for itself in 1975 when Hammer interceded and purchased it on the museum's behalf—with the expressed intention of leaving it to LACMA upon his death.

Most local observers have strong words for these machinations, Hammer's most particularly—words like "appalling," "dangerous," and "flagrant display of ego." Richard Koshalek, director of MOCA, remains surprisingly sanguine, however. He says of the private museum, "It's an idea that's prominent in southern California right now, that's being tested. Whether it survives remains to be seen."

These days, when the quality of modesty seems so irreparably strained, perhaps there should be a nationwide moratorium on naming buildings after anyone dead less than fifty years. **Roberta Smith**

architecture





L'Institut du Monde Arabe in Paris, far left and detail, and the Nemausus housing project in Nîmes, left, handiwork of architect Jean Nouvel, above.

PHOTO: YON SCHAEWEN (3)

Nouvel Architect

From Paris to Nîmes, Jean Nouvel spreads the news that Modernism's machine age is far from past

He may not have Philippe Starck's tireless bluster or Andrée Putman's never-say-die flair, but French architect Jean Nouvel doesn't need the self-promotional skills of his compatriots in the Paris design community. His work speaks for itself.

Witness, for example, the Institut du Monde Arabe (IMA), the shimmering steel-and-glass structure that Nouvel and his collaborators—Gilbert Lezenes, Pierre Soria, and Architecture Studio—completed last November at the foot of the boulevard Saint-Germain. This is one of Mitterrand's Grands Projets that is worthy of the name.

Although IMA—which contains the institute's museum, library, and offices—has much to recommend it, Nouvel's pièce de résistance is situated along the building's south façade where 27,000 operable diaphragms pay high-tech homage to traditional Arab ornament. One only wishes that Paris were sunnier.

Nouvel has also been busy 450 miles south of Paris in Nîmes, where he recently completed a trio of not-quite-so-grand projects that suggest the range of his architectural interests. A somewhat threatening-looking public housing complex called Nemausus offers residents generous loftlike apartments; a sprightly technical school reveals Nouvel's interest in the handcrafted as well as the machine-made; and an extraordinary little gymnasium, cloaked in camouflage-pattern plaster and paint, shows that the reigning star of French architecture is as versatile as he is talented. **Charles Gandee**

Mission of Mersey

Stirling returns to his roots with a new Tate on the Liverpool docks

James Stirling is not a charming man, but on this day in his Fitzroy Square office in London he outdoes himself in carefully calculated rudeness. "Turn that thing off," he snarls at the tape recorder placed in front of him, forgetting that people still have memories. The preeminent British architect of our day is displeased because his would-be interrogator has had the temerity to visit James Stirling, Michael Wilford and Associates' new Tate Gallery Liverpool without his assent, a month before the inaugural exhibition is installed. This interview had been agreed to by the more affable (though obedient) Wilford while the boss was away on a quick trip to Germany, but now that he is back quite a different attitude prevails.

A few routine questions are proffered to the ex-Liverpudlian, but he merely smirks and says, "No interview." Very well. Surely, though, he and his younger partner must find it significant that the Prince of Wales, self-appointed architectural watchdog of This Sceptred Isle, has graciously consented to open the new modern art museum in Merseyside on May 24th. "I'm sure he doesn't know we did it," Stirling observes. "He probably thinks it's by someone else, what with all the things he has to open." Don't expect Sir James Stirling very soon, still less Lord Stirling of Belsize.

What about the rumors dooming Stirling's impending Mansion House Square scheme (a substitute for the rejected Mies van der Rohe tower Prince Charles called "another giant glass stump better suited to downtown Chicago than the City of London")? "Who told you that? It goes into public inquiry this spring and won't be decided before Christmas." Well, then, what of his just-completed Science Center in West Berlin? "I *knew* that once I let you in here all you'd want to do was snoop around and find out about the new work." Perhaps if there were more of it, he would be in a better humor.

At 62, the truculent master builder has reached the pinnacle of critical acclaim, especially for his Neue Staatsgalerie of 1977–84 in Stuttgart, generally deemed the best museum building of the past decade. Furthermore, it marked a stunning comeback for Stirling, whose career had faltered badly since the promising and widely publicized works he produced with his first partner, James Gowan, during the early sixties. But other recent projects, especially in his homeland, have earned very little praise indeed. Encouraging advance reports about the Berlin job indicate there might be some truth to the theory that only when Stirling builds in West Germany—with its discerning clients, ample budgets, fine materials, and high construction standards—are his designs carried out to their best advantage.

In fact, Stirling and Wilford's Tate Gallery Liverpool is quite good as a conversion, but it is hardly a major architectural coup. The best thing about the new northern branch of the Tate is what the ar-



SNOWDON



DAVID CLARKE

James Stirling, above, at home with Regency armchair by George Smith and reading stand by him and his wife, Mary Shand. Left: At Albert Dock, a new branch of the Tate.

architecture

chitects had to work with: the magnificent Albert Dock, one of the great utilitarian structures of the early Modern period. Constructed between 1841 and 1846 to the plans of engineer Jesse Hartley, these nobly proportioned redbrick, sandstone, and cast-iron warehouses on the banks of the River Mersey have a simple grandeur that humbles most museum buildings of late vintage. Interestingly, the Albert Dock bears a striking resemblance to several of Stirling and Wilford's start-from-scratch schemes. Its solid massing, small windows, and squat Tuscan colonnade all echo elements found elsewhere in Stirling's most recent output.



DENIS WAUGH

Cast-iron columns and York stone flooring are original. New ceiling units house lighting and air-conditioning.

This is far from surprising, given the architect's familiarity with the wharves from early childhood. Although born in Glasgow, Stirling moved to the seaport with his family when he was a year old. "My father was a marine engineer on a ship, and every two or three months he would come sailing in and out of Liverpool," he reminisced in Michael Blackwood's new documentary film *Stirling*. "A lot of my visits to my father involved playing around dockland. These colonnades were magical places full of dark-skinned gentlemen off-loading ships, people with strange eyes and strange color. For a small boy it was all extremely exotic." Certainly the similarities are more than coincidental. But Stirling, who wants the world to believe that all his ideas emerge fully formed from his own imagination without the benefit of outside influences, responds to the notion characteristically: "Stuff and nonsense."

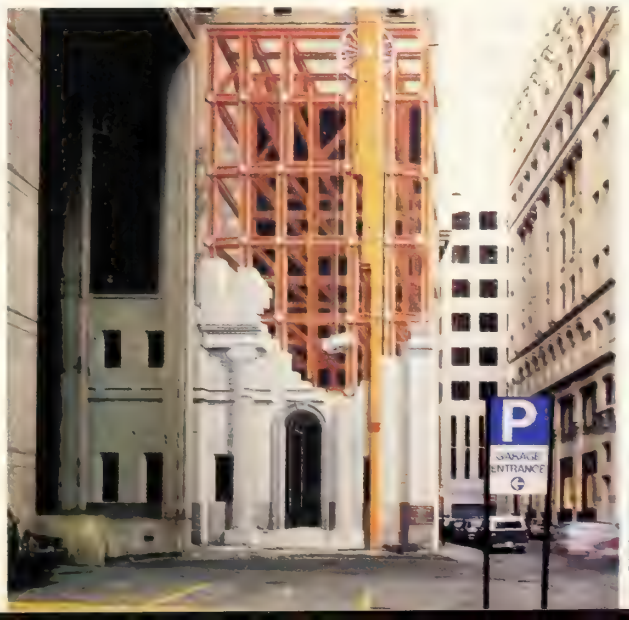
Arranged in a square around a "piazza" of water, the four-story warehouses are ideally suited to their new purpose, far more so than the problematic Musée d'Orsay in Paris. As laudable as architect Gae Aulenti's remodeling of that Beaux-Arts train station is as a historic preservation effort, there is no getting around the fact that the vast high-ceilinged depot is intrinsically unreceptive to the paintings it shelters. The more neutral interior space of the remade Albert Dock, on the other hand, is not unlike a serviceable, flexible SoHo loft gallery.

Occupying only a small portion of the wharf complex—most of which has been turned into a version of an American waterfront mall (scented-candle shops, gourmet cookie stands, designer baby clothes, and appalling Beatles Muzak)—the Tate Gallery Liverpool comprises only ten thousand square feet on each of three floors, with the top story left raw for future development. Stirling and Wilford's presence is felt most jarringly in the inappropriate primer orange and royal blue of their new entry portal. It is one thing for them to apply their trademark garish colors to their own buildings but quite another when they deface a landmark monument.

As an act of confidence in England's economically depressed north, this new museum marks an important shift in the artistic life of the nation. "In the nineteenth century Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, and Glasgow supported their own orchestras and museums," Stirling said. "I qualified as an architect in 1950 in Liverpool, but even then I already perceived that England was shrinking and would focus on London. So I made off as quick as I could." Now his homecoming reverses that ebbing cultural tide, establishing a beachhead for modern art in a city ready for the hope of the new. **Martin Filler**

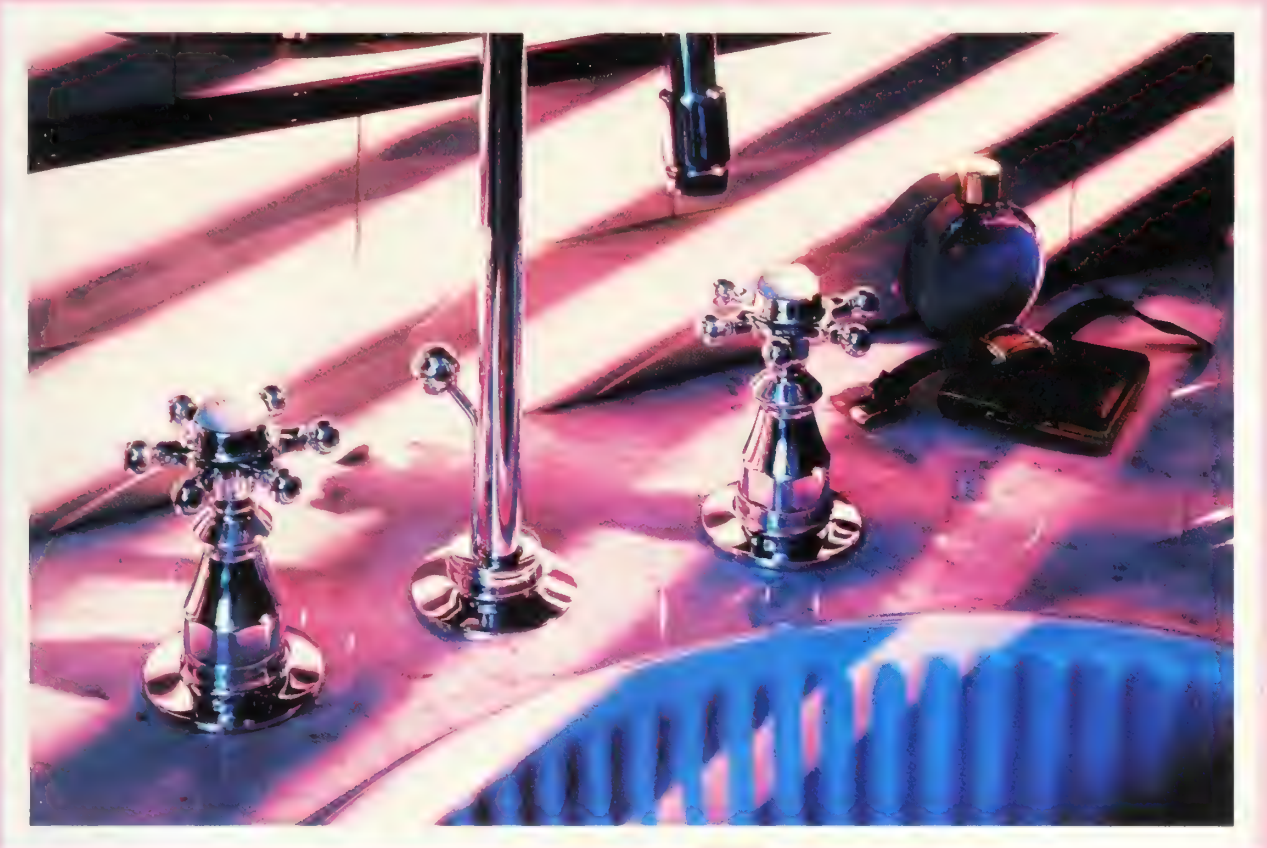
Crafted for Architecture

The often uneasy standoff between architecture and the applied arts is the subject of an unintentionally revealing exhibition, "Architectural Art: Affirming the Design Relationship," at the American Craft Museum in New York through September 4. Although many of the 32 historical and contemporary collaborations presented through artifacts, models, drawings, and photographs are impressive—especially works by artists Stephen Antonakos, Scott Burton, Ned Smyth, and Richard Haas (his trompe l'oeil mural at 31 Milk Street in Boston, right)—the confused ideas underlying guest-curator Robert Jensen's ambitious conception make the show a frustrating experience for those eager to determine what makes a successful art commission in an architectural context. **M.F.**



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Summery Executions

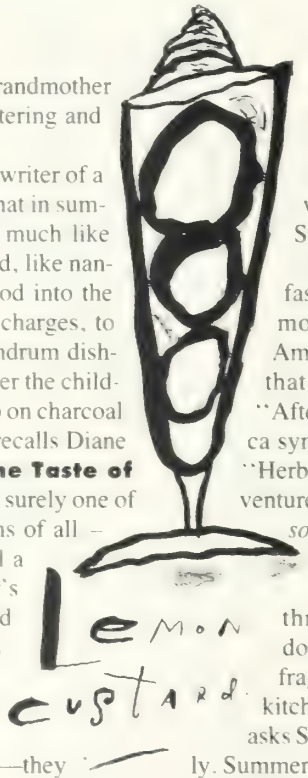
Don't mix food and family memories. Craig Brown advises the authors of this season's cookbooks

For some reason the very mention of summer turns cookbook writers into blubbering sentimentalists or—worse—aspiring poets. Their endless references to the twinkle in the eye of dear old great-grandmother Nancy as she ladled out the applejack while the sun went down over the Wyoming hills provide conclusive evidence of the regressive, prissy nature of many people who spend too much time worrying about food.

Seven new summer cookbooks contain as many sisters and cousins and aunts as the most exhaustive Russian novel, all remembered through the dewy—not to say gooey—eyes of the chef mixing his messy concoctions. "My grandfather was a small man, barely five feet tall, and he never talked much, but we always knew when he was around," writes Sal Gilbertie in **Kitchen Herbs** (Bantam, $19.95). "He chewed garlic cloves for his health and the garlic aroma preceded him wherever he went."

The fumes emitted by grandparents pop up as a constant theme. Lee Bailey's grandmother, he informs us in **Lee Bailey's Country Desserts** (Clarkson N. Potter, $19.95), "actually smelled like a cookie." Given Mr. Bailey's appetite for all sorts of rich, faintly revolting desserts—Mamie Eisenhower Fudge, Marshmallow-Butterscotch-Peanut Squares—it comes as some relief to discover he resisted any temptation to eat her. Instead, he salivates some poetic prose onto the page as he thinks of "rich, homemade custard ice cream," which, he says, "evokes in me the most teasingly pleasant of memories from long ago—warm evenings just when the light is disappearing and the day's heat relaxes its grip, an uncanny stillness as if time were holding its breath for a moment even as birds swoop and glide through the unmoving air in their twilight pursuit of—" Enough! Enough! As my own dear grandmother might have said, "Stop twittering and finish what's on your plate."

One of the worries for the writer of a summer cookbook must be that in summer most of us do not feel much like cooking. Thus they are forced, like nannies attempting to dollop food into the mouths of their tight-lipped charges, to overenthuse about quite humdrum dishes. Once they have gotten over the childhood memories—"I grew up on charcoal fires lit with lighter fluid," recalls Diane Rossen Worthington in **The Taste of Summer** (Bantam, $24.95), surely one of the most painful recollections of all—and once they have spooned a bit of poetry into the reader's gullet—"on those blessed and innocent Sundays, the trusty old hand-cranked ice-cream maker was set up on the back porch . . ." Agh! If it isn't Mr. Bailey once more—they are forced to eschew the carrot in favor of the twin whips of fashion and patriotism. But you *must* want to cook our dishes, the writers seem to say, concluding with either *everyone else does* or *you call yourself American?*



Summer is childhood, childhood is America, and America is food, food, food

Of course, the current fashions detected by cookbook writers have a tendency to coincide with the predilections of the individual writer. "Suddenly everyone wants to eat *yellow*," believes Diane Rossen Worthington. "We all want simpler, lighter food that still tastes good," believes Judith Hill, editor of **Cook's Simple and Seasonal Cuisine** (Simon and Schuster, $18.95). "This is the era of the herb," believe Jeanette Ferrary and Louise Fiszer, authors of **Season to Taste** (Simon and Schuster, $19.95). "It seems to me that everyone is a grill cook in one way or another," believes Joe Famularo in **The Joy of Grilling** (Barron's, $21.95). If all of them turned out to be accurate, the only item on the fashion-conscious American's menu would be Grilled Green Banana Smothered in Rosemary.

But if you're not going to follow fashion into the kitchen, then you'll most assuredly follow the flag. Americans love this, Americans love that, all these books seem to say. "After all, aren't barbecue and America synonymous?" asks Joe Famularo. "Herbs and Spices: An American Adventure" is the title of a section of *Season to Taste*, evoking an image of Indiana Jones shooting, hacking, and grappling his way through a field of basil. "Who doesn't remember the wonderful fragrance of sage wafting from the kitchen on Thanksgiving morning?" asks Sal Gilbertie, somewhat accusingly. Summer is childhood, childhood is America, and America is food, food, food, these cookbooks all argue, *and now get cooking.*

The East Hampton Cookbook of Menus and Recipes (Dell, $9.95) is the most straightforward of the lot. It might have been thought that such an artistic community would come up with recipes a little too outlandish for everyday consumption. By and large, artists are the last people one would wish to engage to cook for one. "What's cooking tonight, Francis Bacon?" "Well, sir, there's a choice of Corpse of Beef Strewn over the Floor or Chicken's Innards Thrown onto a Wall. Ready when you are, sir." In fact, the cookbook is the eleventh devised by the Ladies Village Improvement Society of East Hampton, the first having appeared as far back as 1898, and the Ladies happily don't entertain the furthest extremes, preferring good proper foods such as roast chicken, lemon mousse, Yorkshire pudding, apple pie, and croque monsieur. The recipes are all simple to follow, with an emphasis on such

LILLA ROGERS



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local produce as clams, corn, and strawberries. The only absolutely revolting suggestion in the book—the single most off-putting recipe in any of the books—is that one should eat brie with homemade strawberry preserves for breakfast.

Lee Bailey's book also sails pretty close to the sickly from time to time, but then perhaps that is what desserts are for. Bailey is never stingy with the cream, and his desserts—beautifully photographed by Joshua Greene—are not for the puritan or the weight watcher.

Joe Famularo sees grilling as a "procedure both rustic and fraught with mystique" but which most normal people are quite happy to see as something so easy it does not require a cookbook. Nevertheless, for any student wishing to major in barbecuing, Famularo's handbook will become the definitive book.

Of the two herb books, *Season to Taste* is the better, interestingly describing how the different immigrant communities in the United States have preserved their identities by recourse to their national herbs. *Kitchen Herbs* is more full of waffle—"Lemon balm conjures up images of bees humming around dark green crinkly mint-shaped leaves." The suggestion that "nearly 80 percent of European homes have a herb garden," which came with the publicity handout, is utterly absurd. I would put the figure at somewhere closer to 0.8 percent.

Garlic lovers, including Sal Gilbertie's grandfather, will approve of *Cook's Simple and Seasonal Cuisine* with its approving quotation from a "Spanish woman we know" who says "garlic is what lets us live." Even potatoes do not escape the garlic. Their recipe for roast potatoes calls for two pounds of new potatoes to eight cloves of garlic, and their mashed potatoes require one pound of new potatoes to twelve cloves of garlic. Such quantities of garlic should create their own friction, but in *The Taste of Summer*, Diane Rossen Worthington seems to boil up some rows afresh. She talks of everyday foodstuffs in terms of "debate" and "controversy." "There is always a great controversy about whether or not to peel tomatoes," she writes, and "there's an ongoing debate over which fuel is best for barbecuing." This overstatement, combined with her rather drab pre-recipe anecdotes—"I created this recipe when my first crop of Babcock peaches turned out to be larger than I had ever expected"—makes this book rather wearisome reading. Writers who take cookery too seriously are best avoided. As Shirley Conran once said, "Life is too short to stuff mushrooms." ♠


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Aesthetic Education

Though he has lived with it, **William Hamilton** despairs of achieving true style

Nature finally seemed tamed by modern, mechanical man in the nineteenth century. Of course, all the gods, worshiped to propitiate nature when she was wild and scary, declined with her. The whole magical, dangerous, tyrannical world of tigers, tempests, volcanoes, snakes, monsters, dragons, sprites, and gods who sneaked up on girls in the form of swans was no longer something to be taken seriously. So wolves and lions and bears along with ferns and flowers and the briny waves all became ubiquitous, celebratory Victorian decoration. Like the deer heads in our dining room, nature had been reduced to a trophy.

My mother didn't like the deer heads. They had got a little tatty in the half-century before we moved to this long-vacant family house. Ethelwild wasn't just a Victorian house, it was a house that was still Victorian.

Muscular winged monsters held up our arms when we sat in a chair. Snarling, enraged lions crouched at our feet under the dining-room table. Sinister paws poked out like Polonius's feet from beneath the fringes of gaily flowered tablecloths. Naked ladies and grinning satyrs danced and crouched and reposed and snickered throughout the place.

Adolescence is a struggle to shuck the cocoon of baby days and fly out into the glorious garden of sex, cars, and war. Wherever you are you want to escape. Those people who fed and clothed and trained you are obvious, embarrassing, ludicrously misunderstanding monstrosities nowhere nearly good enough for such a Byronic hero as yourself. When you're suddenly almost as tall as your mother, it's time to go to sea, run away with the circus, explore for lost cities, travel in outer space, or sleep at friends' houses whenever possible.

Instead of searching for the lost cities of Cibola, or carrying the stars and bars in the battle of Bull Run, or being the only white boy to ride with the Plains Indians, I went east to boarding school.

I found myself, appropriately, in a new world. Here the ubiquitous past wasn't the nineteenth century, it was the eighteenth. Spare and bony and rational-looking structures disposed in constellations as balanced as equations looked as fabulously new and different from home as the surface of Mars might have had I decided on space travel instead of prep school. Homesickness and academic terror aside, I found myself where adolescence wants to be: somewhere else.

Cadillac-fin aesthetics became as grotesque to me as the Victorian furniture of my childhood

Weather has a great effect on style in New England. The place is black and white from snow all winter and monochromatic green all summer so these are the colors they painted their houses and chose for our paper money. They put the fiery colors of fall inside as furniture. Mahogany and cherry and maple blaze in dignified Chippendale and Hepplewhite and Sheraton captivity.

The novelty of this handsome, spare, uncluttered New England style looked new and wonderful to me, until I saw something I liked even more in art-history class. The teacher, a remarkable and humorous enthusiast of the new, was trying to convince us boys Norman Rockwell was not every bit as good if not better than Raphael, Van Dyck, and Rembrandt, an opinion we didn't share. Norman Rockwell painted the world we wanted to live in where boys pulled girls' pigtails, got muddy, broke windows with baseballs, and had, at most, small, humorous problems.

"Now look at this," he said as he changed the slide from a masterpiece of Norman Rockwell's—in which the whole range of Rockwell's repertory from kindly, ruddy-cheeked old rurals to children, to puppy dogs, and sensible-looking parents intermingled in a town meeting or a country store or a church you could practically touch—to Jackson Pollock's *Blue Poles*.

After a moment of shock a boy named Paul Fine said of the dazzling slide of *Blue Poles:* "That stinks!" And the whole class agreed.

A naturally contrary fellow, I was immediately on the side of Jackson Pollock. No more Norman Rockwell for me. How could I ever have fallen for that sentimental muck? Jackson Pollock was new, my favorite quality, new as New England had been to me.

Everything seriously modern began to appeal to me. No more paws and claws for a fellow now smoking cigarettes (to make his voice lower). Now I knew exactly how I wanted to live: in a house like Mies van der Rohe's German Pavilion, sitting on a Barcelona chair, I have just looked from my Mondrian to my Pollock when an opening door causes my Calder mobile to stir and me to rise and receive an embrace from my living companion, Blaze Starr.

My vision made me feel quite superior to the ordinary masses living through the fifties beyond the school walls. The Cadillac-fin aesthetics of these proletarians grinning over Manhattans in their conversation pits were now as grotesque to me as the Victorian furniture of my childhood. My adulthood, I was sure, would take place in aesthetically superior surroundings.

Aging, university, and travel changed my taste considerably from the pure, severe, Modernist vision of glamour I had in mind for my life with Blaze. Europe was a gor-

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geous old thing. The skyline of Istanbul suggested history really had taken place. I began to like antiques. My new idea for my life featured a beautiful countess walking by our tapestries in a Paris dress to turn a tasseled key in a voluptuous old cabinet.

Then, of course, the conflict between actuality and the way I wanted things began to make itself more obvious. Real people, bills, and the annoying power others can exert over even visionaries began to move my life in directions I hadn't planned. Style turns out to be a lot of work. How people can keep up their style in the face of the real world began to seem to me nearly amazing.

In Munich the phone rang one evening in an antiques dealer's house a passionately stylish friend of mine and I were borrowing. She began speaking on the phone in increasingly concerned Swedish.

"Darling, quickly, get me a pen!" she said in a mounting panic. I searched the unfamiliar house and found a joke pen, a mottled plastic alligator extruded in Korea with a brass ballpoint poking out of its mouth.

"Hurry, it's urgent, my God," she cried. I rushed in and handed her the pen. I could hear the hiss of the tenuous phone connection and the desperate Swedish dialogue tinny as a seashell's voice coming out of the receiver. She looked at the alligator pen wide-eyed and put her hand over the receiver.

"Darling, I can't write with a thing like this," she said, pushing the pen away.

To be unable to accept an unpleasant object even in an emergency I recorded instantly as the mark of a truer aesthete than I could ever be.

The weather and tides of one's fortune change everything: what you want, what you have to have, what you settle for, and what you must bear all shift in the ponderous unseen slow motion of passing time. Strange transitions and doublings-back subtly somersault your plans.

The American cars I despised for their fins, chrome, and rockets in my pure Modernist school days actually began to amuse me. I began to see how they were romantic men's toys of the fifties—fighter planes for traveling salesmen to fantasize Sabrejet-MiG dogfights in as they moved from one prosaic actuality toward another.

Most unexpectedly of all, I find I've become fascinated by nineteenth-century furniture. In fact, here I sit at Ethelwild in a pawed chair looking out the window at my '61 Cadillac Coupe de Ville, confident again, as I was from the beginning, that one of these days I'll live in style. ♠





China Syndrome

Four collectors have found the appeal of pottery addictive. **Jennifer Conlin** finds out why







Feats of clay: Above: Felicity Osborne with her collection of Arts and Crafts pottery. Top: Her Mason's ironstone dinner service. Left: Theo Osborne hides in a Royal Doulton urn. Below: Three of her many Carlton vases.

"Once I saw it, I knew I would decorate the whole room around it," says fabric designer Fernanda Niven of the blue-and-white breakfast set that now sits on her dining-room table. She first spotted the five pieces in a Rhode Island antiques shop six years ago. Today the dining room of her Long Island house is adorned with more than one hundred pieces of nineteenth-century transferware pottery, hung on the walls and perched on the sideboards. "My dream is one day to see the room totally covered with it—like wallpaper," she says, seated on a dining chair upholstered in a blue-and-white floral print, a choice inspired by her pottery.

Like Fernanda Niven, Renny Reynolds, one of Manhattan's top floral designers, knew when he first saw the dining room of his eighteenth-century stone farmhouse in Bucks County that he would decorate it with majolica. He had become enamored of the colorfully glazed, richly textured earthenware whose origins date back to sixteenth-century Italian pottery. "The room has low beams, small windows, and no electric light," explains Reynolds. "I knew the earth tones of the majolica would light up the room, and the shapes would give it a three-dimensional sculptural quality."

"My dream is to see the room totally covered with it—like wallpaper"

Shirlee Fonda first took note of pottery some twenty years ago when she found a floral pitcher tucked away in the attic of her house in New York. Sketched on the bottom of the pitcher was the name Roseville, which she later learned was a reference to the town in Ohio where the pottery factory was founded in 1898. More than a decade later she rediscovered Roseville in the New Hampshire town near where her late husband, Henry, was filming *On Golden Pond*. "I bought more than a dozen pieces that summer, and that was just the beginning."

Felicity Osborne, who is affiliated with Osborne & Little, her husband's London-based design firm, can barely remember a time when she did not collect pottery. Rather than gather only one genre, Lady Osborne has been unable to limit herself. Her collection of early-twentieth-century pottery includes Carlton ware, a British earthenware produced at Stoke-on-Trent in Staffordshire, England, as well as Clarice Cliff pieces, named after the woman who designed the hand-painted, colorfully glazed Art Deco line. Lady Osborne also collects more modern ceramics such as pottery by Piero Fornasetti, an Italian designer who lives in Milan, and pieces by such artists as Jane Willingale and Felicity Aylieff. "I'm attracted to the exuberant colors and the array of patterns," explains Lady Osborne.

"Pottery is something one can collect that does not have to be expensive, is beautiful, different, and many of these varieties are not made anymore," says Shirlee Fonda, who is attracted to the floral patterns and the slightly raised three-dimensional claylike consistency of Roseville. Jane Fonda has been the recipient of many Roseville presents including a window box she keeps planted with flowers on a table at her California ranch.

While Shirlee Fonda will occasionally buy

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Decorative settings. Top left: Renny Reynolds with his majolica; his chickens dine in style. Top right: Fernanda Niven in her dining room decorated with transferware; a pair of her pitchers put to use. Above: Shirlee Fonda fills her Roseville with flowers. Right: Her pottery sets the color scheme.

pieces of Roseville she finds near her house in California, the majority of her collection still comes from June's Junqtiques & Jack's Rejuvenations, a small store in Centre Harbor, New Hampshire, owned by a couple the Fondas became close to during the filming of *On Golden Pond*. "The pottery has become a way for us to keep in touch," she says.

Fernanda Niven's collection comes from a variety of auctions and antiques stores. About half of her transferware was bought in small out-of-the-way antiques shops in the English countryside where she and her husband, Jamie, have relatives. The remainder was purchased at auctions and in New York City shops. The collection is a cornucopia of dishes and pitchers all intricately printed in blue on white. The pottery's name comes from the process of transferring ink onto the clay from an engraved plate.

Unfortunately for Renny Reynolds, majolica is becoming difficult to find. Originally made by such English potters as Wedgwood and Minton, today majolica is most often found at auctions. Reynolds, however, has located some of his at Garvin Mecking in New York as well as Bardith. In London, Lady Osborne recommends the dealers Richard Dennis, John Jesse, and Irina Laski.

"These things were made to be used—you cannot treat them too preciously"

The most interesting aspect of their pottery collections is that the pieces are not so fragile and rare that they cannot be used. Shirlee Fonda fills her pitchers with flowers and wooden spoons. She keeps her two tea sets on a table where they are a colorful counterpoint to the numerous pillows and seat cushions needlepointed by Henry. Reynolds likes to use his pitchers to serve cocktails—specifically margaritas. Lady Osborne has gone so far as to throw her set of Mason's ironstone dishes from the 1920s into the dishwasher. "These things were made to be used—you just cannot treat them too preciously," she says, although even she will not touch her collection of William De Morgan masterware, made in London in the late 1800s.

As these collectors will attest, from the day each of them stumbled upon that first piece they just had to have, collecting colorful clayware has become a pleasurable and unceasing pursuit. Renny Reynolds no longer allows himself to attend auctions where majolica is being sold. "At the last one I couldn't resist buying every piece," he remembers. "It is like a very bad disease." ♠

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: WILLIAM WALDRON (2); TIM STREET-PORTER (2); WILLIAM WALDRON (2)



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A Vine Romance

Janet Hobhouse finds a little bit of everywhere in the wine-country inns of California

If there were nothing on the roads in the Napa Valley, no inns, motels, hotels, no restaurants, wineries, souvenir and gift shops, no signs for ballooning or mud baths, there would just be the landscape—acres of soft ribboned fields, warmed by smudge pots in late winter, overgrown with yellow mustard, or bare and bleak with row upon row of vines in cruciform stumps like the vast World War I cemeteries of northern France. In the fall and early spring much of the wine country looks like Provence with flat fields extending unsheltered in a bluish haze or like Tuscany with dwarf oak trees along the roadsides, olive groves and fig trees, and the steep declines of terraces under cultivation. This being California, home of Disneyland, San Simeon, Hollywood of course, and countless theme parks, Napa Valley architecture looks like everything by association and only tenuously like itself. In the wine country you can stay at Italian villas, Swiss chalets, Norman village hotels, Spanish mission adobes, Victorian gingerbread castles, antebellum mansions, in rooms jumbled with the brass, stained glass, and shellacked wood of Gold-Rush Modern, and in any number of doll's whorehouses.



Italianate villa: a Neoclassical gateway leads to the terrazzo patio of the Tra Vigne restaurant.

In Napa there are so many slices of elsewhere so abundantly offered the tourist that it is difficult, particularly outside harvesttime, to get any sense that the entirely real and quite prosperous California wine industry actually goes on here among the wineries that resemble Dickensian prisons or Mussolini's factories or Old MacDonald's farms with names like Far Niente and Folie à Deux, among wineries that go heavily into gift shop sidelines and schedule Australian beach party weekends and Crocodile Dundee look-alike contests, in sentimental affiliation, I suppose, with that other once-sneered-upon wine-producing region of the Western world. And if this supremely Californian not-here-but-there image making isn't dislocating enough, you can even get transport from another place and time and sail, champagne-befuddled in a striped balloon, over this conglomerate of postnationalism, enjoying the sensations of a bygone era, though you might be hard-pressed to decide which one.

What seems to be authentically Californian are the wine-country bed-and-breakfast inns, nothing like the English establishments so-named, with their colorful unpinned landladies of unsettled dentures, fish-eyeing the customers, and shuffling off in old slippers to deal with canaries or gentlemen lodgers. Bed and breakfast in England, whatever its pretensions, is a pretty down-market affair regulated by hypocritical gentility on the lookout for seaside improprieties, not welcoming sorts of places but cheap. In California the reverse is true: bed-and-breakfast inns are all welcoming and not cheap. Coziness has a price, and impropriety—romantic getaway, as it's called—is what you're here for. After all, Napa, as England emphatically is not, is wine country: Bacchus, mellowness, rosy amorousness,



Provence in California: the skylit restaurant of the Auberge du Soleil sits above an olive grove overlooking the Napa Valley.

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and a bit of Steinbeckiana but most important, *le weekend*, institutionalized and publicly shared. Walk into a bed-and-breakfast inn around six in the evening and you're likely to come upon a roomful of strangers, nestled bottom to bottom in love seats in a Victorian parlor, already a little glazed with the free wine and cheese this first hour of a happy hour that lasts from Friday through Sunday. There they sit and you sit exchanging the basics of hometown and livelihood and checking out partnerships—this get-together orchestrated by the owner once he/she has shown you the hot tub and the iron-bedsteaded room and the marble-papered guest book inscribed with thanks and innuendo.

A bed and breakfast–style getaway is romantic in the sense of picturesque: crumbling walls and vines outside, Victorian bric-a-brac and old plumbing inside, but getaway it is not, what with the introductions the night before, the shared bathrooms and paper-thin walls, the ungodly hour scheduled, and the elaborate hot breakfasts that don't seem to take wine-country hangovers into account. Fortunately there are other places to stay in the wine country. The larger resorts in their less photogenic fashion are far more comfortable, more elegant, certainly more private. At the Silverado Country Club in Napa, the former 1,200-acre estate of a Civil War general, you can have so much privacy you're likely to get lost. More than two miles away from the main house—an antebellum mansion overlooking two golf courses—you can have your own condominium suite overlooking the golf courses. Room service comes, like everything else, on a golf cart from the mansion.

Or you can put up at Meadowood, another resort complex, built like a child's dream summer camp, with luxurious gray-and-white cabins in the woods, each with separate sitting room and fireplace, cathedral ceilings, and wooden porch. Scattered throughout the property are hiking trails, a golf course, a swimming pool, tennis courts, and most surprisingly two splendid croquet lawns. Meadowood runs a distinguished wine school all year round. The restaurant is excellent and, in keeping with the school and elegant surroundings, takes both food and wine seriously.

One of the prettiest places to stay is Auberge du Soleil, famous for a long time as the best restaurant in the wine country and which since the spring of 1985 has become an inn as well. At the Auberge you can have your elegance and privacy Provence style—in small sand-colored villas, each with fireplace and wet bar, with terra-cotta tiles inside and out on private terraces that overlook a panoramic sweep of olive groves and vineyards, with the blue Mayacamas Mountains in the background and where but for the absence of cicadas it is easy enough to imagine yourself in Gassin or Saint-Rémy. If you cannot spend the night, go for lunch, or book well in advance for the prix fixe dinner.

After a stay at the Auberge you might want to spend a couple of days in the next valley in Sonoma where the Sonoma Mission Inn runs an elegant spa in lovely surroundings. The first-class restaurant serves California cuisine that won't let you stray too far from whatever intentions you arrive with. The spa facilities are comprehensive and elegantly designed to be both high tech and low-key in an atmosphere that is genuinely relaxing.

If the larger inns, for all their comfort and grandeur, are not what you want for a weekend in the wine country, there is—though one might be hesitant to broadcast it—one bed-and-breakfast inn that is everything such places ought to be and no doubt dream of being. Villa St. Helena in Napa feels so much like a private home, is so charmingly hosted, so spectacularly located and exquisitely maintained, that it seems like an accident. This Mediterranean-style house, built in the 1940s, was an exclusive hideaway for the stars. There are four wings to the building, creating a central courtyard for the vast pool. The three individual rooms are palatial, furnished with antiques and private baths, two with fireplaces, separated from one another along private corridors.

As in most bed-and-breakfast inns, there is no restaurant at Villa St. Helena. But there are excellent restaurants nearby: Miramonte in St. Helena and the beautiful new Tra Vigne—much like an Italian villa with high windows and stone lions—which serves first-class northern Italian cuisine in an elegantly lit and decorated dining room. You can have lunch at Tra Vigne on the terrace or at Domaine Chandon, one of the prettier wineries in Napa, proud of its champagne and excellent restaurant.

Wine tasting is offered freely along Route 29, Napa's main artery, which after an average afternoon can seem to be offering serious advice at every road marker—NAP, the indicators say. But do not miss Clos Pegase, the new winery near Calistoga designed by Michael Graves in 1986, following a competition sponsored by its owner and the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. No nonsense about gift shops and free tasting here, Clos Pegase rises like a temple of purity out

of the hullabaloo of wine-country marketing. It is undoubtedly the most dignified building in Napa. I found myself coming back to it again and again while I was merrymaking in the area just to clear the eye and head and remind myself that some things man-made can possess as much virtue, unaffected presence, and beauty as the countryside I was in. □

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Meadowood Resort Hotel
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Until Nov. 19, Sun–Thurs.: studio and chalet $145; one-bedroom suite $185; Meadowood Suite, one couple $295, two couples $395. Fri.–Sat.: studio and chalet $175; one-bedroom suite $250; Meadowood Suite, one couple $375, two couples $475. Meadowood has a swimming pool, nine-hole golf course, six tennis courts.

Auberge du Soleil
180 Rutherford Hill Rd., Rutherford, CA 94573; (707) 963-1211
The Auberge has a swimming pool, three tennis courts, golf nearby. Rates are from $210 for a standard room to $480 for a suite (six persons), continental breakfast included.

Villa St. Helena
2727 Sulphur Springs Ave., St. Helena, CA 94574; (707) 963-2514
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Everyday Flowers

Mac Griswold takes a close look at annuals and finds them vastly undervalued

Petunias, geraniums, gladiolus, zinnias, nasturtiums—that's only the start of a list of annuals gardeners love to hate. Or say they do till late June when they trudge to their local nurseries to fill holes in the perennial garden.

"Of course I use petunias—a flat here and a flat there," says Mrs. William Wister of Oldwick, New Jersey, "but I stick them in secretly because Tao, the gardener, disapproves." Boopie Wister's perennial garden has been beautiful for more than twenty years, and she knows perennials can't do it all. Her 'Blue Frost' petunias have a crackled glaze like a Sung vase.

Ordinary annuals do not have to be a sign of weakness. Pamela Ingram, a transplanted Englishwoman who has a nursery in Topanga Canyon, California, uses the petunia 'Madness', small and vividly colored, in fabulous container plantings.

"Nurseries now offer a wider variety of sophisticated annuals," says Peter Loewer, author of *The Annual Garden*, just published by Rodale Press. An annuals addict, Loewer grows most of his stuff from seed, and a lot of it is unusual. But he always finds a place for favorites like 'Persian Carpet', an old-fashioned zinnia mixture in maroon, gold, purple, chocolate, pink, and cream.

Kew-trained Caroline Burgess, who runs Stone Crop, Anne and Frank Cabot's garden in Cold Spring, New York, grows two hundred annual varieties to augment a wide range of perennials. "The sad truth is most perennials really only flower once," she says, "but annuals pay us back for the hard work of starting, fertilizing, and deadheading by blooming all summer long." At Stone Crop, often it's the way ordinary annuals are used that makes the difference: "Grow morning glories on tripods in the border for extra height. Or try beans, purple-podded climbing French ones with lavender flowers."



Almost as ordinary-sounding as beans are geraniums — and almost as much as a lost battle as their image is their correct name: pelargonium. Real geraniums, border perennials known as cranesbills, are *expected* to be beautiful, but pelargoniums have long been dismissed with the epithet *cheerful*.

Now garden geraniums seem beautiful, too. Urns and window boxes are filled with plants that remain flowery and compact. It's not just a fashion shift; geraniums *have* changed. Specialist Chuck Heidgen of Shady Hill Gardens in Illinois credits the introduction of European varieties, in particular the kind of ivy geranium (*Pelargonium peltatum*) that cascades from every Swiss chalet window box. Newly propagated alpine strains thrive in hot humid American nights, a condition that makes many geraniums bloom less profusely. The new cultivars have been variously described as Fischer Cascades, Balcons, Alpine Ivies, or Swiss Balconies. There are delicious pale colors, and the deeper shades are no longer strident but luminous.

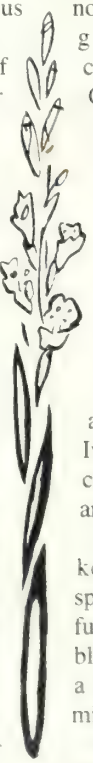
"Of course, I use petunias, but I have to stick them in secretly because the gardener disapproves"

Preeminent nurseryman Allen C. Haskell of New Bedford, Massachusetts, speaks out for the shriek and clash of colorful geraniums: "You have to put a little blood in the garden. There's a certain red, a Chinese lacquer color, that just works miracles."

For all-summer bloom it's worth mentioning hydrangeas, perennials that have put up with the same bad press as common annuals. Again it's a matter of choosing the right cultivar: more graceful and sophisticated than the standard big blue balls are lacecap hydrangeas. Their flat flower heads, like oversize Queen Anne's lace, are airy and delicate. The hardiest and truest blue lacecap, says Dr. Richard Lighty of the Mount Cuba Center for the Study of Piedmont Flora in Delaware, is 'Blue Billow', collected in Korea.

Even gladiolus, those South African garden dinosaurs, have other incarnations. Small daylilylike flowers with vivid throats are borne on shorter, more delicate stems. Wayside Gardens and White Flower Farm offer varieties in mixed colors; Carroll Gardens lists four named varieties of *Gladiolus colvillei*, a dwarf form. "Guess where the bare midsummer spots will be," says Alan Summers of Carroll Gardens. "Stick in corms of 'Nymph', and seven weeks later small creamy flowers splashed with crimson and yellow will fill the hole."

July is the time for the marigolds, zinnias, and nasturtiums that in May seem so, well, ordinary. "Don't be a plant snob," urges Marco Polo Stufano, the imaginative horticulturist who keeps the garden of Wave Hill outside Manhattan splendid all summer. "Learn to pick the best and where to put them. Take advantage of the strengths—long bloom and heat tolerance—that make annuals popular." A favorite marigold is 'Naughty Marietta', single, small, and golden with a dark red streak on each petal. Try 'Irish



ISABELLE DERVAUX

Lace', a marigold with no visible flower grown for its pale green, deeply cut foliage.

Placement can be everything. The fine chartreuse zinnia 'Envy', which blooms in light shade as well as sun, looks dingy planted with white, a common mistake. But like *Nicotiana langsdorffii*, the tall green tobacco plant that Penelope Hobhouse uses to cool off a deep red and blue border at Tintinhull in England, 'Envy' glows greener when used with more suffused colors. Try dark petunias.

Use your own eyes. Sixteenth-century English botanist John Gerard called the nasturtium "this rare and faire plant." Try *Tropaeoleum peregrinum*, the bright yellow nasturtium known as the 'Canary Creeper'. Or *Tropaeoleum minus* 'Alaska Mixed', whose leaves are marbled and striped with cream on a green background.

At this high point of summer, look at other people's gardens and make notes for next year about what seems "rare and faire" to you. Maybe it will be 'Italian White' sunflowers, four feet tall, perfect for the back of the border, with garden-size faces only four inches across. Or yellow and white African daisies (*Osteospermum* 'Starshine') with pink, white, and blue love-in-a-mist (*Nigella* 'Persian Jewels'), the way Polly Biedebach grows them in a two-acre garden in Sun Valley, Idaho. Or simply a tumble of an old bedding petunia, tiny white-throated 'Rosy Morn', a perfect background for short, intensely blue Chinese delphiniums. ♠

Plants and Seeds

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Country Garden
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(715) 757-2045
Thompson & Morgan
P.O. Box 1308, Jackson, NJ 08527
(201) 363-2225

GERANIUMS

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Shady Hill Gardens
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(312) 879-5665
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93420; (805) 489-0548

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Opelousas, LA 70570
(318) 948-3696
Wayside Gardens
Hodges, SC 29695; (800) 845-1124
Winterthur Museum and Gardens
Direct Mail/HG, Winterthur, DE 19735
(302) 656-8591 Ext. 410

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(413) 498-2657
White Flower Farm
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(203) 567-0801

An invaluable sourcebook for mail-order nurseries and seed houses is Barbara Barton's *Gardening by Mail 2*: Tusker Press, P.O. Box 1338/HG, Sebastopol, CA 95473, (707) 829-9189; $18.50 ppd.



STYLE

Weaving new ways—baskets on fabrics, tailor-made rag rugs, woven-steel benches

There's a new texture to rugs, fabrics, and even chairs which is inspired by one of the world's oldest crafts. Pima Indian baskets, in photographs of turn-of-the-century Arizona trading posts, gave Westgate the theme for their latest pattern in linen, Pima Basketry. Jack Lenor Larsen, himself a master weaver and textile designer, began collecting the real thing when he was five years old. Today his taste runs toward objects that "are unique and have material interest." Silk brocades, velvets, chintzes—any fabrics a designer has used in a room—are cut, sewn into finished strips, and woven into Judy Weinert's custom-made rag rugs. Other variations: Maville Interiors' traditional French café chair in woven black leather, David Hess's reinterpretation of a Quaker bench in rebar steel, and Gabrielle de Choubersky's sisal rug with hand-stenciled flowers for David Hicks. **Laurie Schechter**



2



3

1. Westgate's trompe l'oeil fabric Pima Basketry. **2.** Jack Lenor Larsen's collection of ancient and contemporary crafts pieces. **3.** David Hess bench. **4.** Judy Weinert's twill-weave rug from Facets Textile Design at Kneedler-

5. Antique bag woven from cornhusks by the Nez Percé Indians of the Northwest on Westgate's linen Kochina fabric. **6.** Laurent wool basket-weave carpet from Patterson, Flynn & Martin. **7.** Maville Interiors chair. **8.** Gabrielle de Choubersky's sisal rug, based on a Christian Badin fabric.

1, 5–7: MONICA STEVENSON 2: LIZZIE HIMMEL
3: COURTESY ART & ARCHITECTURE DESIGN GALLERY
4: CHARLES DANIELS 8: PASCAL CHEVALLIER

5

CAMPARI



Refreshing and enticing.
That's my cocktail.



Campari and Orange Juice

Campari and Soda

Campari on the rocks

CAMPARI. THE SPIRIT OF ITALY.

STYLE

Treasures from the sea, reeled in for summer—silk seashells, paper fish, Lacroix beach scene

There are lobster, starfish, and underwater plants on the 1950s Fedecheti fabric newly translated by Groundworks for a summer 1989 release. The wave, a traditional Oriental motif, is made modern by Jay Yang's large-scale fabric design Genji. Marguerite Stix's seashell jewelry for Cartier was an inspiration for Leslie Merritt's sophisticated silk Les Coquillages from Grey Watkins. "Not for the beach house," says Watkins of her fabric, "but for the drawing room in the city or at Palm Beach." Fish have long fascinated architect Frank Gehry. The Formica prototype for his latest fish lamp, in paper, will be on view in New York July 14–October 2 at the Whitney Museum's show "The Architecture of Frank Gehry." Gerald Schmorl, who assists Christian Lacroix with his Luxe collection, designed the new Paris shop windows for spring and summer in a sea motif. His inspiration: Salvador Dali's Surrealist beach scenes. A lusterware fishbowl, circa 1880 by the W. Zsolnay ceramics factory, is an early example of the sea-theme ceramics still being made today in Hungary. **L. S.**

1. Frank Gehry's paper lamp. **2.** Genji by Jay Yang for Fabriyaz. **3.** Groundworks' Aragoste e Coralli fabric. **4.** Lacroix display, 18th-century Italian chair. **5.** Zsolnay fishbowl, at Linda Horn Antiques. **6.** Les Coquillages from Grey Watkins.



K · E · N · T · S · H · I · R · E

MIRROR: Important George III carved and giltwood mirror in the Rococo manner, circa 1760.

COMMODE: 18th Century Dutch inlaid satinwood commode with inset lacquered panels, circa 1790.

CHAIR: Queen Anne walnut wing chair upholstered in 18th Century needlepoint, circa 1720.

VASES: Pair of Chinese export porcelain vases in the form of elephants, circa 1865.



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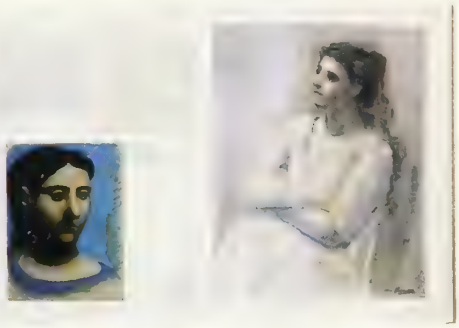


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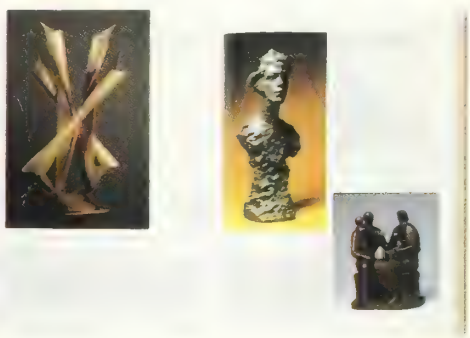
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Talleysheet

Gothic excess . . . Tapestries to tassels . . . Arrow-tipped curtain rods . . .



Gothic gloom suddenly has a gleam. In London, Paul Jones sells everything from antique textiles to tassels in his eighteen-month-old shop. "The faded grandeur look of Gothic decoration has been around in London for about three years," notes Jones. "Now it's about to explode," says Christophe Gollut, who summered in a Gothic house and has owned an antiques shop on London's Fulham Road for almost two decades. "Scale is everything. Even a Napoleon III jardiniere in needlepoint can be a Gothic detail." Gollut's shop is filled with tapestries, Gothic curtain rods with brass finials, and Gothic prie-dieux in needlepoint. In New York, Mario Buatta uses arrow-tipped curtain rods that conjure up images of Sir Walter Scott—ideal for heavy Gothic curtains. Karl Lagerfeld entertains the Gothic spirit in his evening silks. Christian Lacroix, also in the mood for Gothic, uses Konstantin Kakanias's silk and organza for his party dresses. The inspiration? "Grotesque Gothic," says Kakanias, with a little "faded Naples thrown in." **André Leon Talley**



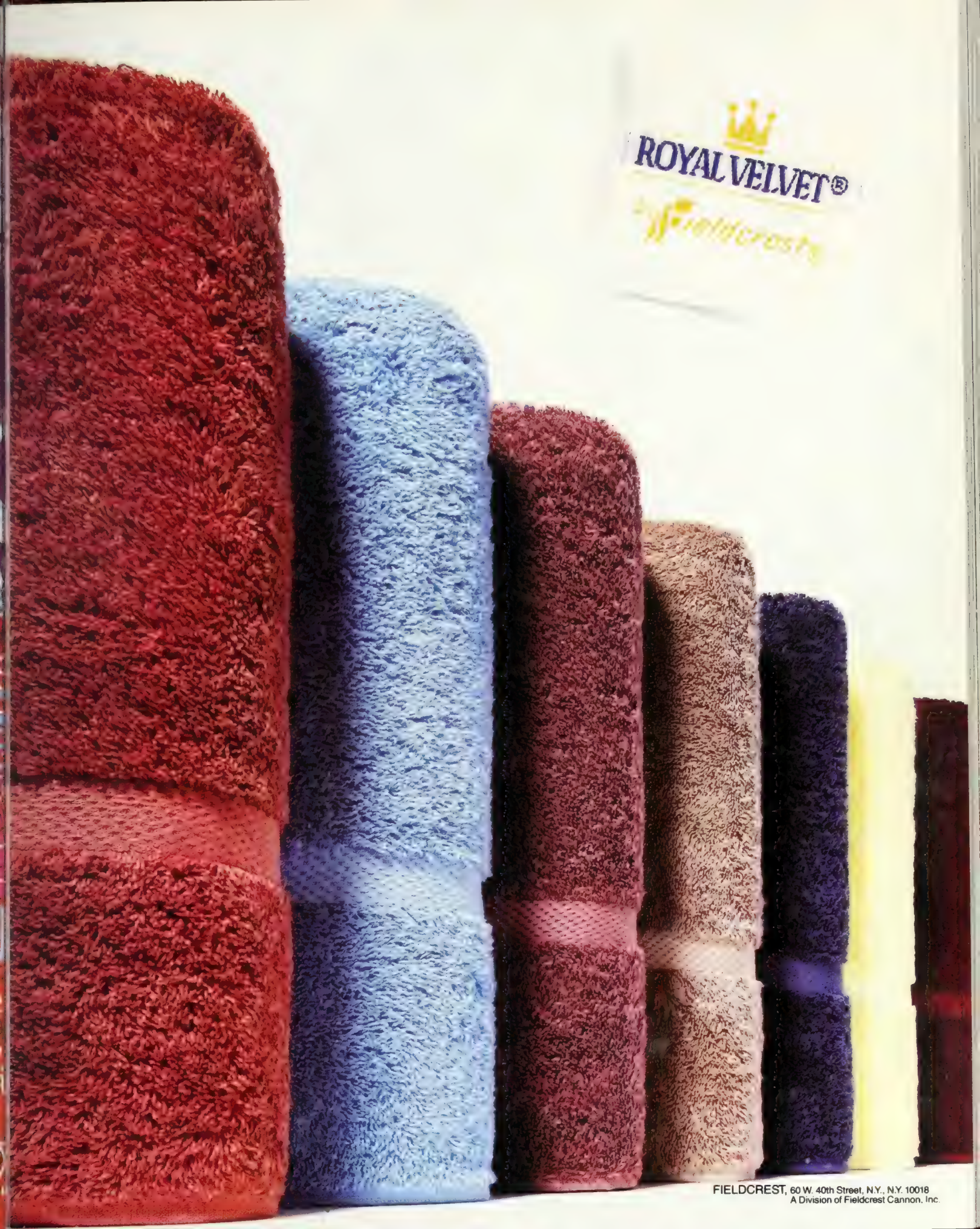








1. 19th-century Scottish urn and French turret, from Paul Jones. **2.** Napoleon III jardiniere from Christophe Gollut. **3.** Gold-embroidered pillow, from Paul Jones. **4.** Gollut with 19th-century prie-dieu. **5.** Neo-Gothic doghouse by Loup de Viane, from Kuma. **6.** Lagerfeld's fan design on silk. **7.** Lacroix dress in Neo-Gothic silk. **8.** Kakanias's silk for Rainbow Fabrics. **9.** Arrow curtain rod.



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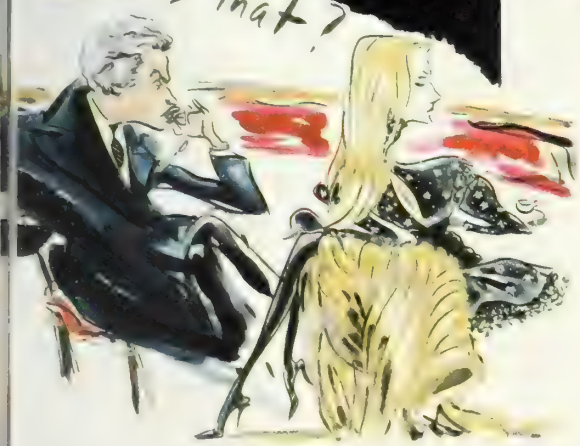


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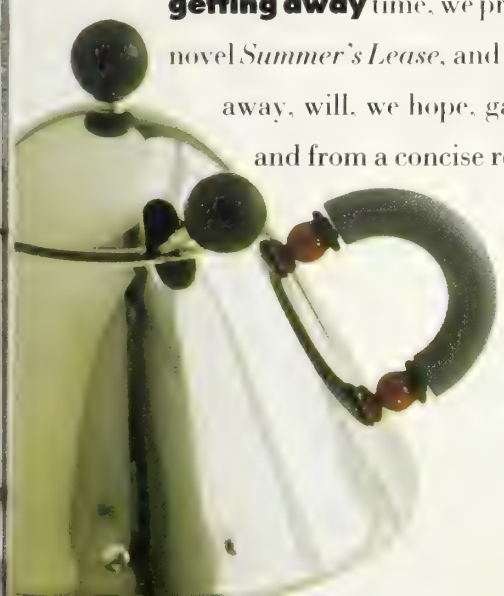






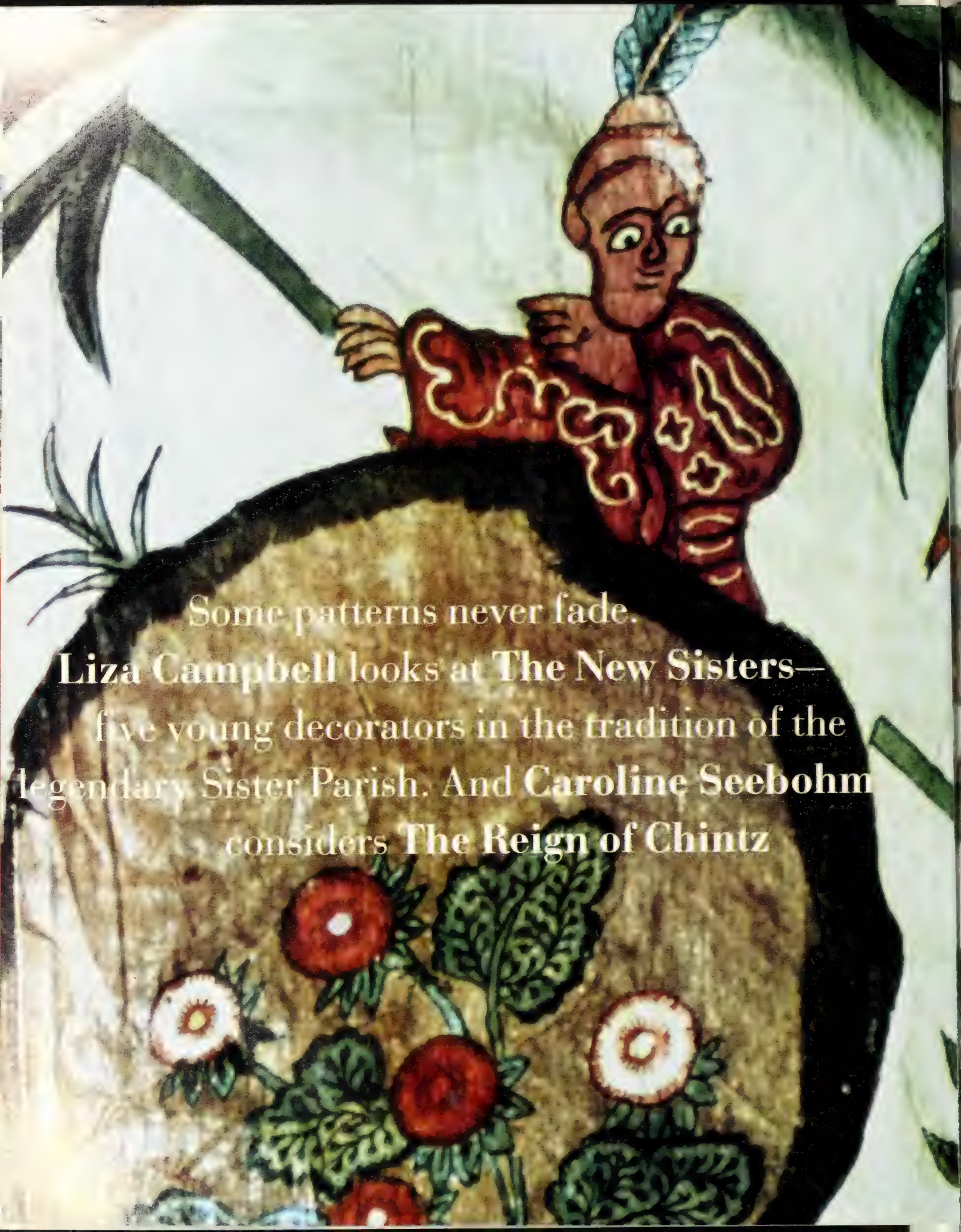
chintz

some say, is last year's fashion. But, as *Caroline Seebohm* notes, chintz has been with us for over three hundred years, and when we asked five of New York's leading **young women decorators** to send examples of their favorite chintzes, within hours our office was swathed in luscious prints and colors. So much for out of fashion. This same lively group of women is the subject of *The New Sisters*, the second in our series on decorators and their styles. In this issue we also visit *Michael Graves*'s Biedermeier heaven in Princeton; French artist *Arman*'s downtown Manhattan building overflowing with his collections; and, in vivid contrast, film director *David Lynch*'s house in Los Angeles "overfurnished" with two solitary blue armchairs. We also bring you designer *Valentino*'s working space in his Renaissance palazzo in Rome, and a romantic turn-of-the-century New Hampshire garden. Since it is summertime, **getting away** time, we present a rented hideaway in the Seychelles, an excerpt from *John Mortimer*'s new novel *Summer's Lease*, and a review by *Martin Filler* of *I. M. Pei*'s Louvre pyramid. Those of you not getting away, will, we hope, gain sustenance from *Jeffrey Steingarten*'s review of **TV cooking programs** and from a concise report on **sex** in carpets, fabrics, and tableware. —*Anna Wintour*





Clockwise from top right: Illyria by Brunschwig & Fils. Elsie de Wolfe, leading lady of chintz. "New Sister" Pauline Boardman. Sugar bowl by Michael Graves for Alessi. Valentino's partner, Giancarlo Giammetti, and Charlene De Souza. Details see Sources.



Some patterns never fade.
Liza Campbell looks at **The New Sisters**—
five young decorators in the tradition of the
legendary Sister Parish. And **Caroline Seebohm**
considers **The Reign of Chintz**

The New Sisters and the Reign of CHINTZ



In the beginning: Painted in India in the late 17th century, this chintz from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum was brought to England by traders. Right: 18th-century engraving of a bed complete with chintz tester and hangings, courtesy Winterthur Museum Library, Joseph Downs Manuscript Collection.

THE NEW SISTERS



Tossed bouquet: Pauline Boardman revels in chintz in her house on Long Island. Sofa and walls in Pelargonium Fancy from Colefax & Fowler at Clarence House. Dress and belt from Donna Karan. Details for The New Sisters see Sources.

© ANNIE LEIBOVITZ


Pauline
BOARDMAN
High on Chintz



Pauline Boardman lived in London in the 1970s and, with Jane Churchill and Elizabeth Ward, owned a shop called Treasure Island which sold chic household accessories. That partnership dissolved when Elizabeth Ward got married, Boardman returned with her husband to the States, and Jane Churchill started up her own decorating business. "I would have opened another shop," recalls Boardman, "but my two daughters were very young then, and I didn't want the responsibility. It just made sense to go into decorating. My mother was very good at it, so I suppose subconsciously I was influenced by her.

"As a decorator you have to have a very good imagination, and you have to transpose this onto your clients. If anything is important, it is salesmanship. You have to talk the clients into believing in you and avoid terrifying them—that's an extremely fine line. Sometimes it's a bit disappointing because they won't quite grasp the full idea. Occasionally I decide on our first interview that I can't work with a prospective client because I know it's going to be an endless nightmare. In the decorating business it seems that if something can go wrong, it will."

Many of Boardman's friends and acquaintances have been to her apartment and asked her to do a variation of it for them. Her taste has three very strong trademarks. First, she has a weakness for blackamoor objects; they are everywhere. Second, she loves mirrors: "They bring sparkle to a room." And third, red is by far her favorite color. Her sitting room positively hums with different shades of the color, from the crimson walls to her percale-covered sofas and curtains.

"Of course, I don't force everyone to go with red. What normally happens is that a client will say, 'I want a room just like yours, can you do it in yellow?'

"Although the main influence on me is English, the brightness of the colors I use is very American. The English tend to prefer a faded look, like Laura Ashley. I like to think—I hope—that I'm a mixture of the best in both American and English styles." **L.C.**



"You have to talk the clients into believing in you and avoid terrifying them"

Red on red: Fringed ottoman in Clarence House's Kohat Rouge and chair in Rose Cumming's Trenor, opposite, are in the Boardmans' crimson living room. Above: Sofa and stool in Cumming's Fleur de Pommiers. Chair is in Coral Branches, table skirt in Winslow Damask, both from Cowtan & Tout. Left: Pelargonium Fancy, Boardman's favorite chintz, from Colefax & Fowler at Clarence House.



Stars and stripes: Rainbow print of blue, pink, and green reflected the then-latest technical advances in the roller printing process. The 1824 fabric is from Winterthur Museum; reproduction available at Stroheim & Romann, details see Sources.

the Reign of CHINTZ

A cotton cloth decorated with multicolored floral patterns, chintz has occupied an important place in the history of interior design for more than three hundred years. Even today it makes up a considerable percentage of the inventory of many fabric houses, though its career is marked with ups and downs more worthy of a merchant adventurer than an innocent textile.

The word *chintz* derives from the Indian word *chint*, meaning variegated, and it was from India during the early part of the seventeenth century that the first rolls of this cotton fabric arrived in the West, "fast-printed with designs of flowers, etc.," as it is described in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, "in a number of colours, generally not fewer than five, and usually glazed." It was the exuberance of color and design on cotton that appealed to the English. In 1663 Samuel Pepys proudly managed to obtain for his wife a chintz, "that is, painted Indian calico, for her to line her new study which is very pretty."

As Indo-European trade expanded during the seventeenth century, chintz flooded the market. The passion for this charming fabric became so extreme that as early as 1700 the English textile industry, threatened with collapse, forced the government to pass an act of Parliament banning the importation of all decorated stuffs from the Orient. There were chintz spies everywhere. In 1775, for instance, the well-known actor David Garrick was complaining that his wife's chintz bedhangings had been seized by customs officials.

The invention of aniline dyes in the late 1850s completely altered the complexion of the market. With new methods of textile printing and dyeing, chintz could be domestically mass-produced, resulting in an inevitable deterioration in quality. In one century chintz fell from its position as a hard-to-get luxury to a cheap, coarse lower-class cliché. Hence, the derogatory adjective *chintzy*.

It seems that in America, however, chintz escaped this fall from grace, a fact that has

(Text continued on page 76)



Victorians at play: Wicker garden chairs lined in chintz, inset, photographed in France c. 1900. Background: Detail of a slipcover for a sofa in glazed chintz with a Neoclassical-style motif by Richard Ovey, c. 1815–25. Ovey, one of London's leading drapers, introduced several new patterns each week.

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Private stock: Hethea Nye, opposite, in a Valentino shirt and skirt with personal collections close at hand. Headboard covered in Middlehurst, from Fonthill. This page: The Nyes' living room: curtains are Ninon Taffeta from Old World Weavers, sofa in Torchello by Fonthill, chairs in Fortuny's Impero. Table skirt is Regatta Taffeta from Clarence House.

Hethea NYE

Bold Statements



GEORGE LANGE

Hethea Nye is a close friend of Pauline Boardman's, and although her taste is equally steeped in the traditional, it is not as feminine. Nye's preference runs toward darker, bolder pieces of furniture like club fenders, globes, and butler's tables.

Despite the fact that she and her husband were living in a house they rented while between apartments, she had managed to create a dazzlingly elegant campsite scattered with tortoiseshell objects gathered on buying trips to England.

"A career in decorating crept up on me. When I left school, I wanted to be a great editor, but when I arrived in New York, I was an English major like five thousand others. I couldn't get a job, so I went to law school. I hated law school, so I got into fixing up and selling apartments. One thing law school did teach me was to be fearless. When I started, I was really alarmed by torts and contracts, but after three years you realize they're quite easy to figure out—boring, sure—but it makes you think you can probably figure out plumbing and electricity."

After graduating, the decorating took over, and Nye opened an antiques store on East 80th Street called R. Brooke. A second shop, on Lexington Avenue and 70th Street, is a crowded potpourri of tapestry footstools, gilt mirrors, inlaid boxes, and fanciful birdcages.

"Working with a client is a very close relationship. You are fussing around, going through the closets and drawers. A lot of hand-holding has to go on; I try and discover what gives my client a feeling of peace and quiet and put it in that room.

"I've always loved clear, crisp colors. I've wanted an aubergine living room, but I haven't gotten to that yet. Certain spaces just lend themselves to certain things—for instance, our house in East Hampton is all white, blue, and sand colored, which is very unlike me. But it's on the ocean, and it would look stupid to have greens and chintzes. I've OD'd on chintz. In fact, I think my taste is getting less English.

"Part of what makes a really good decorator is the nesting instinct—having the ability to surround oneself with things that are comfortable and romantic." **L.C.**

Creature comforts: Katie, a spaniel, on chair covered in Trenor from Rose Cumming and shelty Maggie in the Nyes' sitting room. Curtains are Ashburn by Cowtan & Tout. Opposite left: Table skirt in Cornucopia, armchair in La Perichole, both by Carleton V. Opposite right: Floral Bouquet, Nye's favorite chintz, by Lee Jofa.



"After torts and contracts you can figure out plumbing and electricity"



Pillar power: The finest and most expensive textile printing in the early 19th century was done from polychrome woodblocks for London drapers. An example of the pillar pattern fashionable in England c. 1825–35, from Cora Ginsburg, NYC. Details see Sources.

the Reign of CHINTZ

(Continued from page 70)

some bearing on its present-day status. The American colonists had enthusiastically imported the chintz look, following as usual the fashion lead of their English cousins. There are records from 1800 of London drapers recommending to Americans packages of coordinated chintz fabrics at quite a steep price. Collector Henry Francis du Pont loved chintz and bought some fine English examples earlier in this century which can still be seen at Winterthur.

The revival of chintz in late-nineteenth-century England was largely due to William Morris and the Arts and Crafts movement. Morris designed his own chintzes; known for their naturalism and controlled patterns, they were often influenced by medieval woven textiles and were produced by older methods. His prestige as a designer and his interest in craftsmanship helped restore the fabric to its former glory of color and print quality. The influential Liberty & Co. sold chintzes to people who had once despised them, promoting them as designs from nature and thus feeding into the Art Nouveau fad of the time. After the Second World War, John Fowler of Colefax & Fowler continued the revival by bringing out new patterns based on documents he found in attics and maids' rooms. He installed these fabrics—now seen as quintessential English chintzes—in more prominent rooms in his grand clients' houses. "Humble elegance," he called it. Geoffrey Bennison, who printed beautiful, intentionally faded chintz designs on expensive linen fabrics for his international client roster, helped complete chintz's elevation to high fashion.

In America the early-twentieth-century women who turned interior decorating into a bona fide profession never doubted the power of chintz. Elsie de Wolfe used it lavishly for her first major assignment, the Colony Club; Rose Cumming produced her own line of chintzes; and Dorothy Draper's trademark was the overscaled cabbage-rose chintz she threw over everything. Their heirs, Nancy Lancaster, Sister Parish, Mark

(Text continued on page 82)

Chintz crafter: William Morris, inset, photographed by Emery Walker in 1889, designed intricately detailed chintzes in the 1880s. His fabrics helped revive quality chintz, which had fallen victim to the new chemical dyes in the mid 19th century. Background: Detail of Morris's 1882 Brother Rabbit pattern, from the Metropolitan Museum of Art.



COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, ROGERS FUND, 1923
PORTRAIT COURTESY ST. BRIDE PRINTING LIBRARY, LONDON



East meets West: In a client's dining room, Indian Agra carpet, c. 1900, George III black japanned chairs, and English lacquer screen, c. 1800. Opposite: Cullman and Kravis, both in Armani, in their wagon with Brunschwig's Les Fastes Persans.

Elissa Cullman and Hedi Kravis are best friends and partners in a nearly four-year-old decorating business. It was writing that led them to decorating. Having written a screenplay together, they showed their effort to an old friend and frequent visitor to both their apartments, film producer Stanley Jaffe. Elissa Cullman described how they sat in his office and awaited his verdict. "He said, 'Girls, I have one thing to say to you: it's well typed. But you two have a talent you don't know about, and that is decorating.' " Luckily for Jaffe, instead of knocking his teeth down his throat, they were flattered. As a team, they balance each other well. Cullman trained her eye as a curator at the Museum of American Folk Art, and Kravis, as the daughter of a psychiatrist, has a talent for soothing clients' nerves.

Stanley Jaffe gave them their first job in their new career. To work on his apartment was a daunting task, as he had just fired his third decorator. Cullman says, "We went shopping for a week and then had a meeting with Stanley. To our surprise all the problems were solved without any great difficulty. In the meantime our friends heard about what we were doing, and the whole thing snowballed." Kravis explains their business philosophy: "We think of ourselves as decorators for collectors of fine furniture and art. We try to pay great attention to detail; if asked, we'll even provide the napkins and matchbook covers. Those are often the things that give an environment a rich detailed appearance. Every job has a given or what we call a sacred cow. It might be a totally repulsive table or a brushed-steel chair rail that *must* be worked with."

"Hedi and I are passionate about carpets," says Cullman. "We begin every job with the carpet because it is the largest object in the room. If clients own lacquer, we'll try to find things that match, or if they collect maritime prints, we'll try to find china with a seafaring theme. In the end I think we are overwhelmingly traditional simply because to dress one window is so expensive—it'd better not go out of fashion in a hurry." **L.C.**

OBERTO GILI



GEORGE LANGE



"We'll even provide the napkins and matchbook covers"

Well balanced: In a living room recently completed for clients, a pair of George III wheelback chairs covered in Lampas d'Aguesseau from Brunschwig sit beside a Chippendale console table, c. 1765. The large charcoal is *People in the Sun*, 1960, by Edward Hopper.



Collector's items: *New York Herald Paris*, 1923, by Jan Matulka is above sofa covered in Damask Caserta with blue pillows in Lampas d'Aubigné, both Clarence House. Chinese lacquered coffee table on antique Aubusson rug from House of Jansen, and chair covered in Satin Rayure from Clarence House. Left: Mansard, Kravis and Cullman's favorite chintz, from Brunschwig.

the Reign of CHINTZ

(Continued from page 76)

Hampton, Mario Buatta, Keith Irvine, and Georgina Fairholme extended the concept, turning English country-house decorating into a rich man's ideal with chintz as its essential element.

But now we have to tread (or sit) carefully. Authentic chintz is cotton—light, suitable as much for wearing as for slipcovering, easy to tear, quick to fade. Although it was a status symbol to the seventeenth-century English because of its exoticism and novelty, that has long since changed. If one visits almost any English country house still lived in (rather than palaces like Blenheim or Castle Howard), the amount of chintz to be seen is surprisingly small—a chair here, a cushion there, a curtain upstairs—nothing like the dizzying display of brilliantly colored hydrangeas, peonies, roses, and vines blanketing walls, sofas, beds, and tabletops in many American houses. Its current faddish popularity in the rooms of the rich and famous promotes an artificial dream, like Marie Antoinette's Petit Trianon.

We are already seeing the inevitable swing of reaction from the cognoscenti. London decorators who specialize in chintz are moving into other, less typical cotton or linen fabric designs. The herbaceous-border look is being phased out and returned to its rightful place in the garden. Americans are in the same mood. "Many people go over the top in decorating, and it's happened with chintz," says Mario Buatta, one of the chief exponents of the English look. "As with any good idea, one must know when to stop." As for chintz itself, it can take whatever the decorating profession dishes out. From its earliest incarnation in the West through its degradation, then restoration, and recent saturation point, chintz was and will remain one of the most pleasurable of decorating materials, and its lively colors and designs will continue to smile on us as long as we like to be surrounded by the feeling of freshness and comfort—and the insouciant grace of nature. **C.S.**

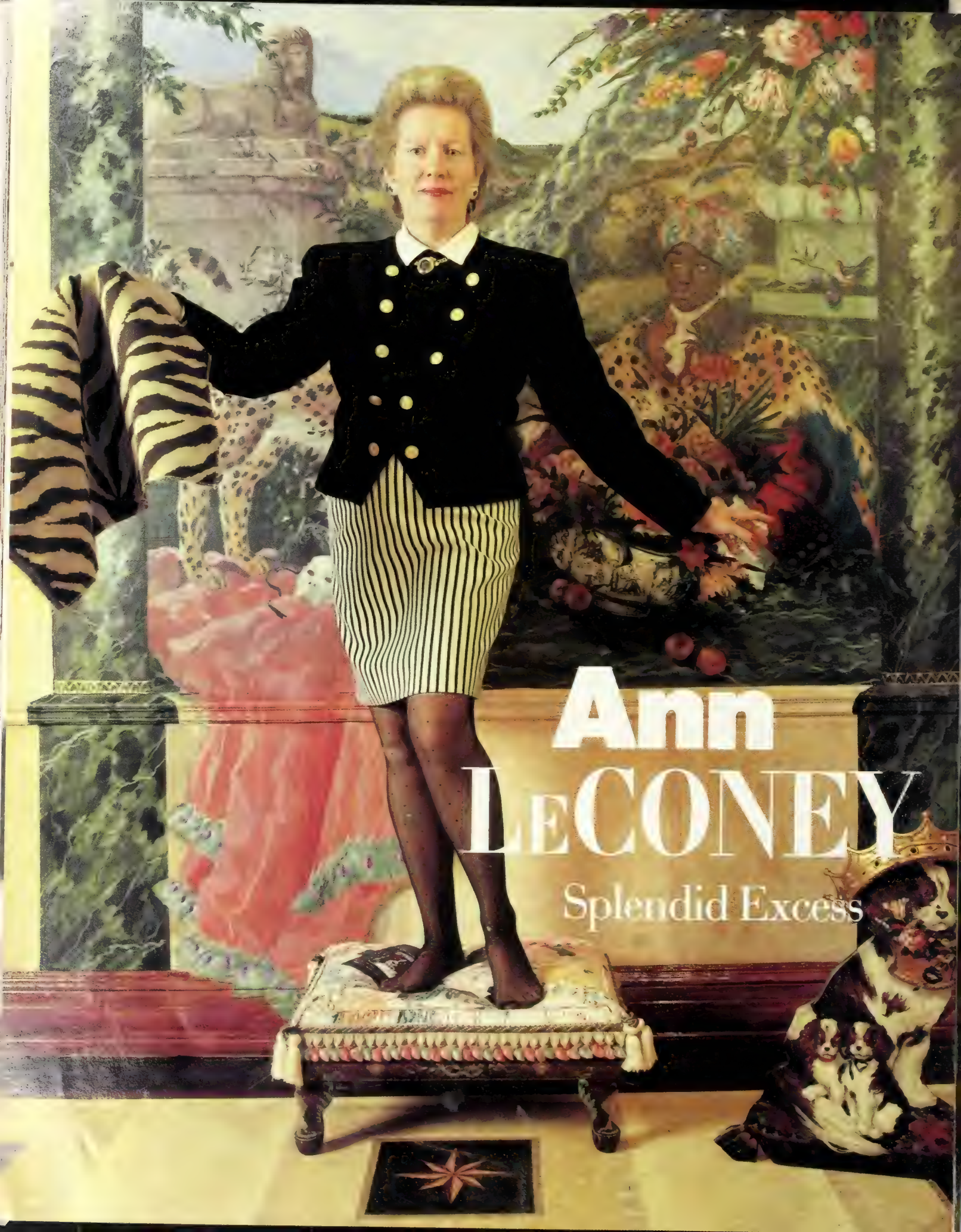
Chintz research: Amicia de Moubray



The Chintz Lady: Elsie de Wolfe, America's equivalent to England's John Fowler of Colefax & Fowler, earned her nickname in the press when she liberally used chintz throughout the original Colony Club in New York. Her first major commission, the club opened in 1907.

Gray gardens: Brisbane Palms, right, a contemporary fabric by Warner of London, at Greeff, is in a new and unusual gray palette. Details see Sources. Below: A 1920s French chintz in the serpentine arborescent motif inspired by the Indian tree of life pattern—a recurring motif in chintz designs from the 17th century to the present. Left: Another French chintz from the same period. Both from Brunschwig & Fils Archives.




Ann
LeCONEY
Splendid Excess

Call of the wild: Ann LeConey, opposite, wearing an Yves Saint Laurent jacket and Ungaro skirt. Stool in Le Rosier from Cowtan & Tout, swatch is Bouclé Zèbre from Clarence House. Painted wall, dogs, and floor by Robert Warshaw. This page: Porcelains on mantel are Chinese. Chair in Aconite by Colefax & Fowler at Clarence House and ottoman in Tiger Velvet from Brunschwig.





Ann LeConey was a banker when she got married in 1970. Her first decorating job was her own apartment. Friends told her that it was fabulous and that she was in the wrong business. Compared with opening checking accounts at a branch on Third Avenue, it wasn't hard for her to leave banking. She trained at McMillen and in 1974 set up on her own.

"I think some people outside New York find our apartments overdecorated. And, in fact, in New York there is a great willingness to invest in interior decoration. Most apartments don't have a lot of sun, huge rooms, and a view, so it's important to make what is there special."

Ann LeConey's apartment is intensely decorated. It hits you in the muraled hall and washes over you as you walk through a fabric-covered passage with faux bois woodwork and turn into the library, which has green metallic wallpaper. She is most well known for her mixes of chintz and animal prints: zebra-print velvet is thrown in among the floral sprays on the curtains and upholstery; the carpet is doeskin.

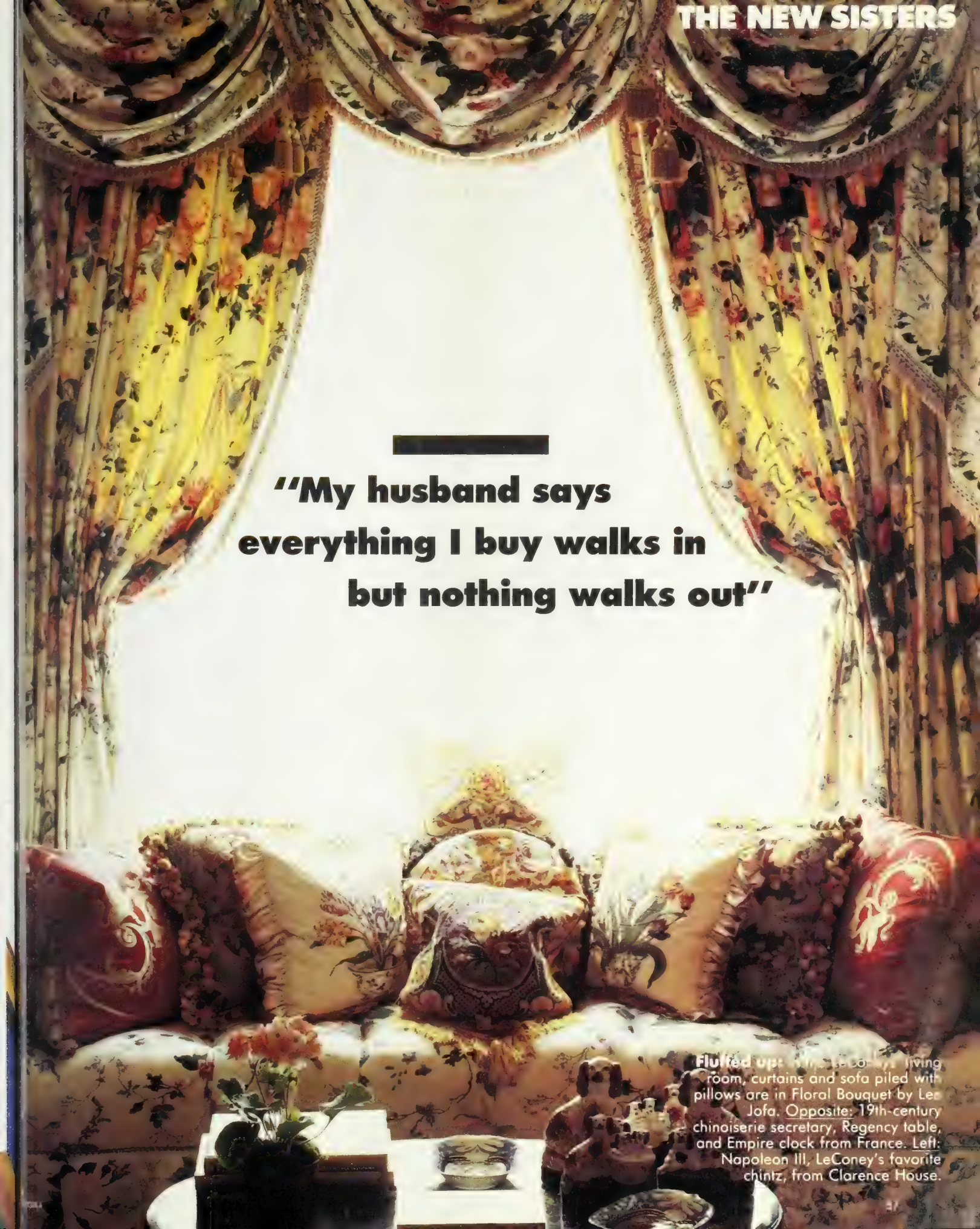
"What I do in my apartment is perhaps more creative and aggressive than my clients would be willing to have. I'm always having fun experimenting with the decoration—seeing something I can't live without which I think I'll sell later. But as my husband says, everything walks in but nothing walks out." The LeConey apartment is bursting at the seams with Regency and Empire furniture, marine and sporting prints, needlework cushions, blue-and-white porcelain, and several kennels' worth of Staffordshire King Charles spaniels.

Her favorite room is her bathroom. "This room describes me in a nutshell. Here there's a little of everything I love. I could live in this bathroom and be happy." Her husband *does* keep an elegant marble and mahogany desk in his bathroom. He had it built in after being edged out of his study by children and inanimate objects.

"Most of my clients have good taste already," says LeConey. "They just haven't been exposed to all the alternatives. That's my job." **L.C.**

Decorating Editor, The New Sisters: Carolyn Sollis

"My husband says everything I buy walks in but nothing walks out"



Fluffed up: [illegible] living room, curtains and sofa piled with pillows are in Floral Bouquet by Lee Jofa. Opposite: 19th-century chinoiserie secretary, Regency table, and Empire clock from France. Left: Napoleon III, LeConey's favorite chintz, from Clarence House.



Making a point: David Lynch strolls through his garden, filled with agaves, aloe vera, and oleander.

The Surreal Landscape of David Lynch

There's cactus in the garden, almost nothing in the house. Liza Campbell visits the director in his L.A. canyon

It was an extremely hot, clear day. The only cloud in the blueness overhead was an artificial one made by a skywriter, and even that was disintegrating rapidly in the breeze. From director David Lynch's house there is a spectacular view of the Hollywood canyons; to the east, L.A. floats in a soupy haze.

David Lynch was born 42 years ago in Missoula the middle of what was formerly the Indian bison-h ritory of Montana. The son of an agricultural rese tist, he initially wanted to be a painter and spent fo art school in Philadelphia. Dissatisfied by the imm silence of his paintings, his interest shifted to film. tered the American Film Institute in Los Angele *head,* his first film, has yet to be bettered in the h and still affects the eating of chicken for some of the film-goers who turned it into a cult. Under the unlikely patronage of Mel Brooks he then made *The Elephant Man,* which moved even the most hard-bitten cynics to tears. This was followed by *Dune,* a sprawling sci-fi epic that bemused its audiences and ultimately flopped. His most recent film was *Blue Velvet,* an intriguing tale of ordinary folk in Lumberton, starring Isabella Rossellini, his girlfriend. She will also star in his next project, a comedy called *Ronnie Rocket,* which he was reluctant to talk about other than to say, "It's about the absurd mystery of the strange forces of existence." (Lynch's acting debut opposite Rossellini is in the recently released *Zelly and Me,* which he didn't direct.)

One half expects someone who has consistently created so many powerful and alarming images to be a little, well, sinister. This couldn't be further from the truth, either in his looks or his character. His thick hair is swept back off his face and makes him look like a less gaunt version of James Stewart. His voice also bears an uncanny resemblance to Stewart's. His wit is in the central Sahara of dry, his delivery so deadpan it makes you wonder if he doesn't privately consider *all* his films comedies.

After a lengthy period of house hunting, Lynch finally found his pink stuccoed Lloyd Wright house originally commissioned and built for a Mrs. Johnson. "It's known as the Johnson house because of her, but Mrs. Johnson moved away. I don't know why she hit the road, but she did," drawls Lynch. The interior of the house is vigorously spartan—a blue velvet sofa with two matching chairs are the only concessions to comfort in the large rugless, pictureless living room. Actually there is one drawing, propped up against the wall in a corner. It is Lynch's own work awaiting transportation to New York, where he will be having an exhibition at the Leo Castelli Gallery.

I ask him if he was going to do anything more in the way of decoration. He shakes his head slowly, "This is it. Yep. This is too much furniture. I've got a lot of stuff, but I don't like to see it." All his possessions are out of sight in large storage cupboards. Even his books are stacked away in unreachably high cupboards in the kitchen—another austere room—where the only nod in the *(Text continued on page 156)*

SHEILA METZNER



"This is too much furniture. I've got a lot of stuff, but I don't like to see it"

Open air: French doors alternate with glass-covered chevron blocks in the unfurnished living room. Against the wall, one of Lynch's chalk drawings on paper.



One half expects the ma

Blue velve
A Danish De
chair covere
in turquoise
velvet sits be
the fireplace
in Lynch's liv
room. Left: L
of an agave
the garden.

ma) be a little, well, sinister





Valentino's UFFIZI

For the famed Italian couturier, grandeur is a working element, as **Georgina Howell** discovers



Power palazzo: In the office of Valentino's business partner Giancarlo Giammetti, far left, are a lion's-head table, 1820–30; Neoclassical armchairs, c. 1790; leather-topped desk of light mahogany; and a desk chair of cow horn. The rug is an 1850 Aubusson. Left: Valentino accepts a client's congratulations.

In the studio of his Renaissance palazzo near the Spanish Steps where Audrey Hepburn sat in *Roman Holiday,* Valentino is choosing fabrics for spring ready-to-wear 1989. A crowd of assistants focus on the fine brown fingers through which casefuls of textile samples pass in a matter of seconds, as though on a conveyor belt.

Romy, Valentino's exquisite junior, hardly dares breathe. Signor Bellotti, textile manufacturer from Como, fixes his sad brown eyes on the couturier's face, which wears the expression of a headmistress inspecting poor work—pursed lips, a fine line between the brows. Without the slightest hesitation the fabrics glide through into two piles. One, reject. Two, take further.

The tense silence is broken by a muffled thumping and squeaking from a raffia basket under the table. Oliver, the pug puppy whose name christens the newest line of boutiques, is gamboling in his dreams. A fond smile crosses Valentino's face, and everyone relaxes.

"You know, I am unable to think of spring without thinking of polka dots," he says. The voice is all intimate whispers and growls, like Melina Mercouri's. "Now, this glazed chintz. I like the weight, but I prefer always off-white to white. The print is to be enlarged, like this. Here I want to take the flowers away so we just have background. And can you make for me some Indian checks? I have marked the pages for you in this book."

Signor Bellotti seizes the book, and his two assistants make frantic notes. Valentino buys more than 400,000 meters of fabric a year, not counting couture. If he wants the moon and stars, Signor Bellotti will get them for him, at a discount.

The Roman sunshine warms the Piranesi roofscape tangled with wisteria, while bells from a distant campanile ring out the lunch hour. Oliver, having fought himself awake, is surreptitiously peeing on a pile of flowered silks. The putti laugh down from the painted ceiling, frolicking with flowers and a twist of yellow silk. Down in the courtyard 150 seamstresses clatter down the back staircase chattering like schoolgirls as they hurry to change out of their white cotton overalls and indoor shoes.

At 56, Valentino retains the glittering good looks so lavishly distributed by God in Italy, the country of male glamour and the turned-back cuff. Half a century of the fastidious cultivation of beauty has cast over the sleek profile and heavy-lidded eyes the rapt calculating expression seen on the faces of lifelong disciplinarians. He reminds you of Ninette de Valois or Balanchine. When he throws his coat over his shoulders, you expect him to rap the floor with a cane and call, "Positions, please!"

Through a door from the studio lies another world. Putting on a pair of finely honed tortoiseshell spectacles, he whispers, "This is where I make my private phone calls. Cozy, like home." He sits beneath his magnificent Bronzino, with a forest of mauve orchids in a seventeenth-century jardiniere on one hand, on the other an eighteenth-century marble lion at rest between Empire vases of gold and painted porcelain.

The wallpaper, hand-painted by the boys of San Patrignano to complement the dress of Bronzino's Eleanor of Toledo, casts a green gloom. It is hard to move without knocking a museum piece off its pedestal.

The king of the alta moda does not go in for minimalism. The very word causes shock waves: "You ask that after a hard day's work I should not enjoy the same as my employees? A little dinner by the television, a comfortable chair, a few flowers? You ask I should be cold? Beg for a blanket?"

A row of silver frames beyond the desk wink in the gloaming, presenting a few sympathetic faces from the elite coterie of the Valentini: Princess Margaret, Nancy Reagan, Sally Aga Khan, Queen Noor of Jordan, Brooke Shields, Jackie Onassis.

Yet at the end of the day it is only Valentino and his three pugs who take the navy chauffeur-driven Bentley—upholstered in greige toile for the summer, loden for the winter—home to his Classical villa beyond the catacombs of San Callisto where the butler waits on the steps and the gym instructor waits by the exercise machines. After forty minutes puffing in a gray track-



Worldwide headquarters: In Giammetti's office a Chesterfield sofa of natural-color leather sits between 18th-century globes. The small footstool is by Leon Bakst. The painting on paper, *Atlantis,* is by the Italian artist Luciano Bartolini. Opposite: Giammetti caught in a moment of contemplation.

FRANÇOIS HALARD

"All this is not just homage to Valentino," Giammetti laughs. "It's to sell clothes"

suit, Valentino will shower and settle down by himself to a television dinner. True, the food will be his favorite spaghetti al pomodoro with insalata verde followed by fresh apple pie, all eaten from antique Russian china, and the film may be seen in his private screening room or on a cassette recently flown in from New York. Tonight, watching an old movie, which he slept through the first time, he stays awake to see Rupert Everett, to the finale, in *Dance with a Stranger*. Roused by his butler, he changes into his perfectly pressed white cotton Fruit of the Loom T-shirt and slips beneath the quilted gray cashmere blanket and into linen sheets, ironed on the bed each day, to sleep among his entourage of beautiful objects until eight thirty the next morning.

Born old, the ugly shocked him from the age of four. The second child of Signor Garavani, well-heeled owner of electrical supply stores, he ruled his nursery province with a will of iron.

"I asked to my mother. I obtained."

At six, with a high fever, he asked his



HELENE TRAN



mother to wrap him in a blanket and carry him across town to see his cousin dressed for a ball in pink tulle. He recalls with Proustian clarity cousin Rina's mauve dress and hat with a stiff navy bow. The same year he cried until he made himself sick when his mother tried to force him to add a bow tie to his navy suit with the gold buttons.

Then, he could not sleep unless his dressing gown was folded meticulously on his bedside chair. Today he finds it hard to forgive a visitor who has broken a porcelain plate or knocked a glass of wine over a silk rug. He finds it still harder to be a guest when he needs to be at home to check if the cloisonné birds have been dusted properly, if the white linen runner has been laid down the stairs early enough, if the wicker furniture in Capri has been tucked into its fresh cottons. At work, if an apprentice seamstress so much as touches a toile with a pin, he can tell whether he wants to employ her or not.

The obsessiveness found its perfect expression in couture, perhaps the only profession in which he could have been happy.

In the eighteenth-century ballroom that is his office Giancarlo Giammetti paces the ivory-and-lavender Aubusson impatiently, while a butler hovers with a glass of mineral water on a tray. Valentino's partner, chairman, and president, Giammetti gave up his architectural career 28 years ago to play Pierre Bergé to the 22-year-old designer. Hard-headed, a master strategist of frocks, he supervises the development of the Valentino industry that turns out two million dresses annually, employs six thousand people, and produces ninety collections a year. It was Giammetti who

(Text continued on page 156)

Working method: Personal mementos sit on Valentino's Louis XVI desk, below. The armchair is covered in Valentino Più fabric. The painting is 17th century. Above: A favored culinary confection.



FRANÇOIS HALARD



"I would rather not eat than eat off an ugly plate"

Royal inspiration: The Bronzino portrait of Eleanor of Toledo and her son set the tone for Valentino's study



Brush up: Arma
his studio wielding
a brush but a Ping
Pong paddle. Left:
brush as objet d'a
not tool, in Arman
untitled painting o
1988. Style: Jacqu
Dehornois.

OBERTO GILI



MULTIPLE VISIONS

Arman views both his art and his life as acts of accumulation, says **Henry Geldzahler**

I suffer from a disease greater than collecting—that of *acquiring*,'' says the French artist Arman, half apologetically.

On the top floor of the four-story former pickle factory that is now his home and studio, the elevator opens to confront the visitor with two full suits of traditional Japanese armor—one seventeenth century, the other eighteenth. Not far away Bakelite and Fenolite radios sit on a wall like so many Art Moderne rainbows.

The mantel above the fireplace is graced with a huge assemblage of swords (yes, real swords) created by Arman. There is a balletic grace to the work, an elegance both beautiful and dangerous. On either side of the room are fierce and lyrical wood sculptures from central Africa. On the far wall stand shelves containing antique knives, watches, fountain pens, and the camera Marcel Duchamp used to film *Anémic Cinéma* (1926). On an adjacent wall hangs a bass cello, smashed, burned, and encased in Plexiglas, signed ''Arman, 1961.'' ''I don't like music,'' the Surrealist poet André Breton once told Arman, ''but I like what you do with instruments.''

Grouped about the apartment are numerous examples of Arman's work, including his infamous *Accumulations*. ''One aspect of the *Accumulations* can be easily explained,'' Arman remarks. ''If you put three forks on a table, your eye quickly identifies the number three; if you put twenty forks on the table, counting them quickly is no longer possible, their interaction is more complex—you know they are forks but can no longer count them at a glance. Here you have the beginning of *Accumulation*. At 200 you find it difficult even to identify a fork as a fork, and if you

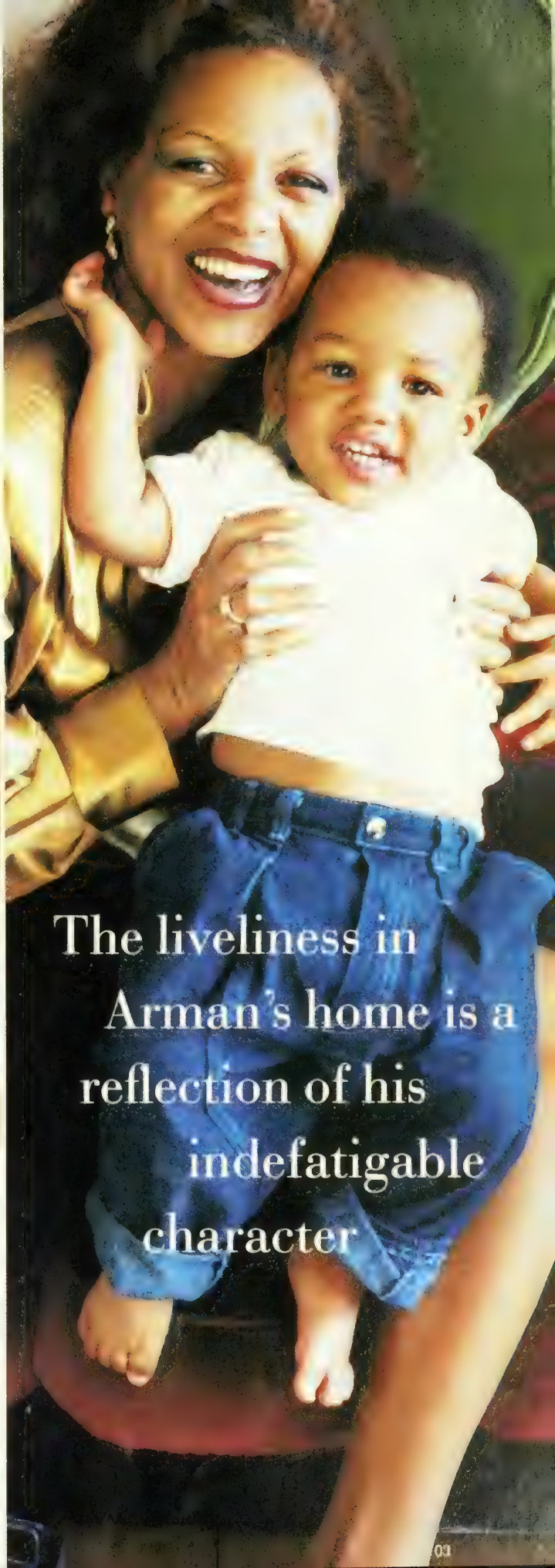
MULTIPLE VISIONS





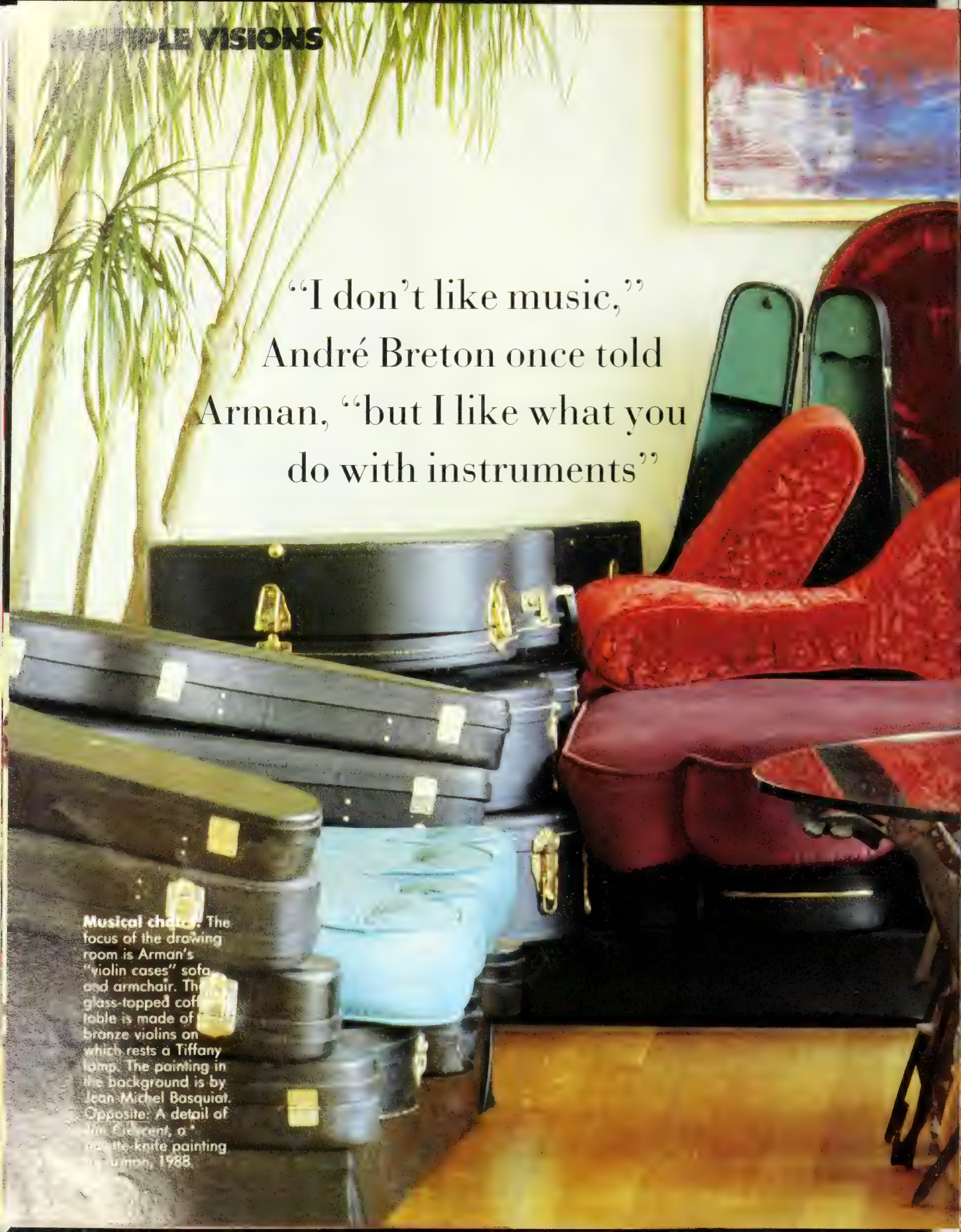






The liveliness in Arman's home is a reflection of his indefatigable character

Collage of cultures: Behind Arman's violin-leg dining table, top left, is a collection of brass Bakota sculptures from Gabon. Above hangs Arman's cogwheels accumulation of 1964. The English Regency sideboard holds vases from the Pacific Palau Islands. The brush painting was done by Arman last year. Above: In the gallery, chairs by Antonio Gaudí sit beneath works by Roy Lichtenstein, Tinguely, Kurt Schwitters, and a wrapped Christo painting. Far left: In the entrance hall are a Gaudí mirror and bench, a suit of 17th-century samurai armor and a painting by Barnett Newman. Left: The candelabra and flatware were designed by Arman. The sculpture is Indonesian; the screen is by Max Ernst. Right: Corice Arman with son, Philippe.



"I don't like music," André Breton once told Arman, "but I like what you do with instruments"

Musical chairs. The focus of the drawing room is Arman's "violin cases" sofa and armchair. The glass-topped coffee table is made of bronze violins on which rests a Tiffany lamp. The painting in the background is by Jean-Michel Basquiat. Opposite: A detail of *Un Element*, a palette-knife painting by Arman, 1988.



place 2,000 or 10,000 down, even the color becomes monochromatic. You have reached what the physicists call critical mass.'' This term could as easily be applied to his home.

Sitting in the vast living room surrounded by furniture and carpets of his design, the artist discusses his father, who ran a store in Nice. Arman describes the shop as not quite as rundown as thrift, not so rich as antique, but something in between. *Brocante,* he decides is the French word, secondhand. It was here, one speculates, that Arman began his obsession with accumulation. Arman's youth in Nice was a period of curious apprenticeship: ''One of the ways I managed to survive in my student days was to work as quickly as possible painting dinner plates for tourists on a factory production line. We called it *la peinture alimentaire*—scenes of the promenade des Anglais, the Hôtel Negresco, the port. It was a little like being a Japanese chef—speedy but accurate.''

It was then that Arman first became interested in Chinese art, opening the door to non-Western ways of seeing and later began a lifelong attraction to African art as well. ''I grew up without categories,'' he remembers, ''so I had a wide view of art.''

What initially brought Arman to New York was a solo exhibition of his work at the Cordier-Warren Gallery directed by the French dealer Michel Warren. He was already well known as a leading Nouveau Réaliste—what the French call their Pop artists. His planned visit of three weeks lasted three months.

''I am a great believer in environment as a determining factor for the artist,'' says Arman. ''When I first came to New York in 1961, I was already a fully developed and established artist in France. My statement had already been expressed. But New York changed all that.''

In 1962 Arman returned for the legendary group show at Sidney Janis in which Janis and Pierre Restany demonstrated for the first time the parallels between American Pop artists and the French Nouveaux Réalistes. This time Arman stayed on for six months, immersing himself in the excitement of New York, which seemed magnified by his tenancy at the Chelsea

Hotel—that mongrel of a home to so many artists and musicians.

In 1963 Arman committed himself to New York. His ambition was not to become an "American" artist—Arman is much too wise to expect that sea change. Rather, he sought to challenge himself and his work with the energy and achievement of his American friends and the intoxicating atmosphere of New York that, astonishingly, can still make of art something immensely important.

With the consolidation of all his New York activities into a single building Arman has at last found space adequate to his vision. "I work at odd hours, alone, in the middle of the night. Now that I'm older it's easier to live and work in the same place. Instead of having to travel across town, I just take the elevator."

In their new setting Arman and his beautiful wife, Corice, are relaxed yet meticulous hosts. Their gatherings are always a mix of Europeans and New Yorkers—introducing newly arrived artists and writers to their New York counterparts. Humor and bonhomie are the order of the day. The liveliness to be found in Arman's home is a reflection of his indefatigable character. Gourmet, wit, bon vivant—Arman honors life.

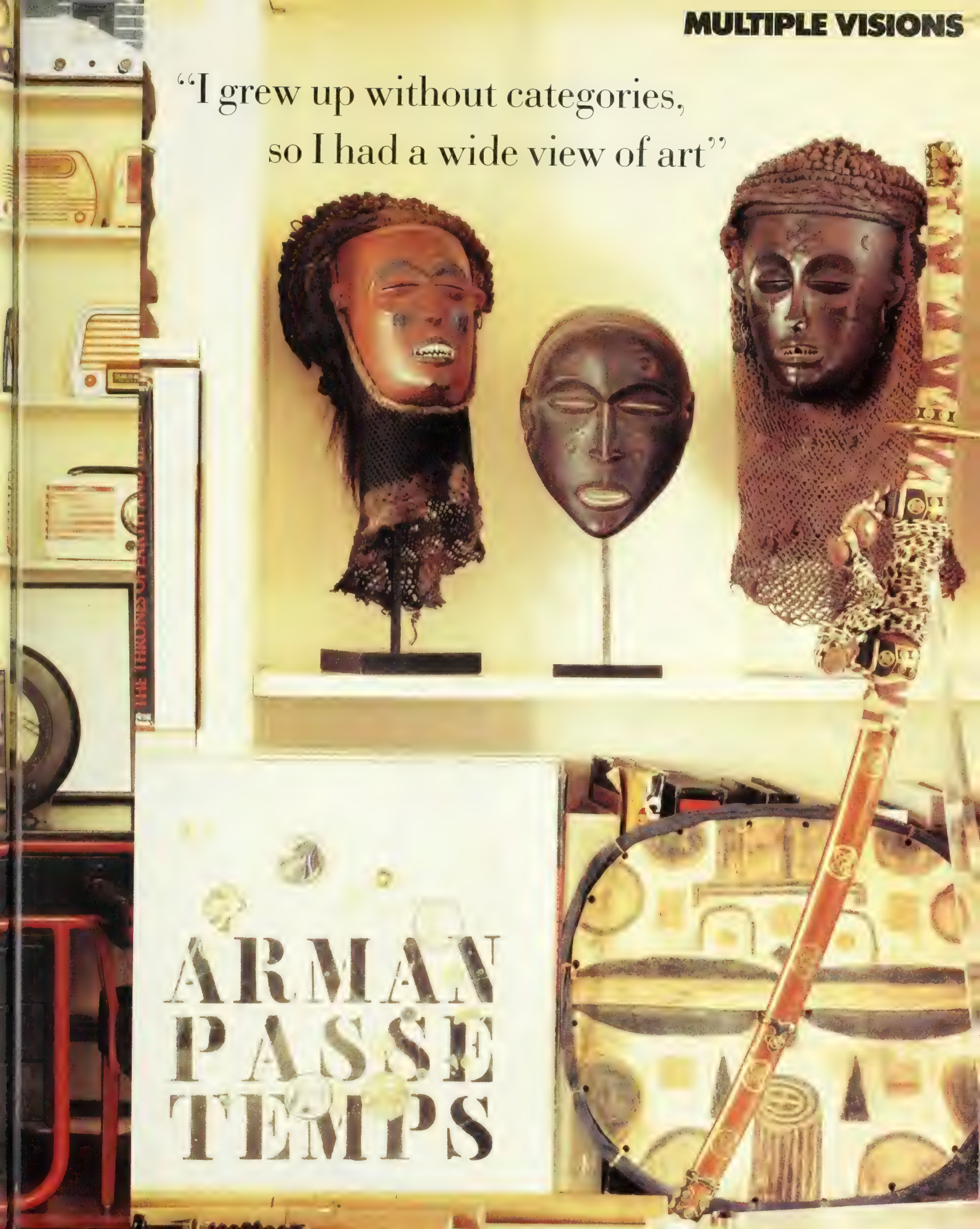
In the past year, Arman has begun to refer to himself as a "born-again painter," having returned to paint and canvas after a hiatus of two decades. Wide house-painter's brushes, laden with paint, are dragged across the canvas and affixed there. These lush pathways of thick color create an extravagant pictorialism, one which has always been present in his work but which he often took great pains to hide. "He has painting in his guts," his friend Pierre Restany once said. We sense that now. Happily settled into his hard-won domesticity, Arman is at last willing to set aside some of the protean energy and violence that typifies so much of his work to reveal the secret lyricism of his art. ♠



Radio daze: On the shelves of Arman's office, right, are radios from the 1930s, '40s, and '50s. He created the bronze hammer sculpture in 1979. Far right: In the library Tchokwe masks flank an Ovibundu mask. An Arman book done in 1972 sits next to a Teke shield. The Japanese samurai sword is from the 14th century.

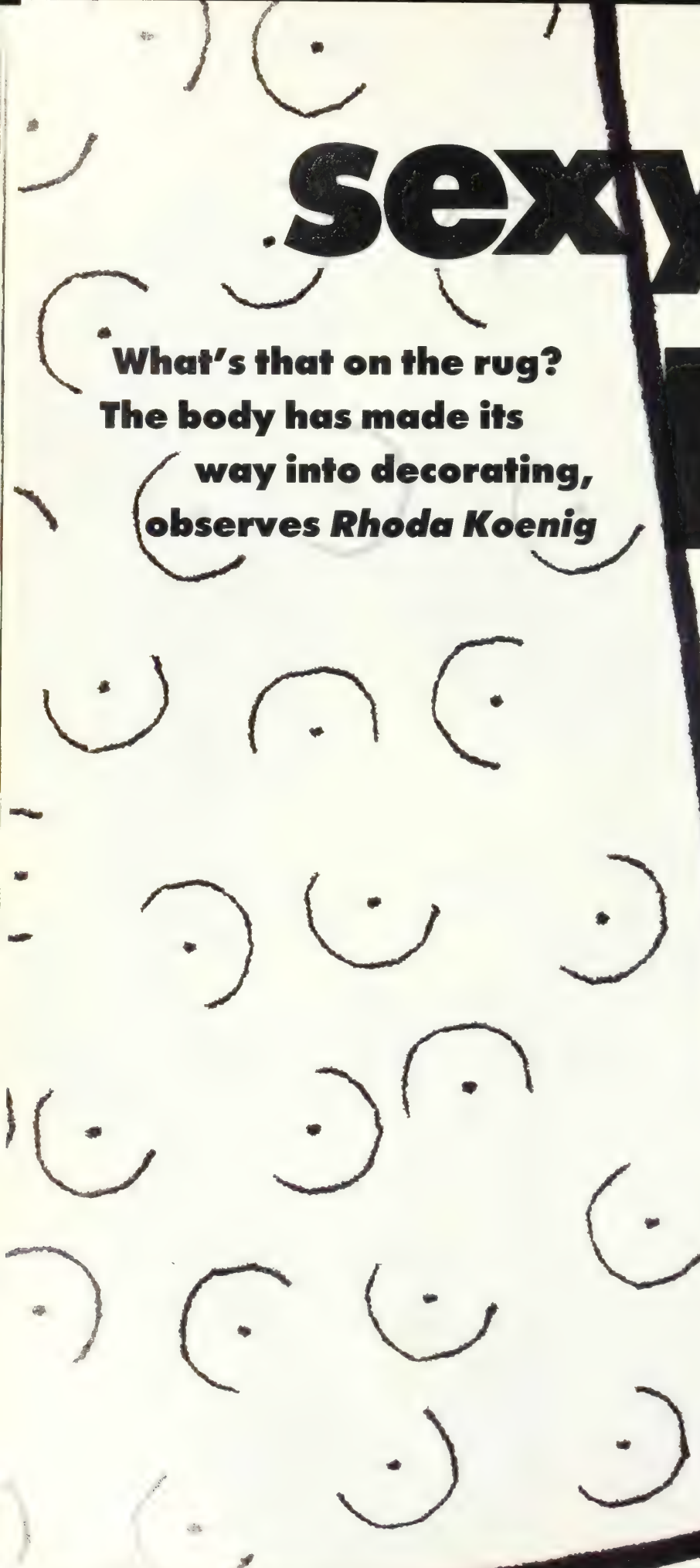
OBERTO GIL

"I grew up without categories,
so I had a wide view of art"



sexy stuff

What's that on the rug? The body has made its way into decorating, observes *Rhoda Koenig*



Dickens's supremely humorless schoolmaster, Mr. Gradgrind, told his little pupils they should not have rugs with flowers in their houses because it was most illogical to walk on flowers. How much more would he have been disturbed by the idea of treading on Jasper Morrison's *Rug of Many Bosoms*. "Ah," says Morrison, "but *lying* on them is different." He proffers his design notebook in which he wrote a poem that inspired his sketch: "Stumbling I fell/and what pleasure/surrounded, I was,/by a rug of many bosoms." The result, however, was not something pink and pillowlike but an agglomeration of black-on-white dots and semicircles. Might a viewer who didn't know the title think that was all they were? "I hope not," says Morrison. "I wouldn't like them to be seen as mere decoration."

The body, or parts of it, has long been used in interior design, giving the home a touch of the sentimental or the suggestive. The Victorians were fond of disembodied hands holding boxes or vases or tying back the curtains. Surrealists went in for a more exuberant use of anatomy—think of Salvador Dali's scarlet sofa modeled on Mae West's lips or Cocteau's human-arm sconces in *Beauty and the Beast*. More recently, the permissive society expressed itself in tables supported by full-length female legs or even by women on all fours.

Today's anthropomorphia is playful, lightly brushed with erotic suggestion that is meant to raise a smile rather than a shiver, like Sue Timney's Picasso-inspired fabric of cavorting couples and threesomes. Fornasetti's dinner plates are a sort of naughty jigsaw; put it all together and it spells—well, not exactly Mother, but Mother Eve. Giving a new undertone to nanny's injunction to clean your plate, it should be a useful aid in starting, or stopping, dinner-party conversations. It would probably not be a good idea to invite Gloria Steinem to this party, but you should be OK with John Updike.

Since even "mere" decoration takes its cue from the world we live in, this sort of skittishness most likely reflects our tentative attitude toward erotic matters these days. No one yet, however, seems to have revived the ultimate interior-design statement on the follies and impermanence of the flesh—the late-nineteenth-century German chairs in the form of skeletons. ▲

CARL



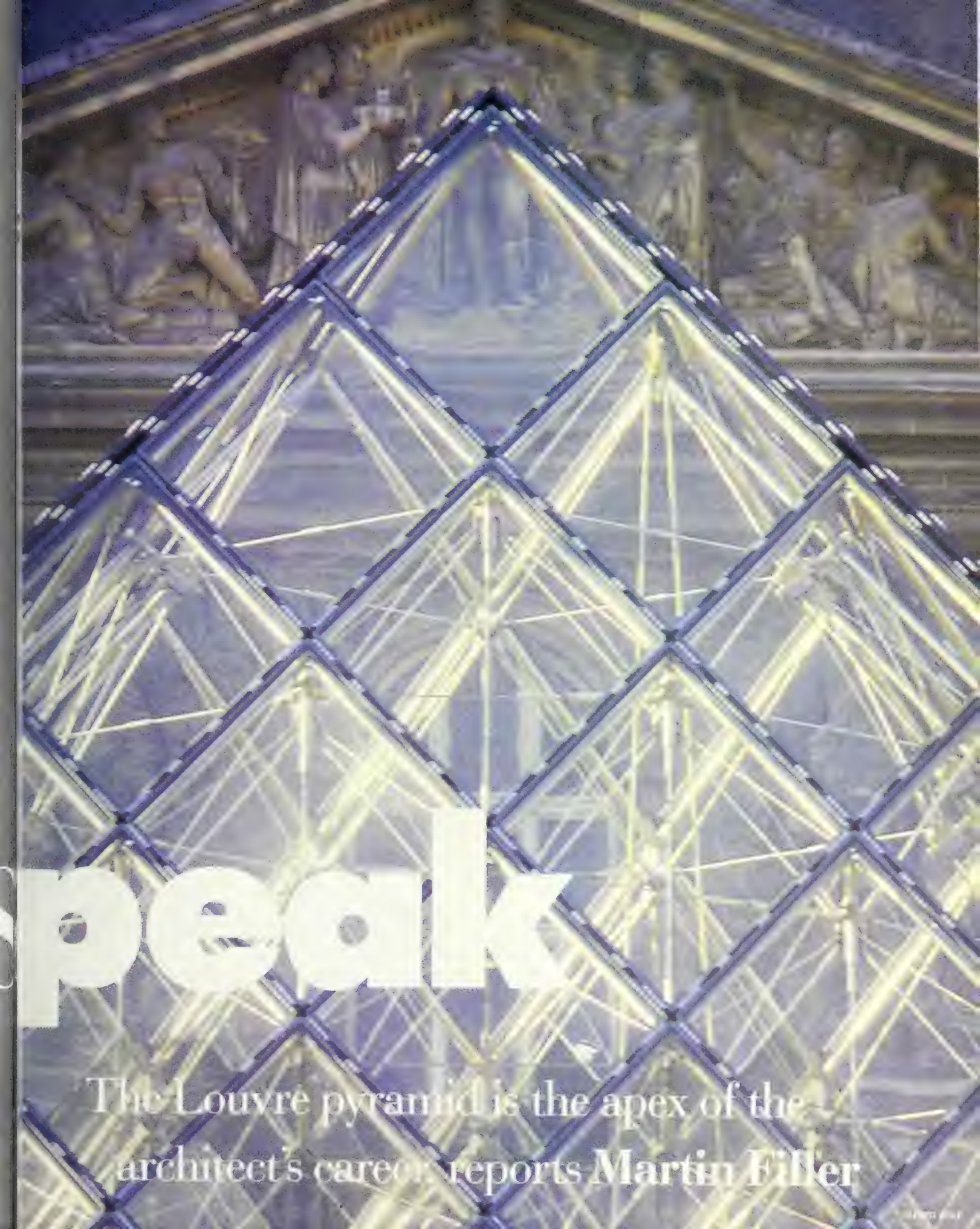
Hold that pose! *Rug of Many Bosoms*, opposite, by **Jasper Morrison,** at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, New York, may make you tread lightly. Left: Hand-screened Adam and Eve plates by **Piero Fornasetti** are sold at Paul Smith, New York, in sets of twelve. Above: Naked women print in raw silk from **Timney-Fowler,** London, is available in black on white and vice versa. Details see Sources.

PRUDENCE CUMMING



I. M. Pei, architect and diplomat extraordinaire, has just been made a member of the Légion d'Honneur for his work on the Grand Louvre. Opposite: The top of the 71-foot glass pyramid in the Cour Napoléon is silhouetted against a pediment of the old royal palace.

PEI'S



peak

The Louvre pyramid is the apex of the architect's career, reports **Martin Filler**

Modern high-tech engineering and ancient symbolism combine in a form of geometric purity recalling the visions of the French revolutionary architects

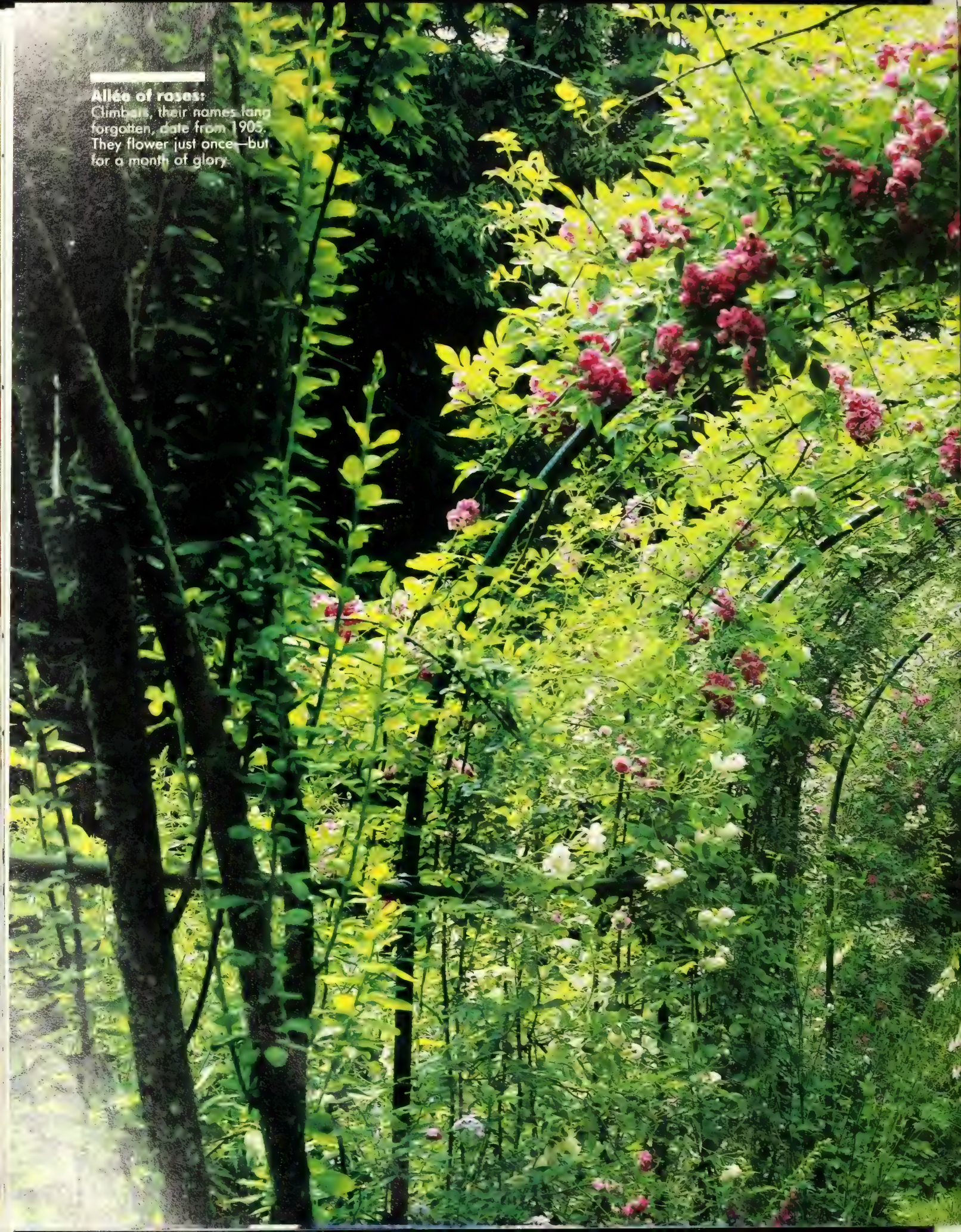


It is a riveting sight. No matter how familiar one is with the image, printed in a hundred publications, the artifact itself comes as a surprise. Its glinting, mysterious, geometric presence is as much of a visual non sequitur as the polished black monolith unearthed in *2001: A Space Odyssey*. The seven-story-high steel-and-glass pyramid at the heart of Paris—focal point of four years of emotional architectural debate—is now in place, and at last the world can assess its impact.

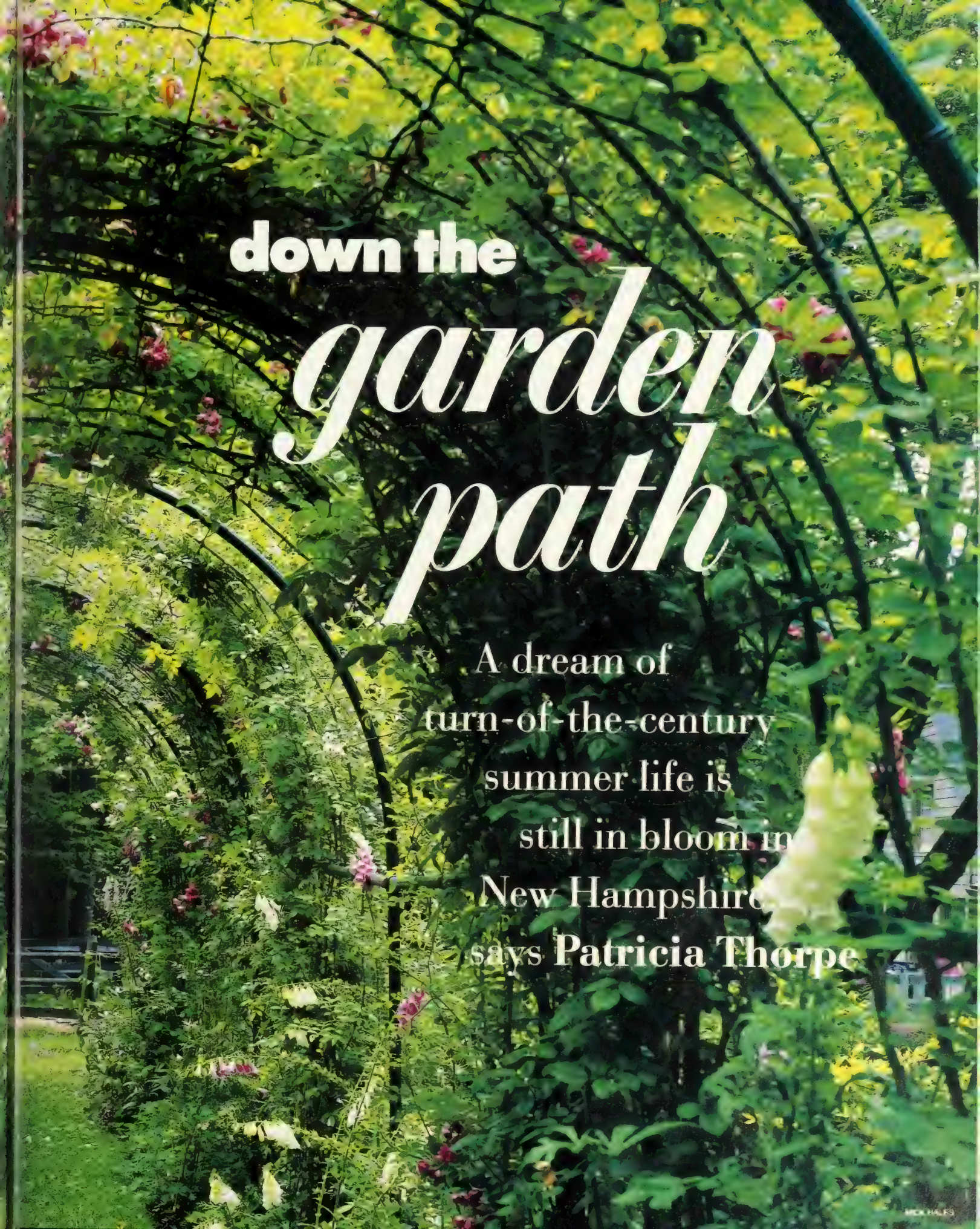
"Continuity and change, continuity and change—that's the key to the whole thing. You have to respect the continuity of history, but you cannot not change." So I. M. Pei explains the supreme undertaking of his forty years as an architect: the reorganization and expansion of the Grand Louvre, as this massive architectural enterprise is officially called. The furor set off by the announcement of the design in 1984 was thoroughly understandable, but the superb progress of the scheme shows that fears of the Louvre's desecration were unfounded. The truth be told, the museum and its courtyard do not top the list of Europe's most distinguished outdoor architectural spaces. This is no Piazza San Marco or St. Peter's Square, nor is it as sacrosanct as Paris's Palais-Royal, the courtyard of which has lately been invaded by a dreadful sculptural ensemble by Daniel Buren. In scale Pei's pyramid works perfectly, not too big or too small. Although its diamond-shaped glass panes are veritably colorless, the tetrahedron is neither the transparent wraith the architect predicted nor the opaque obstacle opponents dreaded. Depending on weather and light, this is a highly mutable object. (The pyramid does get dirty quickly, but a pair of alpinists have been hired to climb up and wash it every two weeks.) Its incongruous modernity amid the Baroque surrounding is as effective as that of the Tour Eiffel on the Champ-de-Mars facing the Invalides.

In time the pyramid will cease to startle as it becomes understood not just as a totemic object but as the skylight over the majestic volume excavated under the Cour Napoléon to serve as entrance and reception area for the most famous museum in the world. This enormous, exquisitely detailed concourse, flooded with light from the central pyramid and its three smaller replicas, is just what it should be: dignified, imposing, free of gimmickry, and aiming toward the timeless. Pei is also transforming the old, inconvenient warren—a circulation disaster—into an efficient machine for the Louvre's millions of visitors each year. He is consolidating the galleries by placing offices and some service areas in the outermost reaches of the sprawling former palace and converting part of one wing, the Finance Ministry on the rue de Rivoli, into new exhibition halls. Recently Pei has moved away from the commercial commissions that sustained his office for decades and has concentrated on more prestigious projects. There is no better proof of the wisdom of that direction than the Grand Louvre. It is executed with the high professionalism always evident in Pei's buildings but escapes the corporate cautiousness that has stunted his stature as an artist. There was no doubt that Pei's pragmatic skills would serve him well in this immense task, but the emergence of a more poetic side of his creative personality at this advanced stage of his career is as welcome as the unexpected gift he has bestowed upon the City of Light. ▲

The steel-and-glass pyramid of the Grand Louvre overlooks the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel



Allée of roses: Climbers, their names long forgotten, date from 1905. They flower just once—but for a month of glory.



down the *garden path*

A dream of turn-of-the-century summer life is still in bloom in New Hampshire, says **Patricia Thorpe**





It is a real surprise to find an Italian villa perched half a mile up a wooded and nearly vertical New Hampshire hill. That there are a dozen or so similar visions of the Renaissance scattered around the New England scenery within a few square miles of one another seems equally improbable, unless you've already heard of the Cornish Colony. In that case you know the story of the sturdy band of New York artists—Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Stephen Parish and his son Maxfield, and Thomas Dewing were among the most notable—who arrived in the 1880s seeking a summer refuge with good air and dramatic scenery. Why they chose to build loggias, porticos, and pergolas in this land of covered bridges and one-room clapboard schoolhouses is the part that's hard to follow, but Italy was the upper-classes' infatuation of the time and Charles A. Platt was the man who brought Palladio to the Granite State. Wealthy patrons followed the artists to suddenly—and briefly—fashionable Cornish, and Platt, originally a landscape painter and etcher, became something of a New England Lutyens, known for his country houses and formal gardens. However strong his commitment to Italy, Platt did have a real gift for seeing the American landscape and for placing his houses and gardens within it. He also had a practical interest in finding and using plants that could create a formal setting and also survive the New England climate.

Augusta and Emily Slade had Platt design a house and garden in the Cornish-Plainfield hills in 1904, and the sisters spent their summers there. In the spring of 1936, after both sisters had died, the family of Shiras Morris of Hartford, Connecticut, was looking for property in the

Country pleasures: Informal perennial beds of pink and white foxglove, delphinium, peonies, phlox, and poppies surround pool of water lilies. The pergola, in background, is festooned with wild grape. Left: Grace Bulkeley and one of her hackney ponies, Appen Centennial.



Mountain view:
The central axis aims at distant Mount Ascutney and runs uphill from the perennial garden to the roses. An Italianate pergola marks the change of level between full-sun flowers and shady shrubs.

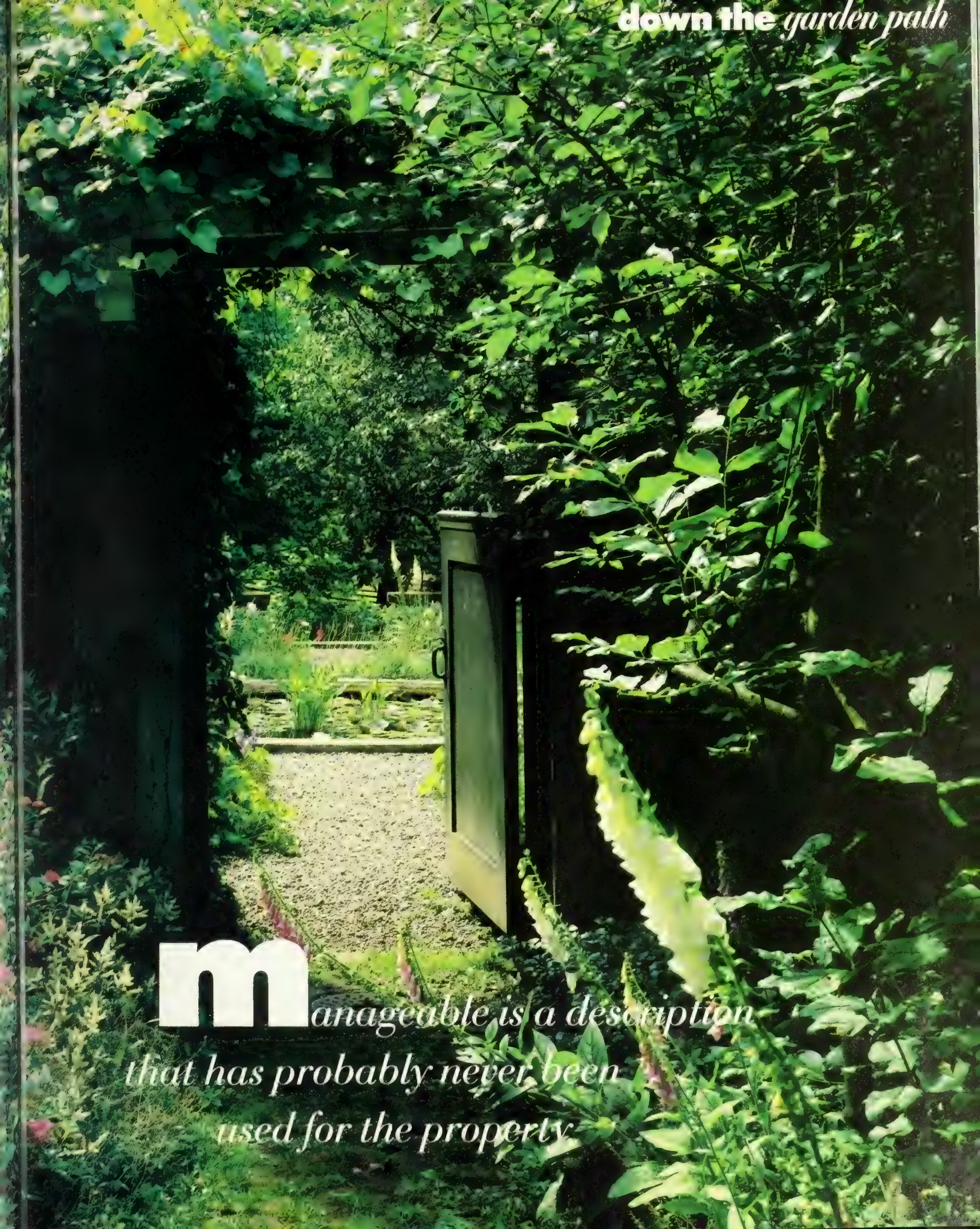
Brattleboro area; they had in mind a small manageable Vermont farm where daughter Grace could ride and keep her horses and where the family could spend the summer. Dingleton could hardly have been less what they were looking for—manageable is a description that has probably never been used for the property—but Mrs. Morris was a gardener and the garden was irresistible. Daughter Grace—now Mrs. William E. C. Bulkeley—has been spending her summers at Dingleton ever since and recently moved there with her husband to live year-round. Seven gardeners labored in the garden under the direction of the formidable Miss Slade; one of the original workers from the old regime was still taking care of the place when Mrs. Bulkeley came as a child: "We lived with the Slades for several years, until Tom left," she recalls. "He would remind us, 'Miss Slade didn't like red,' or 'Miss Slade wouldn't allow that.' "

Mrs. Bulkeley has cheerfully refused to be haunted by the Slades, but there is a wonderful continuity about the garden from Platt's time to the present. The plantings have been simplified a bit—grass plots, designed by landscape architect Ellen Shipman in the 1920s, fill some areas that were once all flowers—but an amazing amount of the original plant material still flourishes: great old lilacs, ancient spirea, turn-of-the-century roses and peonies—none originally red because of Miss Slade. The Bulkeleys have added their own reds—and formal hedges of barberry, a Platt signature. Some of the original sweeping lawns became pasture during World War II when no help was available. These pastures are now maintained by the assortment of animals that wander around, and occasionally through, the garden. The horses are seldom ridden—at *(Text continued on page 154)*



Gateway to the golden age: Tough plant material—spirea, astilbe, and grape—survives from original plantings and frames the entrance to the perennial beds. Inset: Sarah, one of the most recent generation of Bulkeleys to enjoy the garden.

MICK HALES



Manageable is a description that has probably never been used for the property

Summer's Lease



Not everyone views an escape to a Tuscan villa in quite the same light, as **John Mortimer** reveals in this excerpt from his new novel, here illustrated by **Hugh Casson**



"Why can't you sit up and look about you?"

"Because we're feeling sick."

"We paid out all this money to bring you here." Hugh, driving a large family-size Fiat, blamed his two elder daughters, whom he knew to be slumped in varying attitudes of distress on the seat behind him. "At least you ought to show a bit of gratitude and look about you." Not only had he paid out money, but he had forgone almost a month of lunches with Mrs. Tobias in the Dolce Vita.

"My advice to you, if you want my advice, is never look about you." Haverford, exercising an old man's privilege, was sitting next to the driver. In the back, squashed in beside two hot and complaining children, Molly tried her best to restrain the youngest on her lap from wrenching open the door and free-falling out toward the autostrada.

"Never look about you as you go," was Haverford's advice, "and then arriving will come to you as a total surprise. Besides which, there's nothing much to see except the motorway and a lot of Krautish industrialists hurrying south in their Mercedes toward the bum-boys of Naples."

Molly's heart sank. Having her father with them on holiday was going to turn out as disastrously as she had expected. Why hadn't Hugh hardened his heart and refused to accept his ridiculous story of having been commissioned to do his "Jottings" column from Tuscany? Haverford had jotted away from the farthest reaches of the King's Road for the past forty years. His journey was, she now felt, quite unnecessary. "Why don't you read Jacky a story?" she asked Samantha. And to the desperately wriggling child, "You'd like a story, wouldn't you, about Postman Pat?"

"I can't possibly read when I'm feeling sick," Samantha told her. "And anyway, what's a bum-boy, Gramps?"

"Look about you, anyway," said Hugh quickly. "It's Italy. That's what we paid to see."

"A gay tart," Henrietta explained with what sounded like her last breath. "Anyway, how many kilometers is it now?"

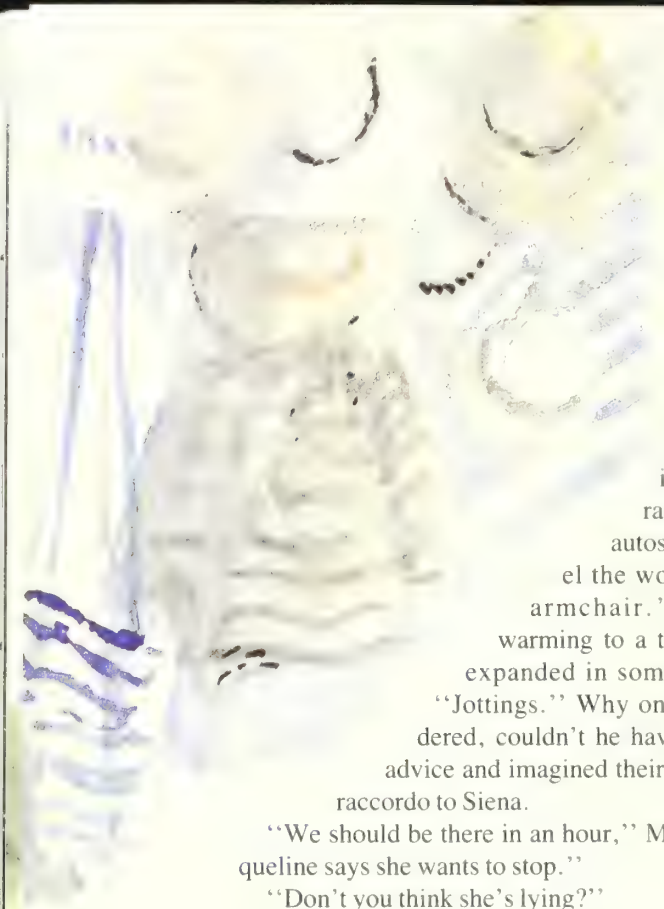
"Ask your mother." Hugh moved out to pass a lorry, disclaiming all responsibility for this endless and ruinous journey. "She knows all about it."

"How many miles to Babylon?" Haverford intoned. "Three score miles and ten."

"When shall we be there?" Samantha asked with her eyes closed. "Whenever shall we be there?"

"The only decent journeys are the package tours of the imagination, trips to a wood near Athens or Ruritania. You don't have to queue up at passport control. You don't have to fight your way into a plastic-wrapped leg of hairy chicken

FROM *SUMMER'S LEASE* BY JOHN MORTIMER. PUBLISHED THIS MONTH BY VIKING PENGUIN. COPYRIGHT © 1988 ADVANPRESS LTD



while you're hurtled through space at the mercy of some suburban pilot with piles who thinks only of his duty frees and having it off with the stewardess. You don't have to spend half a day in a moving microwave oven racing lorries down the autostrada. You can travel the world from your own armchair.'' Haverford was warming to a theme which he had expanded in some of his best-loved ''Jottings.'' Why on earth, Molly wondered, couldn't he have followed his own advice and imagined their progress toward the raccordo to Siena.

''We should be there in an hour,'' Molly said, ''and Jacqueline says she wants to stop.''

''Don't you think she's lying?''

''It's not worth risking. Anyway, we don't want to get there too soon.''

''Getting there's absolutely all I want,'' Samantha moaned. Molly didn't remind her that they mustn't arrive too early because S. Kettering, the unseen owner, had told them not to.

Suggested arrival time, his latest communiqué read, *should be about 16:00 hours, after Giovanna has recovered from her siesta. In the normal course of events, she will be at your disposal for three hours in the morning between 9:30 and 12:30. Her cleaning is admirable, but she will not undertake washing (the machine will be available to you provided you take proper precautions) or cooking. Don't be put off by Giovanna's somewhat harsh and peremptory manner. She is an orphan, both her parents having been shot by the Germans. She's matched with a somewhat feckless husband and has the sole responsibility for a large family. She will present you with your personal bunch of keys and explain their uses. You will find each key clearly labeled. Signed,* S. KETTERING

Hugh remained calm at the wheel, driving with the window open. He accepted his wife's instructions and negotiated Conterchi and San Pietro in Crespi without hesitation or mishap. Mondano was as deserted as a ghost town, wrapped in the silence of its siesta. They passed the alimentari (shut, as it might be forever) and then plunged off the road into the shadows of the bramble-lined single track. Molly sat, with the sleeping Jacqueline on her lap and waited, it seemed forever, for the moment she both longed for and dreaded. The potholed drive seemed endless and dustier than before, with the fine show of spring flowers over. And then the car bumped and scrambled to the top of the little hill and there, once more and changeless, was La Felicità. No one spoke, no one congratulated her. Her family showed no sign of amazement. Hugh drove neatly into the straw-covered shelter as though he were coming to rest in a multistory car park; then he switched off the engine and opened his door. But the family sat on with the inertia of those who have traveled a long way and are reluctant to face the effort of arrival.

Hugh said, ''There doesn't seem to be anyone here.''

''But what do you think?''

''It's a fort,'' Hugh said suspiciously.

''Oh, God!'' Henrietta now grumbled as she awoke. ''We're not here, are we?''

'' 'This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses,' '' Haverford orated. The silence that followed was broken only by the buzzing and blundering of insects, the uninterrupted beating of cricket legs.

''Where's the pool?'' Samantha opened her eyes. ''I can't see any pool.''

''It's there,'' Molly told her. ''Everything's there.'' But she sat afraid to get out and face some possible disappointment. There was bougainvillea in flower, clambering up the stone walls, small white roses on thin stalks among weeds, and wildflowers in what could hardly be called a garden.

''I suppose the children could go and find the swimming pool,'' Hugh suggested.

Molly swung open the car door. Jacqueline was awake and starting to complain. Molly carried her a little way toward the house and then set her down on the pavement by the front door. She pulled the bell; there was no answer. And now, as she watched, the car doors were swinging open and the two older girls were struggling out, clutching books, hats, and plastic bags full of personal possessions. Her old father was extricating himself from the front seat slowly, painfully, gasping, as though he had to push open a heavy coffin lid in order to rise from the dead.

It was only then she saw what she should have noticed immediately: a bunch of keys with one stuck in the lock, many of them hung with labels. She turned the key in the lock; the



heavy door swung open and she and her family were admitted to the house.

Ten minutes later she was in possession of the huge kitchen. The children had stood for a moment, awestruck in the hall, as she had hoped they might, amazed at the broad stone staircase, the hanging lantern, and the dark portraits of who? Certainly not the Ketterings' ancestors, as they appeared to be mostly of sly Italian clerics. Then Henrietta and Samantha charged up to the tower, with Jacqueline stumbling after them, to quarrel about their bedrooms.

So Molly stood in the kitchen, the center of the house, with its door opening onto the terrace, where now, for certain, no one stood watching her. The big wooden table had been scrubbed as white as a bone on the seashore. The knives stood sharp and shining in their racks. Out of the window she could see her father sitting in the plastic chair by the pool, asleep, the sun on his face and his hat on the grass beside him. She opened the tall refrigerator and found, to her surprise, that it was stocked with white wine, beer, mineral water, and Coke for the children. There was also butter, cheese, peaches, and packets of milk. She opened a wooden chest and found pasta, jam, and, put there even more thoughtfully, packets of Rice Krispies and tins of baked beans. On a marble slab near the cooker there was a joint of ham and a fat salami ready for slicing. Next to them was a huge watermelon and a bowl of green figs. On the shelves of a tall dresser, she saw tins of coffee and chocolate biscuits and a collection of Twinings teas ranging from Darjeeling through English Breakfast to Lapsang Souchong and Rose Pouchong. Her tiredness seemed to soak away from her, as though she were lying in warm water; she felt not only welcome but positively needed. She decided to treat herself to a fig from the bowl and found its skin still damp, as though it had been recently washed.

And then the silence of the hillside was rent by a sound, a high buzzing at first like a gigantic and enraged wasp, and then a roar and a rending of the air so that Molly felt as though she were standing on the bridge of a warship and some huge Exocet missile was being hurled in her direction. And indeed it was, for over the butt of the little hill a bright red motor scooter erupted and upon it swayed the figure of a monumentally built woman, her classic features frozen into a mask of anger and her gray hair flying in the wind so that she had the appearance of a vengeful Medusa. This was no doubt Giovanna aroused from her siesta. She skidded to a halt, threw her leg over the saddle as though dismounting from a charger, and began to harangue Hugh in words he didn't understand. Molly watched the scene feeling calm, even amused, and bit into her fig. Then she walked back into the kitchen and soon heard the hard clatter of shoes on the stone stairs and Giovanna was upon her.

Over the butt of the hill a bright red motor scooter erupted. Upon it swayed the figure of a monumentally built woman, her classical features frozen in a mask of anger

"Dove sono le chiavi?" the furious figure, stonefaced, and with magnificently controlled rage demanded of her new employer.

"Eccoli sulla tavola. Ecco qui." Molly pointed to the bright bunch on the scrubbed table, and Giovanna gathered them up and strode to a hook on the dresser where they dangled with all their labels. It wasn't fair, just, or right for the signora to come before the hour appointed; she should have been admitted by Giovanna herself and the keys should have remained hanging on their appointed hook; the other set being in the pocket of Giovanna's overall from which she now drew them and held them up making it clear that they would be relinquished only upon her death and then only into the hands of Signor Kettering. What had occurred was quite contrary to the wishes of the padrone, who would be outraged if he ever got to hear of it. Despite this disastrous beginning, however, Giovanna would be there in the morning, her own family circumstances permitting, and she would be much obliged if the signora would make sure that her children were up and dressed, and the breakfast eaten, so that she could see that the house was returned to something like the order which Signor Kettering expected of it.

"The key was in the lock of the front door, so we simply walked in. In view of the fact that we have paid half the rent into the Banco dell'Annunziazione." Molly spoke quietly and in English, only for the purpose of relieving her feelings and not in the expectation that this woman would understand. She had only caught the meaning of the outraged Italian aria in snatches. Then, remembering the tragic death of Giovanna's parents, she spoke with exaggerated courtesy to the elderly orphan. "Molte, molte grazie, Giovanna. Capito. Domani alle nove e mezzo. Grazie tanto."

In spite of Molly's smiles and her anglicized Italian, the woman still stood, wrathful and unappeased. Then the door opened, and old Haverford, rosy from his sleep and the unaccustomed sun, stared at the avenging gorgon.

"Signora Giovanna? Benvenuto. Che bellissima figura."

And he went on in English and in the manner of his "Jottings": "How many generations ago, when she was a young girl, might she have sat for Piero and become his Madonna della Misericordia? It's a face which only grows more beautiful with the years." *(Text continued on page 156)*

TV dinner

Attempting to renew his romance with TV cooking, **Jeffrey Steingarten** looks at Julia Child's successors—and almost loses his appetite

Plunk me down in my best fauteuil, put a frosty bottle of Château Rieussec in my hand and a kilo of *foie gras frais* on my plate, tune the television to a cooking show, virtually any cooking show, and I'm in heaven.

That's how I first learned to cook, back in the sixties in my first year at law school in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Every Tuesday afternoon, when our humiliation in Property Law was complete and my brothers and sisters at the bar withdrew to the library, I would rush home, open a bag of Fritos and a can of Tab, take out a fresh yellow legal pad, and twist my TV dial to the educational channel. For the next half hour a large, blustering, magnificent woman who lived behind the Divinity School taught me the elements of French cooking in funky black and white. That very woman was—need I say it?—Julia Child, and it was her first year before the public eye. The original *French Chef* show was to air for nine glorious years and almost four hundred episodes, and the reruns can still be found somewhere on your dial almost any day of the week.

Only five hours later, after a trip to Sears for a cheap stew pot and whisk and to Savenor's Market, where if you were lucky, you could eavesdrop on Mrs. Child herself talking meat with Jack Savenor, my coq au vin was ready for its final butter enrichment. What cared I that my kitchen walls were glazed with red wine sauce and that I had no idea how coq au vin was supposed to taste? The plan was to produce something French-looking in time for dinner with my study date. It would subtly disclose that I was an urbane and cosmopolitan yet sensitive and caring person, unlike those careerist brutes in Property Law. The stratagem never failed.

My love for video gastronomy is as alive and fresh as the day it dawned. Just imagine my delight to learn recently that I would be housebound for a full week. The painters were coming, and I was to stay at home and observe them seal our windows shut, grumble that their hourly wage is not much higher than a brain surgeon's, insert a fine abrasive dust into every delicate machine in the house, and telephone their stockbrokers. What better way to while away the days and hours than watch people cook on television?

I procured a week's provisions and settled into a makeshift transparent plastic tent the painters set up to isolate me in one corner of the house. It was just large enough for my television and VCR, a yellow legal pad, and the refrigerator. There was also room for an annotated copy of *TV Guide*, in which my friend Ellen had highlighted every food program in yellow, 66 in all.

The first show of the day was *Richard Simmons Slim Cooking*, hosted by a famed and endearing California aerobics personality. The idea is to duplicate a caloric classic like quiche Lorraine or croissant using things like steamed vegetables, yogurt, and Pam cooking spray. Simmons shares the stage with a panel of ten young, lithe, exquisite Valley Girls who assist him by fumbling with the electric mixer and misunderstanding his questions; in embarrassment their smooth skin blushes beneath their silky suntans, crisp white T-shirts swelling against tight aprons. Simmons asks them to guess the number of calories in the fattening version, which they always underestimate, and then the slim version, which they always overestimate, much to his ostentatious delight. The syndicators of *Slim Cooking*, confident that viewers in dire need of slimming don't get that way by restricting themselves to alfalfa sprouts and iced tea, are able to attract commercials for Philadelphia cream cheese, Miracle Whip, and Broadcast corned beef hash.

> I snacked fitfully into the afternoon when the host of *Wok with Yan* bounced onto the screen wearing a full-length rabbit costume. Later in the week he was a frog, a rooster, and a cauliflower

Alone in my plastic tent in the early morning, the only light coming from a commercial for Liquid-Plumr and the bulb inside my refrigerator,

(Text continued on page 154)



THE SEA AND THE seychelles

The Seychelles are photographer Hans Feurer's great escape. Christina de Liagre explores the islands



Tropical tales: Dot Feurer reads to children Ole, four, and Jens, six, in the living room of their rented house on Mahé. Opposite: Palm trees and tropical flowers are part of the islands' seductive charm.



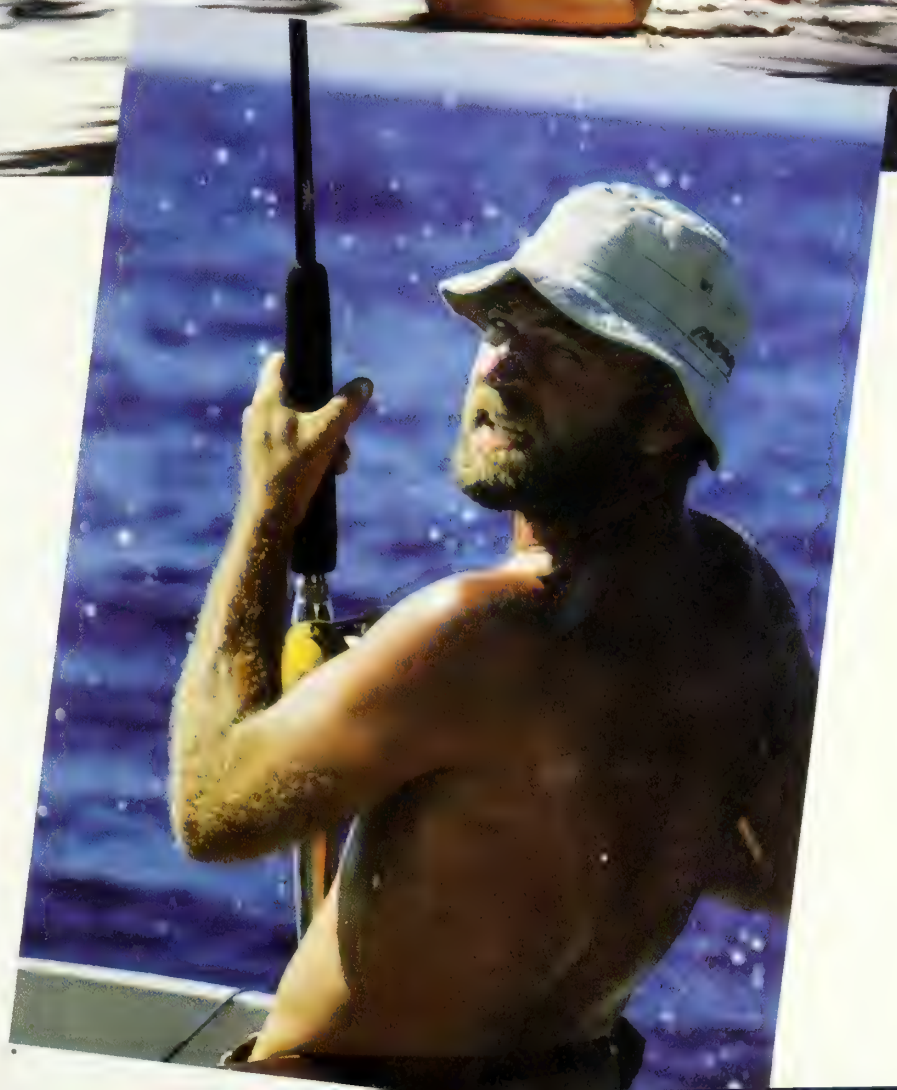
"You look out on luscious green, thirteen kinds of orchids, and every kind of spice, berry, and flower"

Island retreat: The living room, top, filled with furniture handmade in the Seychelles, offers shelter from the sun. Above: The house is elevated on stone pillars because of the humidity during the rainy season. Opposite above: Ole plays at the beach on Praslin, the second largest island in the Seychelles. Opposite below: Hans may reel in one of the 850 or so varieties of local fish.



The Republic of Seychelles, halfway between Africa and India, is an arc of tiny islands a thousand miles from anywhere. The bigger of these islands are granite outcrops, thrusting out of the sea at improbable angles, thick with the deep green vegetation that gives them the feverish subtropical colors of a Rousseau painting. Smaller ones, such as Bird Island, float on coral.

"I've been just about everywhere, and the Seychelles are by far the most beautiful tropical paradise," says Swiss photographer Hans Feurer, who spends eight months a year on the road for European and American editions of *Vogue* and *Elle*. "I can find magical moods in the Seychelles. There is a spectacular play of light and shadow, the sand is pure white and as fine as flour, and the water is crystal clear. I call it my outside studio."



HANS FEURER



From mid October to mid November Hans Feurer, his Danish-born wife, Dot, a former model, and their two children are in residence on Mahé, the biggest of the islands, in a rudimentary plantation house not far from the sea. It was built circa 1860 out of tacamahac wood with a thatched roof. They rent the house from Tessie Ellinas, the proprietor of the Bougainville Hotel, an old colonial mansion nearby where the couple used to stay.

"Everything is the way it always has been," says Dot. "The tacamahac-wood furniture is handmade, as are the cedar floorboards, which are waxed every day with half a coconut used like a cloth. There are no glass windows, only shutters, so the air blows through and there is the smell of the Indian Ocean."

"You look out on luscious green," Hans explains. "Thirteen kinds of orchids grow all over the place. Every kind of spice, every kind of berry, tropical fruit, and flower is in these two or three hectares of garden. It's controlled chaos."

With a latitude just inside the tropics, this island paradise is inviting at any time of year except during the light rainy season from December to February. The only problem is dragging yourself back to civilization again. ♠





"Everything is the way it always used to be. There are no glass windows, only shutters, so the air blows through"

Native grass: A sideboard in the living room, opposite, with doors louvered like the windows, caters to vacationers' needs. Opposite above: Jens and Ole take their bath with well water. Top: Under the thatched roof, a table and chairs sit in the master bedroom. Above: A flock of red cardinals on Praslin.

HANS FEURER



THE PRINCE OF PRINCETON

Charles Gandee files a progress report on architect Michael Graves's longest-running project—his own house

Professional aplomb: Michael Graves in his Princeton, New Jersey, office, seated on a SunarHauserman chair of his own design, with Earl at his feet. Opposite: In the architect's house three blocks away a Biedermeier secretaire serves as a pedestal for bibelots Graves has been collecting since 1960.



Eighteen years have now passed since Princeton architect Michael Graves bought the 1926 warehouse he calls home, and even by the most generous estimates the renovation is less than half complete. Although the end is almost in sight for the living room, dining room, and master bedroom, even they have that slightly spare, slightly ad hoc character that suggests the movers haven't been gone all that long. Elsewhere the situation verges on the desperate. The kitchen looks like something that a not particularly successful artist might rig up in his downtown loft; the library boasts a Frank Gehry–style frieze of dangling electrical conduits, and, as for the guest accommodations, well, if you should ever be invited for the night, take some good advice and book a room in town at the Nassau Inn.

The saga of Michael Graves's longest-running work in progress begins in 1970, when the then-struggling young architect—yes, Michael Graves was a struggling young architect at one time—stumbled across a derelict storage facility that had been built one summer by Italian masons who had come to Princeton to construct Gothic-style dormitories for the university. The quirky L-shaped structure, with one wing of stuccoed-over hollow clay tile and another of exposed brick, was something less than a hot property. Not only was the building dark, dreary, and in a sad state of disrepair but it had been erected on a "flyswatter" site, meaning that it features a long driveway leading to a small landlocked piece of property with no street frontage. A speculator had acquired the abandoned warehouse in an estate sale, but when the town rejected his scheme to transform the building into three condominiums, the would-be developer posted a For Sale sign—which caught the eye of the young associate professor of architecture who lived two blocks away but had never noticed the building before. Impractical or not, Graves had to have it. His expanding family needed the space, and besides, he thought the warehouse was "romantic."

Not a bit romantic was the sewer moratorium the town imposed coincidental with the unveiling of Graves's renovation plans. While the lawyers filed their suits and countersuits—and while the $35,000 Graves had borrowed from the university collected interest—the architect and his family took up residence in a public housing project intended for low-income families. "We qualified as a special hardship case," recalls Graves without so much as a flicker of a smile. It was not a happy period. By the time the lawyers prevailed and the construction permit was finally granted, Graves's second marriage had dissolved. Nonetheless, in 1974 the architect moved into the one wing of the house that had "plumbing and heating and that's about it." He lived in what might best be

A fascination with history: Graves's living room, right, reflects an overriding passion for the past. Classical references not only distinguish the furniture and objects he has assembled over the years but also mark such Graves designs as the Alessi mantel clock, left.



I like its unsophisticated classicism," says Graves of the Biedermeier furniture he collects



I couldn't decide on colors, so I paint

termed a funky state of creative disrepair for the next ten years, doing little to the house. It was a busy decade for Graves, who was too preoccupied becoming the most famous practicing architect in the world to devote his much-in-demand time to home improvements.

But that was all a long time ago, and Graves's fortunes have improved appreciably in the interim. He now scoots around town in a black Mercedes 300E, displays a marked preference for Giorgio Armani menswear and sleek Italian footwear (despite his testimonial print ad for Dexter shoes), and delivers some 35 lectures a year for fees that Henry Kissinger would consider respectable. The 55 architects and designers who currently toil in his boomtown office on Nassau Street burn the midnight oil on a series of admirably diverse projects, from a corporate headquarters for Disney in Burbank and a tower for Sotheby's in Manhattan to a Pentecostal church in Cincinnati and a housing project in Yokohama. There is also the controversial addition to Marcel Breuer's 1966 Whitney Museum to contend with (Graves is now on his third scheme), as well as the wide range of highly successful extra-architectural endeavors Graves pursues, such as designing porcelain dinnerware and drip coffee makers for Swid Powell, tables and chairs for SunarHauserman, teakettles and mantel clocks for Alessi, a new corporate image for Lenox china. In short, Michael Graves would no longer qualify as a special hardship case.

So three years ago Graves decided that his architectural practice was at long last in sufficiently robust shape to return in earnest to his long-neglected house. Although the original master plan dated from the early seventies, a time when Graves was a defiantly Modern architect in the spirit of Le Corbusier, he found that the drawings required only minor aesthetic adjustments—rather than major planning revisions—to bring them up-to-date. Since Graves was determined to live in the house through the renovation, he divided the work into two phases for the two wings. The phase-one construction crew recently departed, and though he's still a long way from home, we now have an accurate indication of Graves's ultimate domestic goal.

There's more than a hint of grandeur to the rooms Graves has devised for himself, which will come as no surprise to anyone familiar with the architect's work over the past decade. After all, he has made his fame and fortune by reinterpreting traditional architectural themes and motifs, by looking back to history for inspiration, by staying determinedly fixed on a singular aesthetic course. "I'm not all over the map," wryly reports the architect. ("Unlike some people

e walls four shades of white"



Collecting trophies: The airy light-filled bedroom contains prizes from the architect's relentless hunt through antiques shops—black Wedgwood, a mirror found in San Francisco—and a Biedermeier chair that was a gift from Charles Jencks. Opposite: Graves's first of three schemes for his controversial addition to the Whitney Museum.

Private spaces: A circular balustrade in the upstairs hall directs visitors around a light well. Right: The study has two prized Gunnar Asplund drawings. Below right: The bathroom is tiled in marble. Opposite: The pepper mill that Graves recently designed for Alessi boasts Mickey Mouse–style ears (in honor of his client Disney? Graves isn't talking).







we both know,'' he wisely refuses to add.) The Classical ideal Graves is committed to reinvestigating is reflected not only in the character of the architectural surround he has created but also in the furniture and objects he has been collecting since 1960, when as a 26-year-old student at the American Academy in Rome he bought an Etruscan funerary vase for five dollars at a flea market. The purchases have become more ambitious over the years, of course, and the warehouse now bursts with the bronzes and busts, the miniature inkwells and alabaster urns that attest to a discerning eye and acquisitive hand. Graves has also established himself as an avid collector of Biedermeier furniture, and he is well known to established dealers such as Niall Smith in New York, Rodd McLennan in London, and Axel Schlapka in Munich. ''I like its unsophisticated classicism,'' explains the architect. He might have said the same for his house.

Although it would have been easier to transform the former warehouse into a SoHo-style loft, Graves was committed to retrofitting the building with elegant and discrete rooms that all but belie its blue-collar origins. Visitors enter through an open court into a small rotunda that leads to the dining room on the left and to the living room on the right. A pair of stocky columns in each room separates the public space from adjoining barrel-vaulted alcoves that serve as stage sets for Graves's studied arrangements of furniture and bibelots. The architect has introduced niches, moldings, and friezes wherever the eye might wander and manipulated the ceiling heights to create varying degrees of intimacy or expansiveness.

Upstairs in the inner sanctum Graves created a suite of rooms for himself that offers a slightly more modest variation on the downstairs theme. But upstairs or down, conspicuously absent is Graves's signature color palette, glimpsed only in the Pompeian-red plaster surround that envelops the living-room fireplace. When asked about the neutrality of the walls, Graves confessed, ''I couldn't decide on colors, so I had them painted four shades of white.''

One of the many accusations leveled against Postmodernists is that they create overbearing and theatrical stage sets that effectively mock the very architectural greatness they seek to recall. Graves is intimately acquainted with the charge and, whether he would confess or not, has surely been guilty on occasion. Yet in his own house Graves has created an architectural envelope that succeeds in being not only rich in character and detail but also recessive. It is an architecture that whispers rather than shouts, which is a sure sign of self-confidence. And self-confidence takes time. ♠

Architecture Editor: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron

Graves has stayed determinedly fixed on a singular aesthetic course: "I'm not all over the map"





MAX ECKERT

The pool as overgrown "ruin": Mary Grant Price's design in Beverly Hills.

Still Waters

Pools take on new roles—the pause that refreshes, and refills, reflects a new sensitivity to landscape

If there is a new ripple in pool design of the eighties, it is, as Armand Benedek, an East Coast landscape architect, puts it, "to make a pool something other than a bucket of water." Pools have always had glamorous associations and will always be a luxury item, but new designs show that owners and designers are trading in the pool as a social and kiddie playground for a more natural and serene scape that offers both a means of physical fitness and spiritual rejuvenation.

Pool design has strayed far from the traditional 20-by-40 patch of blue with the increased use of cement plaster coatings with integral color, the shotcrete methods that allow free-form construction, and automatic pool sweepers (which can self-clean any shape pool). Present pool purchasers want it all, and with a little help from an aquatic expert they can have it. They can order up a lap pool, which, notes Ron Wigginton of Land Studio in San Diego, "takes the richness out of owning a pool by saying it's practical." But they need never be reminded of the presence of an exercise machine because clever use of color and shape and special features such as a bubble fountain can magically transform the pool into a reflecting pond or gurgling fountain. Benedek sums it up: "People are no longer accepting the hole in the ground filled with water. They are concerned with the impact of the pool on the balance of the property, especially with the way



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Poolscapes, now and then: A wavy tiled wall and a zigzag steel railing, left, edge a pool in Australia by Biltmoderne. Below: Nature guided this recent design by Batey and Mack overlooking Corpus Christi Bay. Below left: A painting by French artist Hubert Robert was the inspiration for this Palm Beach pool built in the 1950s.





it is integrated into the landscape."

The pool that designer Mary Grant Price added at the rear of her house in Beverly Hills is so beautifully camouflaged that one's first impression is of an overgrown ruin, which is exactly what she hoped to achieve. "The house was in an area of about fourteen new and very well done Tudor houses. To have added a typical southern California pool with royal blue tile would have been entirely wrong because it had nothing to do with the architecture. So I made a folly."

At the far edge of the pool, a new "ruin" of a wall incorporates a blue stained-glass window, a pair of wood doors, and Gothic window frames—all salvaged from a First Presbyterian Church in Los Angeles (built in 1867) and collected after its demolition in 1967 by Price, a self-proclaimed Mrs. Wrecking Yard. Vines climb the wall, water cascades over a section of it which appears to have tumbled inward, and the openings frame distant views of Century City. "All of the colors are grayish green, California green, not the bright green you have in the foliage back East. I chose green slate for the decking and gray Italian slate for the coping. The bottom of the pool is a green gray integral color, and the sides above water level are made of old Japanese tiles of which there were just enough in just the right color." The overall effect realizes Price's goal of "painting the pool into the background"—magnificently. And on a site with very close neighbors, "you can't see a single house."

Architects Andrew Batey and Mark Mack could be accused of being obsessed with the color of a pool they created for a house of their design fronting Corpus Christi Bay. They went to great lengths to identify the color: "We visited the site many times to see the color of the bay so we could match it," recalls Batey, laughing now at the impossibility of it. "Of course, the color changes all the time." Then with color chip in hand they went a great distance to have it reproduced. All of the small glass-mosaic tiles come from a factory in Venice owned and operated by the Vatican.

"The color was critical because we wanted the pool to appear as an extension of the bay. Though the pool functions as a retaining wall, visually it adds "a layer of lightness" counterbalancing the mass of a house built to withstand hurricane season. The pool is positioned so that you see it as you enter the house: "It brings the water right up to you." The windows—of bulletproof glass, to resist the gales—go to the floor so that the connection to the water is uninterrupted. The link is reinforced by pinky gray piers of Mexican sandstone that march through the pool and seemingly on out into the bay.

The firm of Biltmoderne had to take the landscape into account in their design of a pool that is, in effect, a giant retaining wall on a steeply sloping site in Eaglemont, Australia. The pool is conceived like a dam with a spa on the upper portion and a fan-shaped pool on the lower level. But rather than tiptoe into the water, Biltmoderne voted for making a splash: steps wide enough to accommodate sunbathers descend along one side, and, opposite, another wide wall ambles downhill in easy curves creating one long sinuous stone chaise. Green slate paves the entertainment area and the steps. Black mosaic tile with randomly inlaid pieces of Carrara marble surrounds the Jacuzzi. Galvanized steel railings zigzag along the edge of the spa and separate into oversized spirals, leaving a gap for jumping into the deep end. The color of the pool itself is, in the mind of Biltmoderne, the only color for a pool—bright dazzling blue.

Back stateside, landscape designer Deborah Nevins declares that the dominant look in pools is precisely the opposite of taste down under, that is, "No aqua." Armand Benedek would agree. "Over the past decade the tendency has been increasingly toward organic pools that seem to grow out of the landscape." Naturally with such amorphous shapes come darker plaster colors reminiscent of a pond or a lake. In the West, Ron Wigginton concurs. Even in sunny California the "black pool bottom is popular because it makes the water look more natural."

But Wigginton sees a new trend adrift on the pool horizon. "Having just seen the David Hockney show, I expect we'll soon be getting requests for pools that are big rectangles with chromeplated step-in ladders, wooden diving boards, and, of course, a bright blue bottom." Plus ça change . . .

Heather Smith MacIsaac

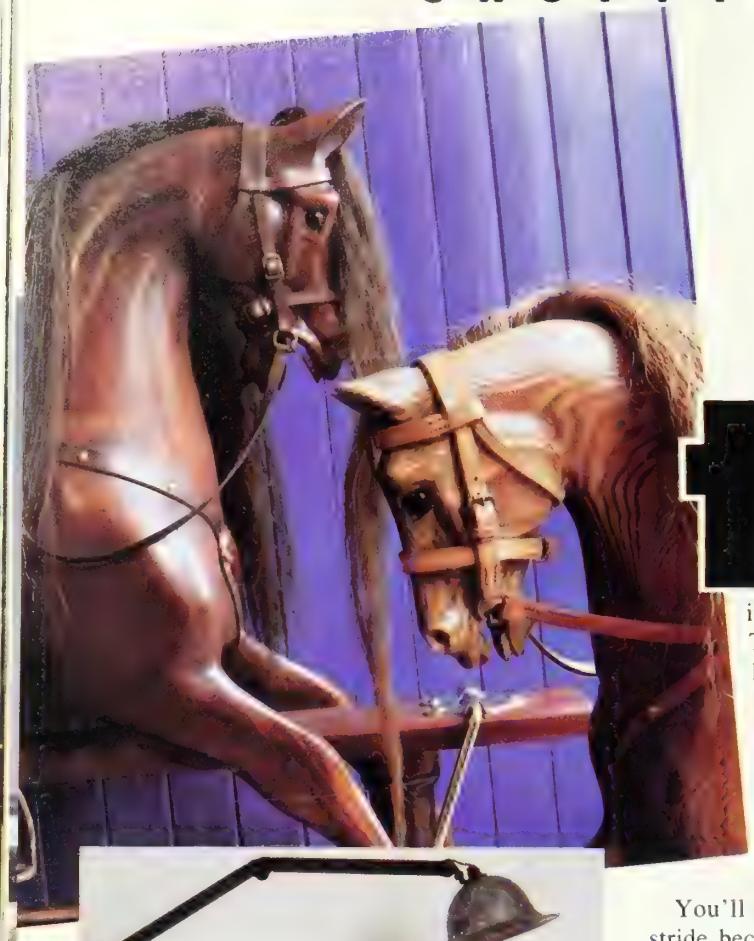


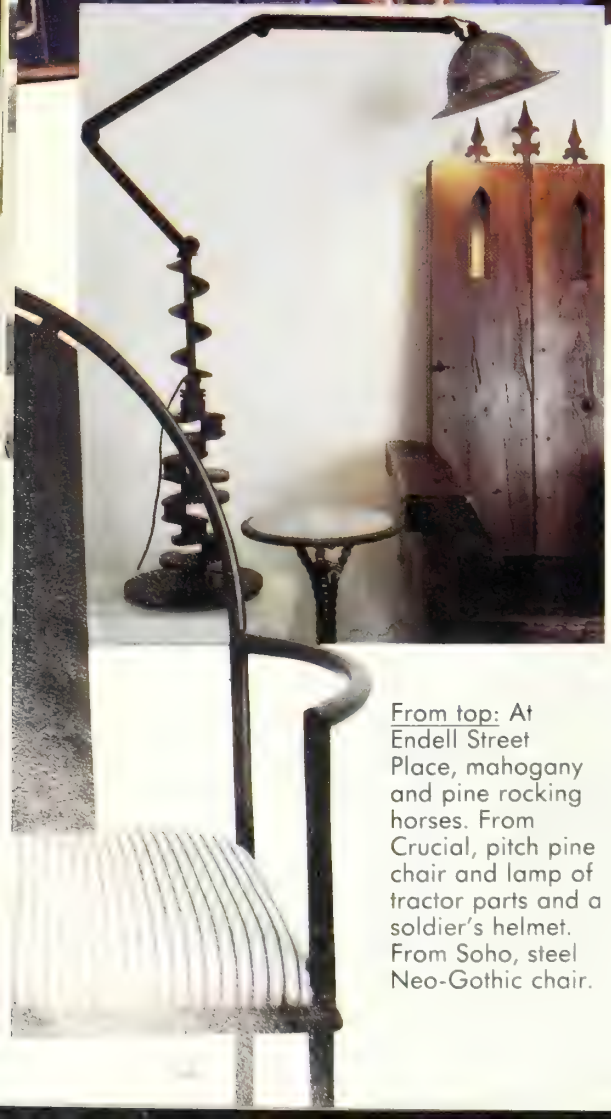
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From top: At Endell Street Place, mahogany and pine rocking horses. From Crucial, pitch pine chair and lamp of tractor parts and a soldier's helmet. From Soho, steel Neo-Gothic chair.

London's New Wave

Unexpected shops offer the best of British craft and design

The skyline of London is changing, and so are its shops. The Lloyd's of London building and the Tate's Clore Gallery are attracting as much interest as Buckingham Palace and Trafalgar Square, and instead of a hunting ground for antiques, London has become a trove of shops dedicated to contemporary British design. Some designers choose to rework the past; others are frankly futuristic. Their works all reflect London's growing passion for modern objects.

You'll need sensible shoes and a long stride because the interesting shops have sprung up—most inconsiderately—all over the capital. The only vaguely centralized area is Covent Garden with its strange blend of earthiness and high tech. Shops selling beads rub shoulders awkwardly with others peddling a sleek, futuristic look, like ill-matched guests at a dinner party.

THE STUDY

Terra-cotta–colored walls and wooden bookcases create a feeling of coziness in this little room, the first retail outlet for the Christopher Nevile Design Partnership. The shop aims to be a forum for the young and talented, most of whom are tuned in to art as commerce and can therefore be commissioned. Mark Brazier Jones, who works heavy metal in a light vein, is the star pupil; his console table ($1,760) has a York stone top and a front made of an old jackhammer with wings added, and his fluid sculpture *Three Frogs Leaping* ($543) is fashioned entirely of old nuts and bolts. At the other extreme are Clare Mosley's delicate gilded wooden fittings; a life-size hand holding a hoop which acts as a tieback ($633 a pair); and a larger-than-life arrow that forms a rail to drape a casual curtain over (from $1,303). There is also a constantly changing selection of recherché objects from the past. I found old prints carefully reframed, a Victorian string box ($126), and a piece of the transatlantic cable laid in 1923 topped and tailed in brass ($81)—souvenirs to contemplate in any study. (55 Endell St., WC2; 240-5844)

ENDELL STREET PLACE

This series of shops is connected by covered-courtyard studios where you can watch artists at work and discuss commissions. There is also a mail-order selection. Some objects, in true Covent Garden style, are too country-crafty; others, such as Richard Edwards's ceramics, which have a neo-Chinese air, appeal to special tastes. Doting parents of small children get the best here. Tony and Marc Stevenson make traditional—if not exactly cheap—rocking horses, either in natural wood or painted. There is even a tricycle horse on wheels ($1,207). (27–29 Endell St., WC2; 240-1069)

ONE OFF

Keeping its name, even though it no longer sells just one-of-a-kind pieces, One Off has moved into mass production and a new space (the word *premises*, which reeks of ownership, is avoided). The space is big, but you will probably walk straight past it, since the shop window is a row of fish-eye view holes in a garage door. If, like me, you find this unwelcoming, you have missed the point. The barrier, it was explained, means that anyone who actually gets into the shop is serious about it. Inside, when your eyes get used to the dimness, you can have a serious look around. You are inside a huge cave of welded-steel panels, and what little light there is filters through designs torch-cut into the metal. The space and all the furniture in it are the spontaneous creations of Ron Arad. His two-seater sofa ($1,248) made of the front seats of an old Rover has proved popular, as has the antenna light ($886), which extends like a fishing rod by remote control. His Well-Tempered chair ($5,430), made of tempered steel panels sprung around and bolted, is now

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Above: At the Study, wing chair with cabriole legs, ball-and-claw feet; Mark Brazier Jones's console table; hand-carved spear; bronze vases. Left: At Freud, reproduction of Charles Rennie Mackintosh's Tea Room chair in stained maple; steel candlesticks with gold tassels.

in production and is surprisingly comfortable—try to imagine sitting on metal jelly. The Cone chairs ($1,610) are what would result if a unicorn had a high-speed collision with a thick piece of glass. The hulking cone in the corner, like a giant chrome seashell, is in fact a clock light ($3,584) that projects the time onto the ceiling—not for insomniacs. A tabletop and a screen are made of honeycombed aluminum trapped between two layers of glass and glinting in the light like metal seaweed. (39 Shelton St., WC2; 379-7796)

FREUD

When you come up gasping for air from One Off's subterranean fantasy world, head for Freud; although the shop has nothing to do with the father of modern psychiatry, you will find it refreshingly sane. The fact that it took three attempts at rendering the walls to create the half-finished look will not seem particularly strange. Nor will the huge cement man straining to hold up the roof. The shop aims to sell well-made furniture as cheaply as possible—mainly good reproductions of Charles Rennie Mackintosh designs which came out of copyright ten years ago but are surprisingly little copied. His elegant Tea Room chair, dating from 1900, is available in natural oak, stained oak, limed oak, and black-stained maple ($452); with its incredibly long back it is the giraffe of the chair world. To complement the "originals," Susanna Freud has designed her own modern pieces, like a coffee table and a chest of drawers. This summer will see a range of Lloyd Loom chairs and a wicker-and-wood lounge for the garden inspired by the deck chairs on the old P&O liners. Also exclusive to Freud are works by Geoff Powell and Tim Sheward, notably their twisty metal candlesticks with gold tassels ($62–$177), and ceiling and desk fans by Cinni imported from India, still manufactured just as they were during the days of the Raj. (198 Shaftesbury Ave., WC2; 831-1071)

DAVIES

This is a new departure for David Davies Associates, the original design team behind the ubiquitous Next chain stores. Subtitled "Furniture and clothing for a temperate isle," the shop's ambitious aim is to create a sensual English look for the home which can be adapted to the climate of each season. Everything alludes to tradition but with crisp modernity rather than nostalgia. There are Pacific Loom chairs in pastel colors ($233) and a range of solid, body-conscious, feather-filled furniture, which includes a trim little daybed ($1,439) and an all-engulfing sofa ($1,620). "You could even make love in it," confides Davies. My favorite is a line that combines indoor and outdoor: big firm cushions on an ironwork base, hand-forged by a tame blacksmith in Northumberland. The pattern in the iron is a delicate motif—currently a laurel garland or crossed feathers—which will be altered every year, creating a limited edition as investment pieces. The "sensuround" idea is taken to absurd extremes in the basement where for the summer an arrangement of driftwood is backed by a recording of breaking surf. I admit, reluctantly, that I left with wakened memories of long childhood summers in the country. But perhaps I was just a victim of the special potpourri of roses which fills the shop. (10 Great Newport St., WC2; 240-2223)

LIBERTY

In February Liberty completely liberated its twenty-year-old modern furniture department. Out went the hard-to-live-with Italian stuff and in came more affordable homegrown design. There are currently eight British designers on show in the long gallery on the fourth floor (the wooden beams of which came from an old battleship). Nick Allen, whose finely made marquetry furniture would not look out of place in Versailles but tends to be cruel to the wallet, has designed a special studio range for Liberty. The other bright sparks include Gordon Russell, whose sycamore-and-metal chair ($335) is a monument to his love of sensuous curves. (210–222 Regent St., W1; 734-1234)

F.FWD.

Liberty recently opened a backdoor into Carnaby Street, which—the media keep telling us—is ruffling its faded feathers and shaking off its sixties image. So far all that has happened is that Mary Quant, sixties-style queen, has opened a shop there. So that's progress? Next door, however, the once-nondescript Newburgh Street is one of the most upwardly mobile in London, and there, among the boutiques, you will find the original F.FWD. shop. Only the technologically retarded need to be told that this is tape-deck shorthand for Fast Forward, and they would not be drawn to the severe matte black mirrors and glass in the first place. It sells bits and pieces that you might expect to find if you'd asked James Dean to empty his pock-



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ets—key rings and sunglasses and objects in chrome, as well as larger items like the Italian cappuccino maker for incurable coffee drinkers. F.FWD. has just accelerated onto the King's Road, where the shop itself looks lighter and softer, and sells more objects for the home: sandblasted metal place mats, the center of which lifts out to become a coaster mat ($158 for six); big triangular plates in red, blue, and silver (from $54); graphic black-and-white vases from Liverpool ($48); and exact replicas of old Bakelite telephones ($125). (14a Newburgh St., W1; 439-0091. 261 King's Road, SW3; 352-8573)

SOHO

So-called because it was born (and lives on) in W1, Peter Leonard's Soho also has an outlet on the King's Road. Much of Soho's design is sharp modern-medieval, what you would get if you fed Camelot through a computer: Gothic-backed chairs in black or green steel ($136), Gothic-arched mirrors ($179, $217), Gothic-shaped cutlery ($145 for seven-piece place setting), and a Gothic clock ($53). In keeping with these, yet still understated, are black steel candelabra and a chandelier, both for real candles—the rage for the naked flame seems to grow in inverse proportion to the government's concern over house fires. There is even a half-moon table in satinwood ($1,131) or cherry ($903), which with a few other pieces can now be found in Bloomingdale's. (1–5 Poland St., W1; 439-7654. 263 King's Road, SW3; 376-5855)

CONRAN

Following the most talked about removal in the history of London, Conran has settled into Michelin House at the hub of what is now called Brompton Cross. We have all received and understood the message that the building is very interesting, but what about the shop? At the moment it has the sanitized air of an institution where you must be on your best behavior. Everyone is talking in hushed tones as in a library, and the reverent hum is shattered only by the occasional scream of a child as it is prized away from the new toy department. Other new departments include luggage, antiques, and a section called the Home Office, where people who work from home can outfit themselves with monochrome desks and accessories. The question "Why work at home if you really want to be in an anonymous office?" is best left unasked. As ever, Conran is well stocked with household items, whether you want lamps or glassware, fabric or furniture, even a Le Corbusier chaise longue ($1,283) or an Eileen Grey Bibendum chair ($4,470 to order). There is everything for the well-behaved kitchen (though people seem to steer past the knives that starred in *Fatal Attraction*), and in the bathroom section young couples agonize over chrome versus white toothbrush holders. Then comes the non sequitur: Conran has decided to diversify into Oriental antiquities. Much as I would like to meet the man who, shopping for a lamp or even a chair, returns home with an eighteenth-century Hindu temple piece costing $6,335, I do not see that it is a natural development of what Conran is best at. (81 Fulham Rd., SW3; 589-7401)

CHARLES HAMMOND

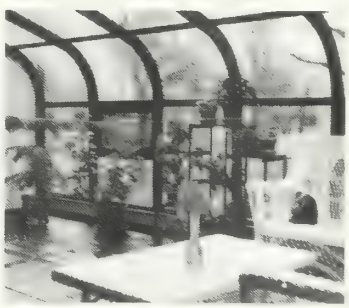
Hammond has gone the way of all interior designers of the chintz-and-flowers school. Like Colefax & Fowler across the road, Nina Campbell, Jane Churchill, and others, Hammond now sells the components of his look as well as a whole interior. You will find, along with the made-to- measure furniture and furnishings, what they describe as affordable knickknacks. These include dainty handpainted lampshades (from $47) and cachepots decorated with flowers or little gold bees ($188) which could have been inherited from a great-aunt. The whole place exudes the sobriety of a country vicarage. (253 Fulham Rd., SW3; 376-5599)

CRUCIAL

Should you be lured into the tourist trap that is the Portobello Road Market, make sure you go beyond the overpriced and suspiciously well-stocked antiques shops. On Kensington Park Road you will find Crucial, a go-ahead gallery-cum-shop where I fell in love with a big Baroque silver-framed mirror. The voluptuous ornaments and flourishes turned out, on closer inspection, to be a whole farmyard of toy animals sprayed silver. This was the creation of William Longdon, who has since moved on to plastic and whose work fills the shop this June. Usually the place feels like a cross between a *Star Wars* set and a garage, filled with the weirdest one-offs: furniture made of tank tracks, papier-mâché, or glass as thick as broken ice; a suite made of exhaust pipes; stools made of chrome gearboxes. Whether you could live with them or not, here are some of London's most original originals. (204 Kensington Park Rd., W11; 229-1940) **Rebecca Willis**

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GEOFF SPEAR

From top: Enorme by Ettore Sottsass and David Kelley Design; Becker by Eric Chan; Panasonic KX-T3000.

Call Forward

Today's telephones are better designed, more portable, sound clearer than eve

At first glance, we are still paying a dear price for the breakup of Ma Bell. The ordered evolution of the telephone, ranging from the separate earpiece and crank of early phones to the black barbell we all once held to our heads, has come to an end. Telephones now include the greatest assemblage of kitsch ever imagined, bizarre mutants whose most common form seems to be consumables—a telephone hamburger that flips open, a banana with a microphone and speaker, a Budweiser can you make calls with, a hot dog with mustard and dial tone. For those with more restrained appetites, there are always telephonic gas pumps, football helmets, and grinning Mickey Mice. But these novelties are now being joined by a serious generation of phones with advances in both design and technology.

Design One new design is a collaboration between Ettore Sottsass of Milan and David Kelley Design. The curved lines of the traditional Princess-type phone have been straightened and modernized. This Enorme phone ($150) has a severe minimal form composed of squares and rectangles; the handpiece rests on a metallic gray square, but there are two exotic accents: the bright red earpiece and jutting yellow mouthpiece.

The Becker telephone ($80), designed by Eric Chan, uses a similar gunmetal gray, but instead of accenting it with primary colors, it is softened with a form that is all curves. Its coolness seems both malleable and efficient. The handpiece is rubber-lined, bends around one's head with no sharp angles, and fits like a puzzle piece into the base. The buttons are soft pressure points making it easy to misdial—the phone's only ergonomic flaw.

Finally, a classic 1960s design in the collection of the Museum of Modern Art and styled by Marco Zanuso has been updated ($150). It is all curves, a single-piece bulbous mound of bright red, white, or black plastic which snaps open with a dial tone when lifted. It looks familiar but peculiar, inviting but also alien. Hanging up is also a challenge, requiring a twist of the wrist to refold the phone.

Mitsubishi's VisiTel transmits still pictures at the user's command

All three designs are available through Becker, 501 Post Road East, P.O. Box 934, Westport, CT 06881; (203) 226-8685.

Portability The garden, once off-limits for all but personal conversation, can now be treated as just another room with a phone. Cordless models offer a thousand-foot radius and radical miniaturization.

The finely made Panasonic KX-T3000 ($179.95) has a handset that folds and fits into a pocket; it flips open to answer a call. It contains an intercom, and the base unit charges the handset and doubles as a speakerphone. It has just been trumped in size by the Plantronics LiteSet, a cordless phone with a novelty: it doesn't have to be held—the earpiece is a three-inch capsule that perches on your ear.

Instead of miniaturization, Ma Bell's heir, AT&T, has, in the HT5310 ($219.95), perfected the technology already being used. This new cordless, along with several less expensive models, has "corded" quality and can be used as an ordinary phone. The sound exhibits less interference and distortion than any other cordless I've tried.

The real future of portability, though, may be in cellular phones which hook into the nationwide telephone network to which one subscribes. They can work in elevators, cars, and hotel rooms, and are still quite expensive to buy and use. Until recently they were the size of briefcases, but the NEC P9000 ($2,295) weighs about 23 ounces and is the size of an ordinary handset. Take it anywhere. The next step, presumably, will be implantation at birth.

Video phone When video telephones were displayed at the 1964 New York World's Fair, they were heralded as phones of the future. The only problem was that nobody really wanted to be seen while talking. But Mitsubishi's VisiTel ($399) transmits still pictures at the user's command. During a call the black and white screen shows a still shot of the user; a "send" button freezes action and sends the image to another VisiTel over ordinary phone lines. The catches: no talking during the five-second transmission, and both parties need a VisiTel for it to work. Over 64,000 have been sold, many to grandparents and some even to check on prisoners under house arrest. With this kind of evolution, who needs Ma Bell? **Edward Rothstein**

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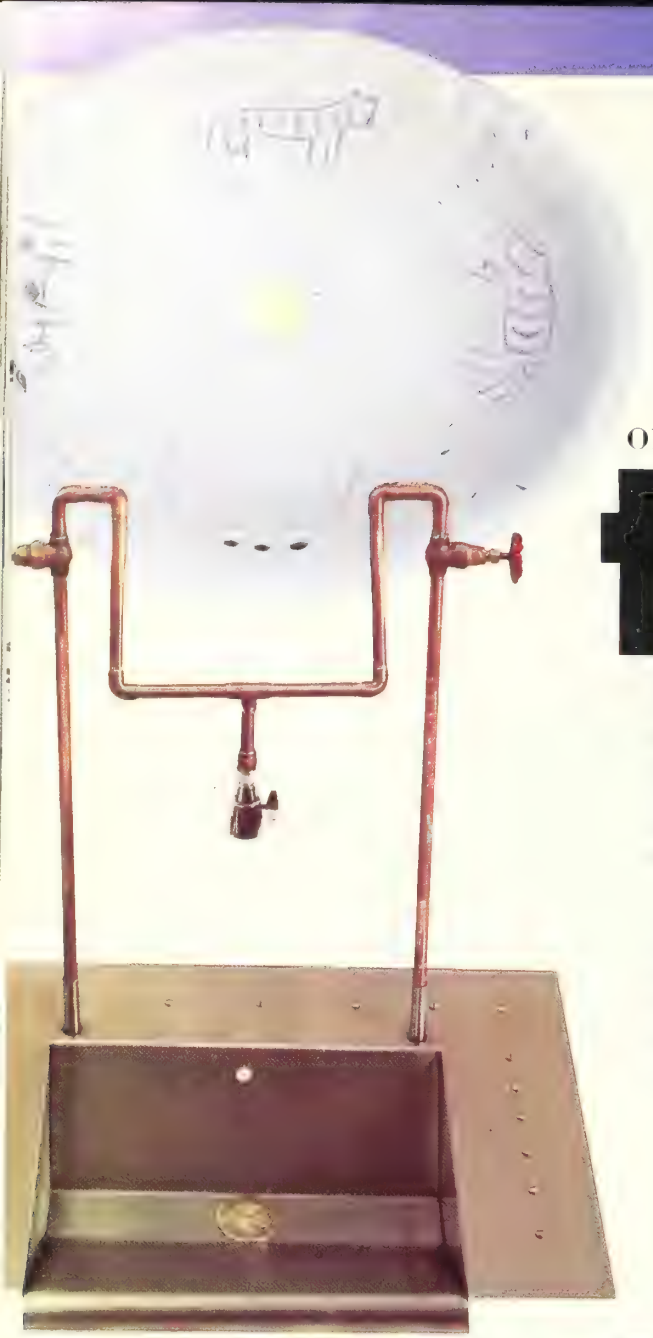
All Washed Up

Basins aren't basic anymore. There's a floo of new colors and materials to choose from

The Romans had elegant marble basins, the Victorians had extremely pretty porcelain washbowls and pitchers. Glistening white porcelain basins that are pared down and practical, like so much of twentieth-century design, have today become a standard fitting. But suddenly there are basins for almost every taste, from a monumental granite slab to an ultramodern stainless-steel statement. There's gleaming brass and painted porcelain, too.

Amicia de Moubray

Animal sink, top left, from Artistic License. Left: Stainless-steel sink by David Zelman for Prologue, from Hastings Tile & Il Bagno. Below: Brass sink and faucet from Kraft Hardware; Captiva fabric from Grey Watkins.









Left: Ceramic sink from Country Floors; fabric from Dolphin Brasserie. Right: Granite sink from Jerrystyle. Details see Sources.

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Down the Garden Path

(Continued from page 118) least two are thirty years old, but all are great pets, as are the two Sicilian donkeys.

The garden unfolds in three parts with a strong central axis: formal perennial beds around a fish-and-lily pool enclosed by low walls, a shaded woodland section, and a rose garden with an allée of climbers.

Such a formal structure is not easily maintained. In the days of seven gardeners plants from the stove houses could be rushed in, but for fifty years the gardening crew has ranged in number from one to none. In many ways the garden has benefited from the less precise management it receives today. The plantings are softer, more luxuriant, more romantic in their relaxed state.

"I don't ever really feel myself responsible for all this," says Mrs. Bulkeley. "My mother was a real gardener. My husband is, too, and so was his mother. I don't think of myself as a gardener, but I can't imagine living without a garden."

This is not a perfect reconstruction of a Charles Platt garden. It is instead the vision we all have of that golden age of leisure and gentle living, large families, old retainers, and no income tax. The house may remind us of some of the drawbacks of that life with its enigmatic hallways, deep chills, and old-fashioned assortment of rooms. The garden suffers less from such practical concerns. Here one can enjoy formality but not constraint: a harmonious structure that allows for the gentle chaos brought on by children, grandchildren, animals, and friends.

One morning William Bulkeley quietly called his wife to the edge of the garden where they watched the two tiny donkeys delicately making their way through the flowers. "It's all right," he whispered. "They're just eating the flowers off the coralbells." Smiling, they left the donkeys in the garden. ▲

Gardening Editor: Senga Mortimer

TV Dinner

(Continued from page 124) reluctant to ask the painters if I might join their bridge game, I dozed until *Perfect Diet* appeared. It turned out to be a half-hour infomercial for a metabolic management program promising a 45-pound weight loss in nine short weeks using an elixir available only by dialing an 800 number and having your credit card ready.

I snacked fitfully into the early afternoon when Stephen Yan, the host of *Wok with Yan*, bounced onto the screen wearing a full-length rabbit costume (later in the week he was a frog, a rooster, and a cauliflower), delighting the studio audience with puns in what is clearly not his first language and probably not his second or his third. Eagerly I gave up a lifelong conviction that there is no such thing as a bad cooking show. And when *La Cucina Italiana*, a foreign-language program that had promised *tordi matti per sei persone*, was preempted by an Italian soccer game, and instead of *Madeleine Cooks* there appeared a rock video program featuring *Kiss Exposed* and *Motley Crüe Uncensored*, I set the VCR to record the rest of the week's real-time cooking schedule and left my plastic tent to find a copy of *Billboard*, the bible of the recording industry.

Billboard compiles weekly hit parades for 24 categories of tapes, records, and CDs. Compared with the rest of the video industry, TV gastronomy neither rents nor sells well. Not one cooking video made the Top-40 charts. But every other week *Billboard* runs a special chart of the fifteen top videocassette sales in the hobbies-and-crafts category, and here is where TV gastronomy competes. Holding down first and third places were the two volumes of *Chef Paul Prudhomme's Louisiana Kitchen*, and in the second spot was *The Silver Palate: Good Times Live*. Just below *Play Bridge with Omar Sharif* stood *Yes, You Can Microwave* and *Julia Child: Soups, Salads, and Bread* from her series *The Way to Cook*. I ordered them all and telephoned around to video producers and public TV stations for a few dozen additional tapes.

At the end of the week the painters dismantled my plastic tent and dispersed to Cap d'Antibes or Mustique for their monthly vacation, and I had sampled about one hundred cooking tapes. Almost a quarter met my stringent test for distinguished achievement in video gastronomy—they had either taught me something or made my mouth water.

The average tape takes up a half hour of your time demonstrating three or four recipes that in a printed cookbook would be reduced to four pages, take five minutes to read carefully, and cost about ten cents each. What you cannot learn from a book are the elements of technique: the use of the hands and the knife, the visible mutations food undergoes as you cook it, the ways of presenting it with warmth or with wit.

My favorite TV teacher of technique is Jacques Pépin and his three-volume *A Guide to Good Cooking*. I timed him as he cored, juiced, seeded, and chopped two tomatoes, sharpened his knife, chopped two onions, separated a head of garlic and peeled and removed the stems from two cloves, which he minced very finely while discussing *caponata* and the pros and cons of using tomatoes in stock. It took him under two minutes. Like all good cooks, he uses his hands whenever he can—he could barely keep them out of the sauté pan. Some video chefs fastidiously interpose a tool or bowl between themselves and the food as though they might otherwise get infected.

The food Pépin prepares is basic, its presentation almost drab. You have to backspace the tape when his heavy central-casting French accent makes you miss an important word, but his command of English is excellent. His knowledge, his ability to instruct, his seriousness, and his wide classical training are rare in the world of video. I replicated Pépin's country apple tart to learn his technique for peeling apples and practiced making *pâte brisée* with my hands—and also because it looked scrumptious, which it certainly was. My wife was moved to enter my plastic tent only four times during the week—once to watch Jacques Pépin, once to watch the Frugal Gourmet, once to get into the refrigerator, and once because she missed me.

Along similar lines is *Madeleine Cooks* with Madeleine Kamman, who is also classically trained but with a more moderate French accent. You can catch her 26-program public television series on various PBS stations at the oddest hours. Mrs. Kamman is extremely knowledgeable and charming and always has something worthwhile to teach, although her lessons are less systematic and theoretical than Pépin's.

Julia Child's six-volume *The Way to Cook* was produced by her longtime WGBH associate Russell Morash, and consequently the camerawork, editing, and scripting are unexcelled. The series is a comprehensive elementary French cooking course—a bit too elementary to be my favorite—and reminds you what a terrific teacher Mrs. Child has always been.

My final award for technique goes to Martha Stewart and her new four-part *Secrets for Entertaining*. I must disclose that although I have never met the tall blond Mrs. Stewart, I have been hopelessly and unconditionally in love with the woman ever since I accidentally watched her Thanksgiving cooking show on public television almost two years ago. I love her Turkey Hill Farm in Connecticut with its multitude of gardens and smokehouses, bee-

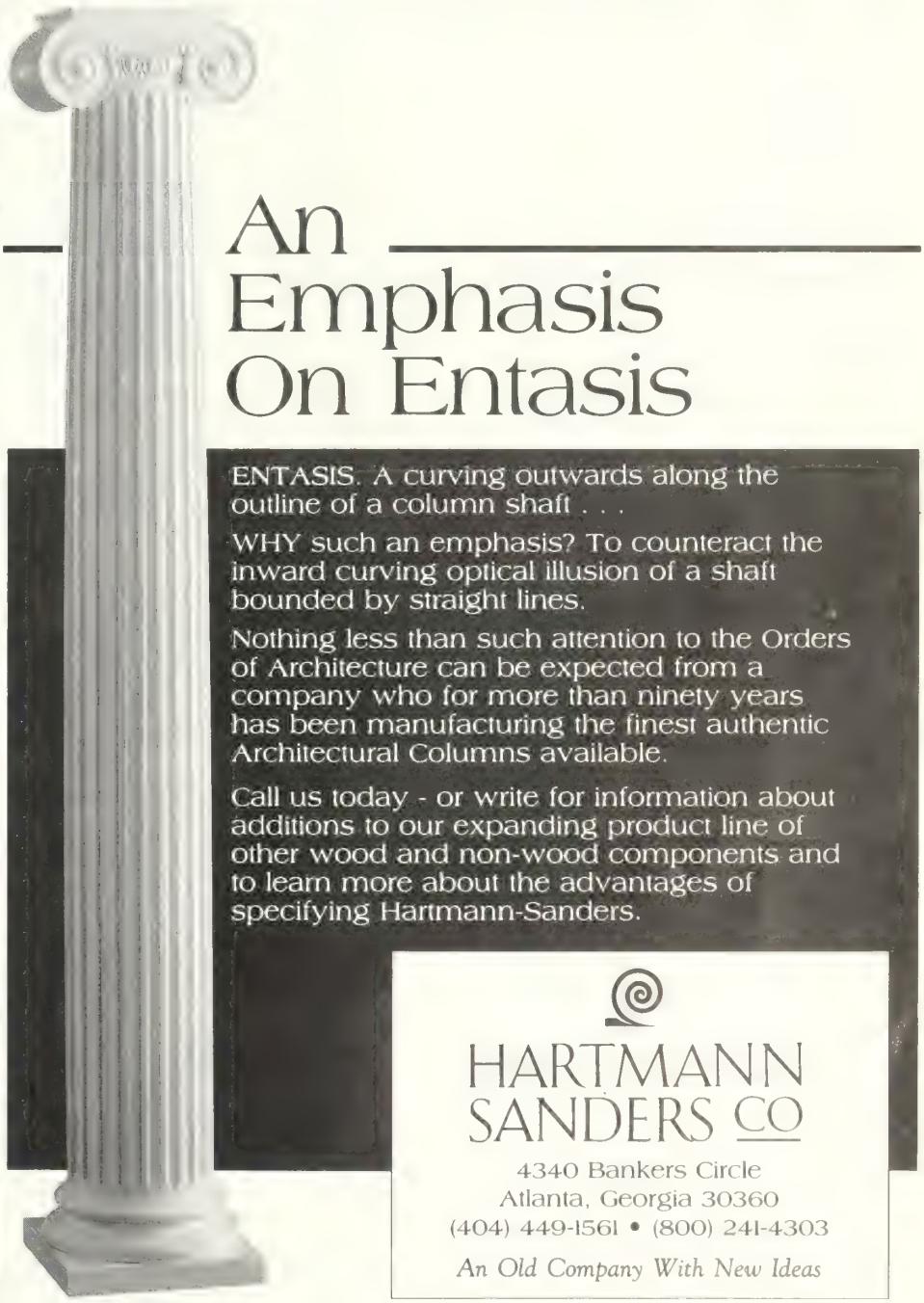
hives and barns. I love her perfect life and her perfect neighbors and her perfect house, and I love her unselfconscious satisfaction with it all. I am almost never put off by her talk about meaningful centerpieces and how everything is so very special.

The techniques she teaches are not about cooking, really, but about a *style* of dining—even though her cooking is skillful and her hands are those of a woman familiar with manual work. On her tape *A Buffet Party for Family and Friends* she wheels in dessert on a huge old hay cart the size of a Toyota, decorated with a quantity of plants and flowers that here in Manhattan would cost just as much as one. There may be no more than twenty families in America that can fully achieve her preppy-pastoral style, but if you soften yourself with a few glasses of wine and something nice from the refrigerator, Martha Stewart's life can become yours for an hour or two.

My other crucial touchstone for video excellence is that a cooking tape must make me want to eat. This is not a strenuous task, except once when I was in the hospital, but few of my one hundred tapes did the trick. The best technique tapes made me want to cook, but they rarely made me hungry. One program ranked high in this category. Jeff Smith's *The Frugal Gourmet* from WTTW in Chicago is undoubtedly the most popular cooking show on television, appearing twelve times in various places on the dial during my week in the plastic tent. His eclectic food is hearty and straightforward, and if the recipes sometimes lack ethnic authenticity, his enthusiasm overcomes your objections. Most of the episodes I watched specialized in native American ingredients—five pumpkin dishes, turkey with oyster stuffing, four codfish creations, sweet potatoes, and soul food—and I was overcome with an immediate need to eat all of them.

After fifty hours of joyous viewing I came upon the ideal antidote to all this reverence for the bounty of nature and the skill of man. It is called *Cookin' Cheap*, from Blue Ridge Public Television in Roanoke. Not only does the show boast the perfect absence of technique, but in the course of two half-hour episodes my appetite actually dwindled. Two fellows with Southern accents named Larry Bly and Laban Johnson sit around an orange Formica dinette table reading letters from viewers and ridiculing their grammatical mistakes. Then our hosts move to the kitchen where they prepare one dish each, usually from viewers' recipes they have neither practiced nor tasted in advance. Their recipe for kraut salad consisted of a one-pound can of chopped sauerkraut and a few chopped vegetables soaked overnight in a cup of white sugar and three-quarters cup of corn oil. Bly and Johnson cannot afford a food processor, their knives are rusty, their chief tool is a can opener, and they accuse Julia Child and Jeff Smith of using trick camerawork to simulate mastery at chopping and slicing. One letter from the California State Prison in Frontera explained that "in prison we use a stringer to boil water and cook foods. A stringer is an electrical cord with 2 forks (metal) taped to the spliced live wires with a plastic knife separating the forks. Otherwise the forks will weld together." I had a dream in which Martha Stewart made a guest appearance on *Cookin' Cheap* during a whirlwind promotional tour for her new videos.

Whither TV gastronomy? Video purists, who even object to the inclusion of those little recipe booklets in the videocassette package, predict that the market for cooking videos will take off only when every kitchen has a VCR above the sink and everybody cooks real time along with some TV chef. But I'll bet you five sweet potato pies that none of these video visionaries has ever lifted pan to stove or tried to peel an apple in one long strip. ▲



Valentino's Uffizi

(Continued from page 98) Valentino's career this far via the United States breakthrough, the deal with the GFT manufacturers, the launching of the letter V as a worldwide symbol of luxury and not-so-discreet glamour.

It was also Giammetti who decided Valentino must have a resplendent study on the first floor of the palazzo and is masterminding the total restoration of the building.

"I put a frame around Valentino. That is my work. I deliberately wanted his room to be different from mine. One has to know one has arrived in Valentino's study."

Tomaso Ziffer and Massimo Zompa were the architects of the two key rooms, but many of the treasures came out of the houses of Valentino and Giammetti: an eclectic mixture of pieces from China, Japan, Africa, France, and India.

"The function? To impress! No, I am joking." He laughs, but his eyes are suspicious. "All this, it is not just homage to Valentino. It's to sell clothes."

Giammetti is in the middle of furnishing his own Tuscan villa in a landscaped park. Both men have come a long way from the furnished rooms of their student days. Valentino's first room "with ambience" was the *chambre de bonne* he took in the rue de Rennes while serving his apprenticeship to the Paris couturier Jean Dessès. With pocket money from his parents he had it papered in toile and put in a sofa and a Boulle table from the flea market.

At about that time at the button makers and photographic sessions he met two other young assistants from Dior and Balmain. They fell into the habit of going for a drink to the Café de Rond-Point on the Champs-Élysées, where the three apprentices would swap notes and speculate on one another's futures.

Would the moodiness of Yves stand in his way, make him unstable?

Would Karl's irony and sense of parody complicate his progress?

For Valentino there was never a doubt, for there was nothing to hold him back. The perfectionist who once said, "I would rather not eat than eat from an ugly plate," was already fully formed. ♠ *Style: Marie-Paule Pellé*

The Surreal Landscape

(Continued from page 90) direction of flamboyance is a cappuccino machine and a row of steel meat hooks.

Beyond the glass wall of the living room is a tangled mass of vegetation rising up to a rocky ridge. Literally hundreds of cacti crowd the steep bank, and more of them appear every year as young buds pop off the parent plants and find an inch of earth to call their own.

Lynch talks about his plants with quiet relish: "Agaves are lethal. The spikes are very sharp; they'll poison you and slice you up. If the sap gets on your skin, you itch violently for two weeks. But they don't need much water, they hold the soil, and you don't get a lot of people running through your yard."

Neatly counterbalanced, as nature tends to be, against the sprawling agave ghetto are scores of aloe vera cactus, whose sap is particularly soothing. The aloe vera is a favorite of the local hummingbirds; unfortunately the nectar intoxicates them and after drinking it they are liable to crash to their deaths against the nearest immovable object. "I've seen two deaths now," says Lynch, "so it's a serious problem in the hummingbird world." Lynch has preserved one of the tiny corpses in his freezer, where it now awaits burial.

Isabella Rossellini, who commutes from New York to see Lynch, had made a foray into the cactus monopoly by planting a basil patch, but it promptly died. She was formerly married to Martin Scorsese, the only other American film director who makes movies as odd as Lynch's, which suggests that there is some logic to Rossellini's taste in men.

A flight of steps leads from the house to the top of the garden, where it is riotously overgrown. Lynch looks around and sighs, "I'd like to cut back the weeds. But if you chop them, they grow back in two minutes."

Running beside the garden steps is a network of gullies and drains channeling the rainwater which would otherwise threaten the house with a landslide. "The rain can be torrential in this canyon, but I like it here," says Lynch. "The wind always makes it around fifteen degrees cooler than downtown L.A." When Lynch talks about his garden, you hear both tenderness and pride (and Jimmy Stewart) in his voice.

The steps finally lead down to the cellar door and one of the few shady areas of the garden—a world away from the prickly oppressiveness of the cactus. "It feels like Spain here by the cellar. If I started speaking Spanish, it wouldn't seem so strange in a place like this. Como esta?" ♠

Editor: Gabé Doppelt

Summer's Lease

(Continued from page 123) Molly's discomforture at her father's unstoppable awfulness was increased by the spectacle of the hard-faced Giovanna, who appeared to her to be simpèring, her eyes modestly downcast. Then, instead of leaving them, the maid began to take plates and glasses off the dresser and carry them out to the terrace.

"And a few generations later," Haverford went jotting on, "she must have turned up as Susanna in *Figaro*. What, exactly, do you think she's doing?"

"Goodness knows." Molly felt she had lost all control of the situation and was anxious to withdraw from it. "I'm going upstairs to see about the children."

She could hear them as she climbed to the top of the tower. They had returned noisily to life after the journey, consoled by spreading about their new quarters the contents of their suitcases, which always looked to her like carefully collected rubbish, old dresses bought from barrows, ratty bits of fur, crumpled and disorderly history notes. Jacqueline, naked as a fish, ran screaming with delight from room to room, slithering out of her sisters' hands as they tried to catch her. The tasteful domain of the unknown Kettering children, with its bright bedspreads, art reproductions, and posters from exhibitions in Florence, had been taken over by the Pargeters, who would soon reduce it to a tip. Her children felt, it seemed, as immediately at home as she had. Molly moved to a high window someone had left open, fearing that the baby, to escape her pursuing sisters, might leap out. She thought again what a point of defense the tower was, commanding the countryside.

"Why don't you come down and have a swim? Then you can unpack and get ready for dinner."

"Dinner." Samantha laughed at this pretentious way of describing their last meal. "You mean supper, don't you?"

"No. I mean dinner. I know we're not really settled in yet. But we're all going to have a proper dinner by candlelight. On the terrace."

"Can I have it in my dressing gown? I'm going to be terribly tired." Samantha sank on to her bed to show the helpless state she expected to be in by the evening.

"No. You can put on dresses. We're going to have dinner on the terrace with candles."

"Why on earth?"

"Because that's the way we do things out here." Molly spoke with quiet confidence as though she had become in the few hours since their arrival the owner of La Felicità and the organizer of life in the house.

When I was staying with your sainted mother in Siena, at a small hotel in Via dei Cappuccini, and we were just leaving, I handed a postcard to the hall porter to stamp and send to England. Well, your mother came rushing in from the car with a rare display of energy and snatched it from the fellow's hands. Of course, it was written to some girlfriend or other in England. The message was how much I missed her, time dawdling on leaden feet until we could slide between the sheets together; picture on front of a Piero angel, undoubtedly *her* face. Hughie will be acquainted with the sort of thing."

"I don't know why you should think that." Hugh, in a white shirt neatly consuming prosciutto and figs, was thinking of Mrs. Tobias far away from La Felicità.

"Anyway, the Queen of the Night, always called your mother that, you know, because of her amazing devotion to sleep, which she seemed to prefer to almost any other activity, in particular to that which I believe today's lovers refer to so elegantly as boffing or shafting—do you shaft nowadays, Hughie?"

"Would you like another fig?" Molly found herself strangely unaffected by her father's appalling conversation. There had been a half dozen bottles of red wine left standing in a corner of the huge kitchen hearth. She drank a mouthful of unchemicalized Chianti someone had brought from the Castello Crocetto. "Samantha, darling, do try not to fiddle with the candle. We don't want to set the place alight."

"You mean, pas avant les jeunes filles en fleur. Oh, I understand." Haverford laid a finger on his bluish lips. He was wearing an elderly white linen jacket and a blue spotted bow tie so that, given a boater hat set at a jaunty angle, he might indeed have looked like the late Max Beerbohm.

"Well, then your outraged mother leapt into the car, which was loaded with our luggage because we intended to be off to Urbino that morning, and apparently she decided on some kind of hara-kiri or felo-de-se, a consummation of our marriage devoutly to be wished but never performed. Anyway, she drove off at high speed, ignoring all *senzo unicos*, and finally crashed into a bollard by the *ospedale*. And you, Molly Coddle"—he smiled at his daughter as though it were all, in some comic way, entirely her fault—"you were in an awful pink plastic carry-cot in the back seat and you never even woke up!"

"That's not true, is it, Mummy? It can't be true!" Samantha's common sense was outraged.

"How should I know? Babies don't remember that sort of thing." Molly smiled, thinking of Jacqueline, no longer a baby it was true, but so trusting, so unperturbed by being transported to the top of a Tuscan tower that she had not stirred when her mother knelt beside the bed to kiss her. Molly felt similarly safe, brought to this strange place about which she would have clearly so much to learn. It was knowledge which could be postponed until they were days older and more experienced in the ways of La Felicità.

"Of course, your marriage isn't subject to these accidents, is it, Molly Coddle? You

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Summer's Lease

never caught old Hugh trying to smuggle out an illicit view of the backside of the cathedral to some little angel in Pimlico. Modern wedlock is so terribly much more like the home life of our dear queen."

"I'm not much of an expert," Hugh said, "but isn't the wine rather good?"

In the bedroom Molly hung up Hugh's clothes and her summer dresses. She wanted the room to be tidy before they went to sleep as, after only some nine hours' occupation, she felt a proprietorial interest in La Felicità and wanted it to look its best always.

"He's worse." Hugh came out of the bathroom, which was dimly lit and marbled as a side chapel. "Absolutely worse than he's ever been."

"I know." He had a white trace of toothpaste at the corner of his mouth. Molly took a handkerchief and tidied him up as though he were the room.

"Nothing but talk of bum-boys and shafting in front of the girls."

"They don't really mind. I mean, they're extremely knowledgeable."

"Well, I mind. And suggesting I'd creep out and send a postcard to some, well, some girlfriend or other!" Hugh was deeply offended by the suggestion. "What's he trying to do, split us up or something?"

"Probably."

"Whatever for?"

"It entertains him." She was surprised by her tolerance. "I suppose he hasn't got much else to do at his time of life."

"Can't he grow old with dignity?"

"Apparently not."

"Does he think about sex the whole time?" Hugh was already in bed, his wife still tidying.

"So it seems."

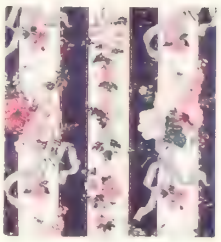
"I can't imagine being like that when I'm old." He gazed toward his mid seventies with an anxious expression. He hadn't been, in his wife's experience, very much like that when he was young.

"It's his generation," Molly reassured him, lifting an empty suitcase onto the top of a cupboard. "Apparently they hardly ever thought about anything else. You like it here, don't you?"

"Yes," he had to admit. "Of course, it's very grand."

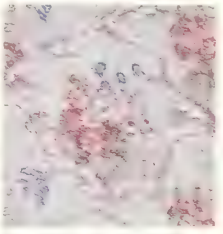
"Not really. It seems quite homely." It wasn't what she meant. She would have liked to say that in her opinion it wasn't in the least like home but in every respect better. ♠

Chintz Sources



Cowtan & Tout's Surrey pattern, in gray

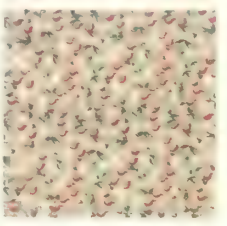
Robert Allen, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, NYC, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D.C. **Andre Bon,** NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Leonard Hecker, Boston; Nicholas Karas, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Shears & Window, Laguna Niguel; Hinson & Co., Los Angeles; JW Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas Griffith, San Francisco; Rist, Washington, D.C. **Roger Arlington,** NYC; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Miami; Devon Services, Boston; Hinson, Chicago; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Duncan & Huggins, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Wayne Martin, Portland; McQuiston-Riggs, Seattle. **Laura Ashley Decorator Collection** (also retail), call (800) 847-0202 for nearest showroom. **Bailey & Griffin,** NYC, Philadelphia; Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Fortune, Boston; Hensel, Chicago; Jim Barrett, Dallas; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, San Francisco; C. 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Judy's Trellis by Mario Buatta for Fabriyaz



Rose Cumming's orange Cerise chintz

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EXCEPT WHERE NOTED, TO THE TRADE ONLY

Sources

COVER

Sofa and wall fabric, Pelargonium Fancy, 48" wide, $98 yd, by Colefax & Fowler, to the trade at Clarence House (see Chintz Sources). White cotton knit dress, $230, and belt, $275, by Donna Karan, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Bullock's stores; I. Magnin, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Ultimo, Chicago.

STYLE

Page 54 Pima Basketry, 54" wide, $65 yd, to the trade at Westgate, Atlanta, Dallas, Dania, Grand Prairie, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Phoenix, San Francisco, Washington, D.C.; Studio III, Boston; De Aurora, Chicago; Harkema-Wilson, Cincinnati, Troy; Chuck Wells, Denver; Gordon Maxwell, Minneapolis; D & E Showroom, Philadelphia; Designer's Resource, Portland; Sewell & Company, San Diego; Designer's Choice Northwest, Seattle. David Hess bench, $1,260, at Art & Architectural Design Gallery, Baltimore (301) 669-7814. Facets Textile Designs rug, $4,526, to the trade at Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, Denver, San Francisco. Antique bag, $1,450, at America Hurrah, NYC (212) 535-1930. Kochina, 54" wide, $65 yd, at Westgate (see above). Laurent carpet, $34 sq ft, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn & Martin, NYC, Chicago; Designer Carpets, Atlanta; Vivian Watson, Dallas; Hi-Craft, Dania; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Denton Jones, Houston; Decorative Carpets, Los Angeles; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Thomas & Co., Phoenix; James Goldman & Associates, Seattle; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Captain chair, $580, at Maville Interiors, NYC; Catherine Faller, San Francisco. Gabrielle de Choubersky rug, $452 sq m, to order through David Hicks France, Paris 43-26-00-67. **56** Frank Gehry fish lamp, $25,000, at New City Editions, Venice (213) 822-0818; Genji, 54" wide, by Jay Yang for Fabriyaz, to the trade at Fabriyaz (see Chintz Sources). Aragoste e Coralli, 54" wide, to the trade at Lee Jofa (see Chintz Sources). Antique chair from Mony Linz-Einstein, Paris 45-48-48-66. Zsolnay bowl, $2,200, from Linda Horn Antiques, NYC (212) 772-1122. Les Coquillages, 50" wide, $120 yd, by Grey Watkins (see Chintz Sources).

TALLEYSHEET

Page 60 Tobie Loup de Viane doghouse, $2,800, to the trade at Kuma, NYC; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; George Nash, Dallas.

HG VIEW

Page 63 Illyria fabric, 36" wide, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils (see Chintz Sources). Michael Graves Alessi sugar bowl, $90, at Bloomingdale's and Bullock's stores; Adesso, Boston; City, Chicago; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; Vertu, Dallas; By Design, Los Angeles; Lyne Deutch, Los Angeles; D. F. Sanders, NYC; Joseph's, Portland; Macy's, San Francisco; American Hand, Washington, D.C.; for nearest store (617) 932-9444.

THE REIGN OF CHINTZ

Page 70 (For locations of showrooms see Chintz Sources.) Star Clouds, reproduction of Winterthur 1824 fabric, 54" wide, to the trade at Stroheim & Romann. **83** Brisbane Palms, 54" wide, $60 yd, by Warner, to the trade at Greeff.

THE NEW SISTERS

Pauline Boardman, Pages 66–67 (For locations of showrooms see Chintz Sources.) Pelargonium Fancy, 48" wide, $98 yd, by Colefax & Fowler, to the trade at Clarence House. White cotton knit dress, $230, and belt, $275, by Donna Karan, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Bullock's stores; I. Magnin, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Ultimo, Chicago. **68–69** Kohat Rouge, 58" wide, $90 yd, to the trade at Clarence House. Trenor, 51" wide, $27 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming. Fleur de Pommiers, 51" wide, $117 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming. Coral Branches, 54" wide, $44 yd, and Winslow Damask, 50" wide, $72 yd, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout. Pelargonium Fancy (see above).

Hethea Nye, Pages 72–73 Middlehurst, 48" wide, $58.50 yd, to the trade at Fonthill. Ninon Taffeta, 50" wide, $186 yd, to the trade at Old World Weavers. Torchello, 51" wide, $63 yd, to the trade at Fonthill. Impero, 51" wide, $177 yd, to the trade at Fortuny. Regatta Taffeta, 48" wide, $106 yd, to the trade at Clarence House. **74–75** Trenor, 51" wide, $27 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming. Ashbury, 54" wide, $72 yd, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout. Cornucopia, 54" wide, $52.50 yd, to the trade at Carleton V. La Perichole, 50" wide, $127 yd, to the trade at Carleton V. Floral Bouquet, 50" wide, $69 yd, to the trade at Lee Jofa.

Elissa Cullman & Hedi Kravis, Page 79 Les Fastes Persans, 54" wide, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils. **80–81** Lampas d'Aguesseau, 51" wide, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils. Damask Caserta, 51" wide, $96 yd, to the trade, at Clarence House. Lampas d'Aubigné, 51" wide, $368 yd, to the trade at Clarence House. Satin Rayure, 50" wide, $98 yd, to the trade at Clarence House. Mansard, 50" wide, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils.

Ann LeConey, Pages 84–85 Le Rosier, 55" wide, $108 yd, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout. Bouclé Zèbre, 51" wide, $136 yd, to the trade at Clarence House. Aconite, 55" wide, $140 yd, by Colefax & Fowler, to the trade at Clarence House. Tiger Velvet, 25" wide, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils. **86–87** Floral Bouquet, 50" wide, $69 yd, to the trade at Lee Jofa. Napoleon III, 54" wide, $120 yd, to the trade at Clarence House.

SEXY STUFF

Pages 108–109 *Rug of Many Bosoms,* $2,400, by Jasper Morrison, at Furniture of the Twentieth Century, NYC (212) 929-6023. Adam and Eve plates, $1,275 set of twelve, by Piero Fornasetti, at Paul Smith, NYC (212) 627-9770. Timney-Fowler natural silk fabric, 45" wide, £20 per m, from Christopher Hyland, NYC (212) 688-6121.

THE PRINCE OF PRINCETON

Page 134 Michael Graves Alessi clock, $435 (see HG View sources) **139** Michael Graves Alessi pepper mill, $125 (see HG View sources).

HOMEFRONT/ELECTRONICS

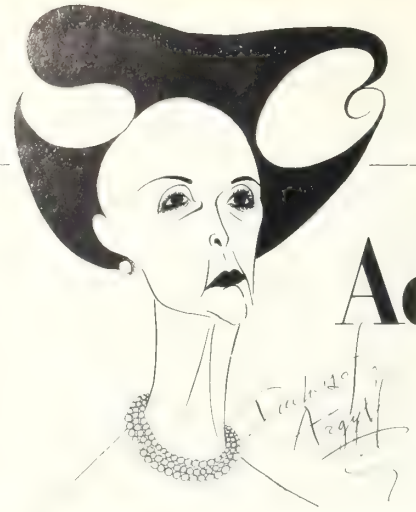
Page 150 Enorme phone, $150, at Neiman Marcus stores; D. F. Sanders, NYC, and through Becker, Westport (203) 226-8685. Becker phone by Eric Chan, $80, at Bloomingdale's and Sharper Image stores and through Becker. Zanuso phone, $150, at Museum of Modern Art shop, NYC and through Becker. Panasonic KX-T3000, $179.95, call (201) 348-7487 for dealers. AT&T HT5310, $219.95, at AT&T Phone Centers or (800) 222-0300 for dealers. NEC P9000, $2,295, at 800 Cellular, NYC, or (800) 225-5664 for dealers. Mitsubishi VisiTel, $399, at Sharper Image, NYC, or (800) 422-5862 for dealers.

HOMEFRONT/ESSENTIALS

Page 152 Animal sink at Artistic License, Los Angeles (213) 454-6361. David Zelman sink at Hastings Tile & Il Bagno, NYC (212) 674-9700. Sink at Country Floors, NYC, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia; for reps (212) 627-8300. Dolphin Brasserie, 51" wide, £14 per m, by Shaun Wilson, London 828-3207. Brass sink at Kraft Hardware, NYC, Washington, D.C. Captiva, 52" wide, $120 yd, by Grey Watkins (see Chintz Sources).

CORRECTION: The price of the Schumacher Marvella rug on pages 146–47 of the May issue is $3,685. The Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Tulip jacket on page 107 of the June issue is $8,700.

ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE



Duka's DIARY

Advice from the Duchess

John Duka takes counsel from "the last apple on the tree"

"Always a poodle, only a poodle!" declared Margaret, Duchess of Argyll. "That, and three strands of pearls! Together they are absolutely the most essential things in life."

For those who have never had the pleasure, Margaret, Duchess of Argyll, is England's most notorious duchess and woman of style. Once the prettiest of pretty young things, Marg Arg, as she is known to many of her countrymen, has apparently not been content to sit back and sort her memories in the autumn of her life.

"Absolutely not!" she snorts. "I don't live in the past. It's over."

Most recently, she was about to embark on a career as an actress. The vehicle was to be a miniseries of *The Legacy*, a novel dealing with the typically eighties trinity of sex/money/power, and the duchess was to play herself. The project has been momentarily shelved, but controversy continues to bubble around the duchess.

"Now there's an unauthorized biography coming out," she announced as she sat in the library of her Mayfair apartment, her poodle Louis (pronounced as if he were a part of the line of French kings) chewing what appeared to be a black biscuit at her feet. On the wall hung a thirty-year-old portrait of her by René Bouché in which she wears the same essential pearls and caresses the same essential poodle.

"That book will blow the whole town open. It has everything in it, bribery, the works. Oh, Louis! Put that down! Oh, look, Louis's got coal all over the floor!"

At that the duchess nimbly seized the coal, threw it into a wastebasket, and resumed her seat. At well over seventy, she remains a not inconsiderable presence, having weathered fifty years of publicity and legal battles and having outlived most of her peers to become, as she describes it, "the last apple on the tree."

In 1930 her debut was the most celebrated that London had ever seen. Margaret was hailed for everything from her beauty to her family's wealth (her father was a Scottish tycoon) to her romance with Prince Aly Khan. When she married Charles Sweeny, a glamorous American golfer, she quite literally became the top in Cole Porter's song "You're the Top!": "You're Mussolini/You're Mrs. Sweeny/You're Camembert."

"Scandal makes the soul grow stronger, but at least I haven't ended up like Brenda Frazier"

If she was the darling of the press as a "thirties girl," her marriage to the eleventh Duke of Argyll made her a graduate of the school for scandal. The duke, after shamelessly using the duchess's money to renovate his Scottish castle, divorced her in a four-year legal battle in which he accused his wife of taking lovers.

"Well, scandal makes the soul grow stronger," said the duchess. She is wearing a tiger-print caftan, black satin open-toed slingbacks, and her signature strands of pearls—all of it topped off by her elaborately coiffed, solidly titian hair.

"At least I haven't ended up like Brenda Frazier," she continued. "It *is* too bad that my daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, won't speak to me. She's been in a bad temper for twenty years. But you haven't come here to hear all that, you've come to see my house.

"This," said the duchess, indicating a green velvet side chair, "is the chair I sat in when Elizabeth was coronated. It works perfectly well for coats and hats now. This is the drawing room."

Before us stretched the vast interiors of the drawing and dining rooms, each with its own terrace. The rooms are pale yellow, the furniture eighteenth century, the upholstery embroidered and silvery.

"This is all from the eighteenth-century house my father gave me on Upper Grosvenor Street," said the duchess. "I entertained the world on these chairs: Noël Coward, Elsa Maxwell, Jock Whitney. When I opened the house to the public and charged admission, the Duke of Westminster's cry of outrage was heard all over London!"

Then the duchess led the way through another hallway to her bedroom, the furniture unmistakably designed by Syrie Maugham. On one wall is a watercolor of the duchess by Beaton.

"Don't you love that picture? I'm wearing a Norman Hartnell, and I was in love. That was the thirties. The best time. We went to two or three dances a night in full evening dress and changed two or three times during the day. There were clubs like the Orchid Room. And everyone, everyone, had a big house!"

The duchess looked at her watch. "Dear me! You know what? I've got to throw you out. A dear, dear friend who needs advice is coming to dinner. I'm very good with advice."

Did the duchess have any to offer?

"Yes. Don't eat red meat. It's too trying to cut. And too trying to chew." ♠

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August

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HOUSE & GARDEN
AUGUST 1988
Volume 160, Number 8

HG



COVER
Anne McNally, wife of New York restaurateur Brian McNally, at home in Greenwich Village with daughter Jessica. Page 118. Anne in cream by Azzedine Alaïa; hair, makeup by Alexis Caydam. Photograph by Oberto Gili.

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A London bathroom made not to look like a bathroom, with salvage from English churches. Page 112. Photograph by James Mortimer.

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New York Times Magazine editor Carrie Donovan peeks out of her own closet. Page 138. Photograph by George Lange.

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ANDRE JEON TALLEY

KELLY KLEIN

Contributing editor Kelly Klein got to do something for this month's HG which many people would love to do—look into some famous closets, namely those of well-known fashion editors. (She chose the subjects and went on the photo sessions.)

Fashion is a field Klein is more than familiar with, as she was a designer for ten years—the last five with Calvin Klein, whom she married in 1986. "HG is a perfect extension of fashion," she says, "only it's about collections of furnishings and fabrics."

Her own closet is filled with riding gear; she's a serious horsewoman who often participates in equestrian competitions. And yes, there *is* one more closet she'd love to look into: Queen Elizabeth's.

JACQUES DEHORNOIS

"Let's send Jacques" is a phrase often heard at HG. Jacques Dehornois, one of HG's most active contributing editors, always brings back a unique look at owners and their houses. "Houses should be a reflection of a personality," he says, "not a bank account."

After almost twenty years working in Europe for magazines such as British *Vogue*, *Queen*, and *Marie Claire*, he came to New York in 1980. He has supervised many photographic sessions for HG, collaborating on this month's feature A Touch of Gilt. Dehornois's involvement with houses may explain one of his dreams: "to be in a monk's cell after all the monks have left."



ROBERTO SELI



CHRISTOPHER MAYO

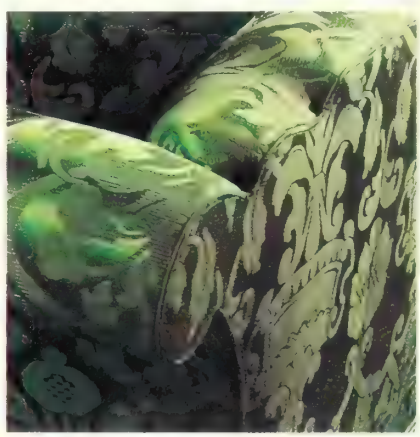
HEATHER SMITH MacISAAC

"I studied architecture but prefer to publish rather than practice it. The pace of magazines is much faster, and I am exposed to all schools of thought and an ever-changing cast of characters—architects, clients, artists, photographers," says HG architecture editor Heather Smith MacIsaac, who contributed to this month's feature on young New York architects. "The only problem with knowing so many architects is, when it comes to building my own house, how will I choose?"

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OBERTO GILI

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Contributor Christopher Hitchens will "join any club that will have me" but was refused membership at Groucho's in London. This month he writes about Eric Goode, owner of the New York club M.K. Hitchens is a columnist for *The Nation*, Washington editor for *Harper's Magazine*, and book critic for *Newsday*. His collection of essays *Prepared for the Worst* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is out this fall.



CHRISTOPHER MAKOS

PATRICIA THORPE

"The term *flower child* comes up a lot even two decades after the sixties. It's not far wrong. I've had crazy jobs, none nine to five—the only constant is flowers," admits contributor Patricia Thorpe. A gardener and a writer, Thorpe is the author of *Everlastings: The Complete Book of Dried Flowers* and *The American Weekend Garden*. She is now seeking out small backyards to fill her work in progress: *The American Cottage Garden*.



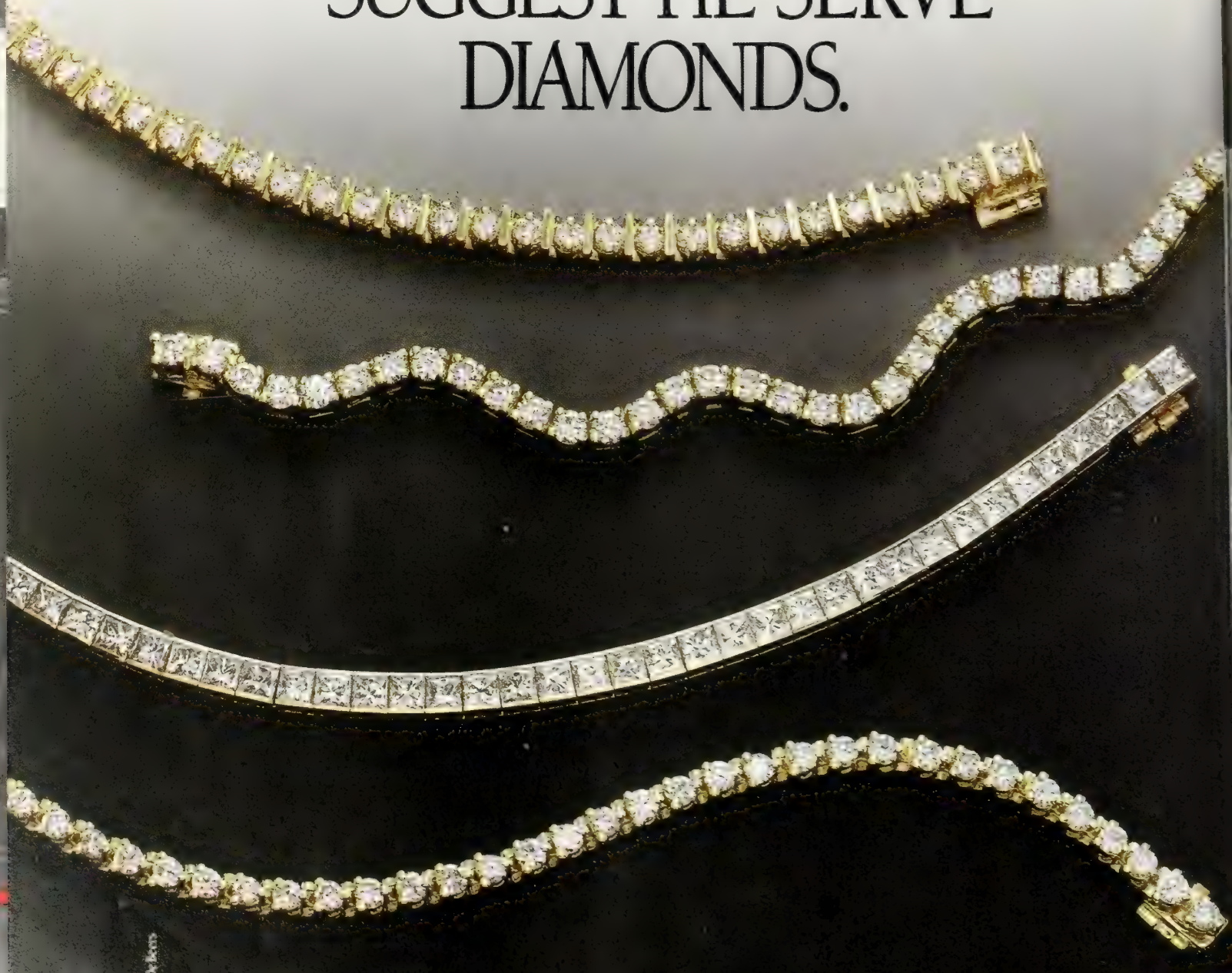
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The Chair by the Window

I don't know how many sweaters my mother's knitted while sitting in her high wingback chair, but surely enough to keep an army warm. They were all knitted for me or my father and, then, my two girls. Solitary as knitting is, Mother always prefers having someone around, which was usually me. We'd talk for hours, Mother knitting while I held the yarn, the two of us solving the world's problems and some of our own as the sun made its way across the window. Whenever I see that chair, I think of her and how lucky I am to be kept warm by her sweaters, and her love.

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COURTESY SPERONE WESTWATER GALLERY

Out of style? Sandro Chia's *Grape Drape Nape*, 1987.

All the Rage

Has art become subject to the whims of fashion? An exhibition questions the restless eye of the "collectoriate"

What will be the next thing in art? "There are to be no next things," answers Arthur Danto in his recent book *The State of the Art*. "The time for next things is past."

By now, post-post-post-everything, this comes as a shock. We have grown so used to the succession of one new movement in art after the other that to say there will be no next thing threatens to upset the applecart of the bustling art bazaar. But lately the turnover of new movements has proceeded at such a giddy rate that the whole system seems ready to drop dead with exhaustion.

Does this mean that there is no good new work being produced? Of course not. Many followers of the art world are beginning to look with favor on art that doesn't fit into this tyrannical pattern of successive movements. Perhaps it is now time to appreciate the self-reliant artists, the mavericks, who work alone and develop their art diligently over time, and leave the rich, youthful art stars to revel at the Canal Bar.

A group show called "Different Drummers" at the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, D.C., until August 14 is part of this new attitude. Organized by Frank



Gettings, a Hirshhorn curator since 1974, the exhibition presents the work of nine artists who have resolutely remained outside the main currents of postwar American art, creating their own singular and idiosyncratic styles. On view are Robert Helm, Peter Saul, Jess, Luis Jimenez, Clyde Connell, Bruce Conner, Alfred Jensen, Oyvind Fahlström, and Wallace Berman, artists who are as different from each other as they are from the mainstream. The impetus for his show was something of a protest for Gettings. He believes "there are a lot of people in the art business today who are in it just to make a lot of money. Parents tell their children 'Be an artist' the way they used to say 'Be a doctor.' "



For the first time in history there is a mass audience for fine art. More people than ever are collecting. Most of them see with their ears and buy what is fashionable. A view of art based in art history which demands a next thing is, in marketing terms, as effective as the sell-by date on the bottom of a box of doughnuts. It creates turnover but lately has encouraged triviality.



It is a system laden with peril for artists, who can be swept up as the next thing or fall from grace because their sell-by date has expired, regardless of how well their work is going on their own terms.

The latest absurd example of an artist favored and then abandoned by this system is Sandro Chia. In the early eighties he was announced as the harbinger of a new age of light to follow the darkness of the various forms of conceptualism—a painter who painted recognizable images and wrestled with European tradition. He was all over the place. Then, the gossip went, the Saatchis decided they didn't like his work anymore and sold the many Chias in their enormous collection. Chia's reputation among the "collectoriate" (as art critic Robert Hughes calls it) plummeted. Of course, all of this says more about the power of the Saatchis as bellwethers of art fashion and about the need for a next thing than about Chia's caliber as an artist.

"I'm very tired of that stereotypical view of Sandro Chia," says his dealer Angela Westwater, of the Sperone Westwater gallery in SoHo. "Sandro's career is very productive at this moment, and his work is in demand. A retrospective of his painting was at the Spoleto Festival in Italy this summer, and he's presenting new work at the central pavilion at the Venice Biennale." Try telling that to the collectoriate. Neo-Expressionism was last year's model.

This scramble for the next thing is what the dealer Wendy Olsoff of P.P.O.W. gallery in New York's East Village calls the Postmodern syndrome. If there can be no next thing, then the conduit for new ideas is closed. But the market demands new ideas. Therefore the "appropriation" art of



Highlights of the Hirshhorn's "Different Drummers" show. From top: Alfred Jensen's *My Oneness, A Universe of Colours,* 1957; Oyvind Fahlström's *Study for Green Power,* 1970; Robert Helm's *Splitting Moon,* 1987; Peter Saul's *Self,* 1987.

FROM TOP: EDWARD R. DOWNE JR. COLLECTION, NEW YORK; COURTESY GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM; PRIVATE COLLECTION, COURTESY EDWARD THORP GALLERY; PRIVATE COLLECTION, NEW YORK; COURTESY FRUMKIN/ADAMS GALLERY

art

Mike Bidlo and Sherrie Levine, in which the work of past masters is copied and set forth mediated only by the addition of a new signature, becomes a logical step to take. It's a clever but trifling way of proclaiming this death of originality, mildly scandalous and perfectly collectible. This is the legacy of Warhol, for whom art was business and business was art. "Warholism," critic Donald Kuspit says, "makes clear that we are more likely to buy in an atmosphere of contagion than one of reflection."

Robert Hughes has grown weary of this march of novelty. "I'm interested in the individual talent more and more as I get older," he says, citing the English painter Frank Auerbach about whom he is writing a book. "Auerbach lived in silence, exile, and cunning for years. Art matures slowly. No artist has benefited from poverty, but there's something to be said for steady, unpressured maturation."

Wendy Olsoff lists Leon Golub and Richard Artschwager as other artists who have matured out of the spotlight and are now genuine heavyweights on the contemporary scene. "For a long time Artschwager was not doing well compared with his peers, but now people see his importance. Golub is seen as a father figure to the many young artists doing political art," she says.

There's also something to be said for Robert Helm, who at 45 has only recently begun showing his work on the East Coast, and who is part of the Hirshhorn show. A former art professor in Pullman, Washington, Helm has been slowly making his craftsmanlike, thoughtful pieces for years without any idea of showing them until his friend, artist Ed Kienholz, suggested it. "I had twenty pieces hanging on the wall in my house at one time," Helm recalls. "Kienholz said, 'Why don't you show them to a dealer?' I thought he was just being nice." Two pieces were snapped up for last year's Whitney Biennial—not a bad start.

"Art should grow out of your own autobiography," Helm says. "It has to be good of its kind, and I think that takes a lot of time with yourself. To be really prolific isn't what I'm interested in. There's not a good relationship between heavy business involvement and a spiritual quality in art. Art should be as big and fine a thing as you can make it." **Edward Fox**

BARBARA AND EUGENE SCHWARTZ COLLECTION

Dynamic Duos

Photographers team up for innovative results

Anyone who thinks of photography as a moment of drama or beauty magically caught by the camera is likely to be bemused—if not appalled—by the new exhibition at the International Center of Photography in New York. "Two to Tango: Collaboration in Recent American Photography," on view through September 11, not only explodes the myth of the lonely photographer stalking the elusive perfect moment, it even shakes up the very idea of what a photograph is. In this show the image is torn up and taped back together, as in the work of the Starn Twins, manipulated by computer by Ed Hill and Suzanne Bloom (known as MANUAL), or is gently mocked, as in the "corporate" portraits of Clegg and Guttmann. These and nine other collaborations form a provocative challenge to convention. **Michael Boodro**



Double image and collaborative collage meet in the Starn Twins' *Double Portrait*, 1987.

Art Listings

It seems just about everyone is getting into glasnost this summer. Through September 18 the National Gallery in London will host **French Paintings from the USSR: Watteau to Matisse.** Drawn from the extensive collections of the Hermitage and Pushkin museums are works by such masters as Boucher, Fragonard, Renoir, Picasso, and Gauguin. Meanwhile, at the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington, D.C., **Russian and Soviet Paintings, 1900–1930** celebrates the Russian avant-garde, including Expressionism, Constructivism, Suprematism, and Cubo-Futurism, with ninety examples by artists such as Kandinsky, Malevich, and Chagall. It's on view through September 25. Both are musts for summer travelers who haven't yet made it past the Iron Curtain.

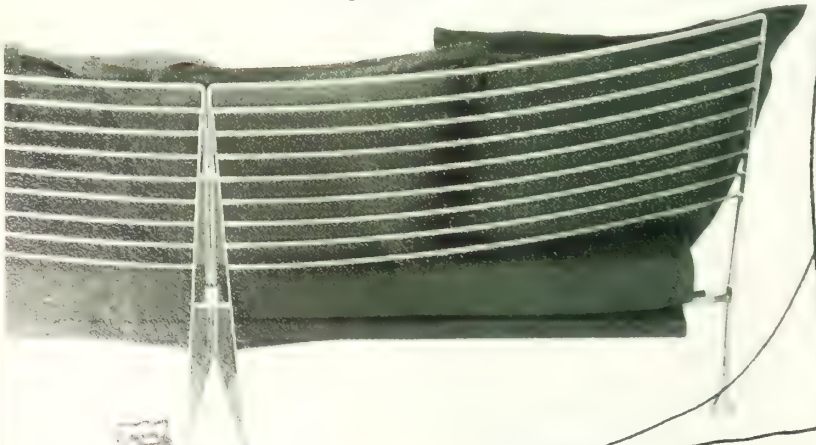
Attenuated and even grotesque forms abound in **Mannerist Prints: International Style in the Sixteenth Century,** at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art July 28–October 9. This selection of 148 engravings, etchings, and woodcuts from the museum's collection of over six hundred Mannerist prints features the work of Parmigianino, Giorgio Ghisi, and Hendrik Goltzius. Among the forty objects in **Art Nouveau in France** are a mirror decorated with a relief by Rodin, a Carlo Bugatti tea set, Lalique jewelry, and Toulouse-Lautrec posters. This delightful look at turn-of-the-century French design is at the Cleveland Museum of Art through November 20. **A. Glenn Harrell**

design



PASCAL CHEVALLIER

Pascal Mourgue, above, outside his studio with elements of his new table series. Below: His Ikmissou sofa. Right: His drawing for the adjustable aluminum-and-glass Mémoire du Soir lamp.



Pascal's Pensées

An innovative Parisian brings fresh meaning to the term "fine French furnitu

Uncle Pierre was a famous illustrator in the twenties and thirties, best known in this country for his *Vogue* covers. Brother Olivier achieved considerable repute during the late sixties and early seventies as the author of what were then considered daring furniture pieces. Now it seems that yet another member of the Mourgue family is easing his way into the spotlight.

Although Pascal Mourgue has been successfully producing furniture since the seventies, his work has been consistently regarded as more than respectable but less than remarkable. Recently, however, the younger Mourgue seems to have found his muse.

Last January at the Salon du Meuble in Paris, Mourgue unveiled a remarkably diverse—and remarkably large—collection of furniture and lighting designs for no fewer than seven manufacturers. Mourgue's pieces range from the *très japonais* Paris Yeu wooden storage unit series for Scarabat to the delicate aluminum-and-plastic Belle de Nuit lighting collection for K. L. Luminaires.

Not one to rest on his newly acquired laurels, Mourgue will introduce still another new collection on October 6 at Furniture of the Twentieth Century in New York. Responding to an invitation from company owner Michael Steinberg, the busy Parisian has designed a series of molded-glass tables punched full of holes so that whimsical little banners, hands, and gilt men can be fitted in. There's a tinge of the surreal about Mourgue's domestic landscapes. They, like he, are guaranteed conversation pieces.

Charles Gandee



LOU SALVATORI

Umemoto and Reiser with their playful garden contraption.

Swing Time

Two young architects create a high-tech garden folly that adjusts to wind and whim

Chaise longues don't usually resemble jungle gyms. Try telling that to New York–based architect Jesse Reiser and his partner Nanako Umemoto who have created an aluminum and steel object that appears to be a little of each. Their *Métier à Aubes,* recently exhibited at two SoHo galleries, is part of a large landscape project on Sands Point, Long Island.

Reiser describes the piece as "one element, a folly I suppose, that you encounter along a labyrinth that takes you through the garden." While Umemoto struggles with a heavy operating handle—the work's token "found object" from a workshop in Brooklyn—at the foot of the assemblage, Reiser tells animatedly of calculating the exact curve of the upper frame necessary for the chaise to rotate fully from an upright to a reclining position—"just like a marionette."

The relationships between the other parts aren't so clearly defined; the connection between the mini-paddle wheel and the back side of cascading vents is "a spiritual one," says Reiser. The paddle's five plates are punctured in a pattern of tiny holes so that it spins wormlike shadows. The vertically-layered vents can be opened or shut manually.

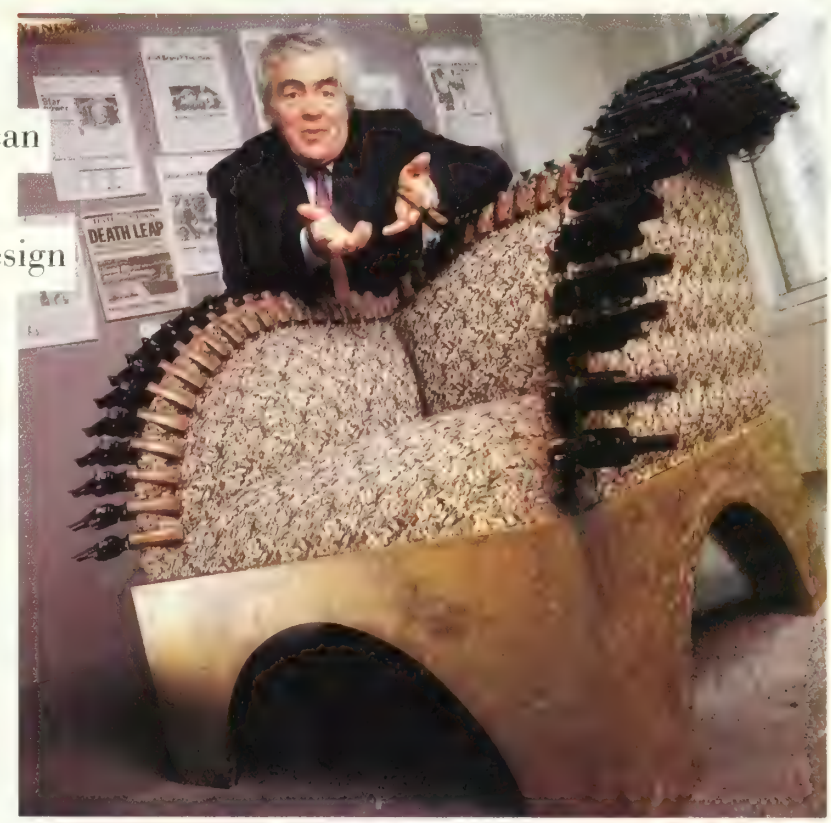
The piece, Reiser explains, is the "only fabricated element in an artificially created natural environment."

A. Glenn Harrell

Chair of the Month

Jimmy Breslin proves he can shoot straight as he goes gunning for a modern design

This is the third most revolting chair I have seen in my life. The first was Old Thunderbolt, which was the first electric chair used at the prison in Huntsville, Texas. It was sold at auction to two antiques dealers from Denver. The feature was the blond sear mark halfway down the back of the chair, made when a dwarf's hair caught fire during his execution. The second ugliest chair was the one atop Murder Inc. gangster Happy Maione's casket in East New York. He was electrocuted in Sing Sing prison, and the guys had a florist make a big electric chair out of brown flowers. This chair, made at a time when we have almost two thousand murders a year in New York, is clearly in the same league.

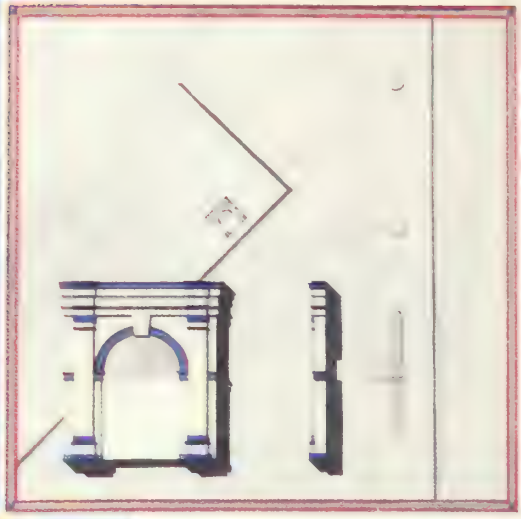


MARK SELIGER

Jimmy Breslin leans on Paul Ludick's *Arms Chair* of wood, fabric, and toy guns (caps included), $4,200. Available at Art et Industrie, NYC.



GWENDOLEN CATES



STANLEY TIGERMAN ASSISTED BY MELANEY THOMPSON HENI STRATTON

Windy City architect Stanley Tigerman, left, designed the installation for "Chicago Architecture, 1872–1922" and cuff links to match, above.

Chicago Homecoming

After a tour through Europe, an exhibition on Chicago architecture returns home to the shores of Lake Michigan

Odd that the curators at the Art Institute of Chicago would spend eight years assembling a monumental exhibition on the architecture of the Windy City, "Chicago Architecture, 1872–1922: Birth of a Metropolis," and then pack the whole thing off for consecutive stints at the Musée d'Orsay in Paris and the Deutsches Architekturmuseum in Frankfurt. "It's better to open out of town," explains Stanley Tigerman, the architect responsible for designing the installation in Chicago. "That way you arrive home in a blaze of glory." No other reason? "Well, Chicago architecture of the period does have its antecedents in France and Germany."

Tigerman has planned a memorable homecoming for the show, July 16–September 5, at the Art Institute. His installation takes visitors on a chronological walk through the city beginning the day after the Great Fire of 1871 and ending with the Chicago Tribune tower competition of 1922. Tigerman also elected to pay homage to the city's architectural forefathers in freestanding structures he designed in the manner of Louis Sullivan, Daniel Burnham, and Frank Lloyd Wright. He then repeated the architectural motifs in a line of commemorative jewelry which, he explains, is "very commercial, very Chicago."

Charles Gandee

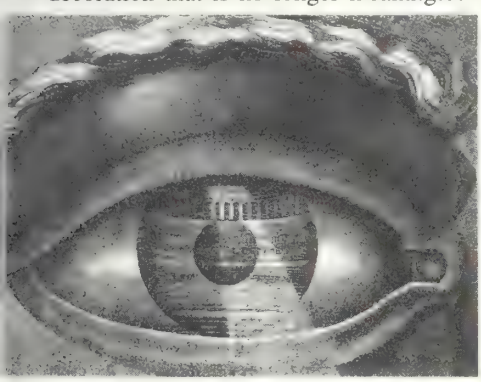
Back to the Salt Works

Ledoux's ideal city at Chaux will come alive with a provocative museum



SERGE HAMBOURG (2)

No architect of the past has had a stronger effect on high-style building design in the 1980s than the French visionary Claude Nicolas Ledoux (1736–1806). Michael Graves, Arata Isozaki, and Philip Johnson are all indebted to Ledoux for his massive but simplified Classicism, inventive but clear geometry, and dignified but daring sense of architectural play. "His designs have a spirit and energy that allow us to see them as models of architecture and not just specific buildings," explains Graves. "He's also interesting to me because he excludes decoration that is no longer meaningful or appropriate to his society or ours."



Ledoux's symbolic view, above, of his theater at Besançon. Below: At Chaux, a salt factory and the director's house. Top right: The future Ledoux museum.

For Graves's Clos Pegase winery in the Napa Valley, he devised a series of templelike farm buildings close in form and proportion to Ledoux's masterpiece, the Royal Salt Works of Chaux. Begun in 1773, that ideal city is one of the marvels of Enlightenment town planning. Now the last of Chaux's unrestored buildings is being converted into a Ledoux museum and study center, scheduled to open next year. Architect and historian Anthony Vidler of Princeton University is responsible for renovating the old barrel maker's building and the creation of new exhibits within it. Three-dimensional mock-ups of Ledoux's many unbuilt schemes will merge with the sublime structural surrounding. Vidler foresees a "dynamic museum with analytical displays in which the architecture and models are fully integrated. You won't find Ledoux's compass in a glass case. It will be a place for everyone—serious scholars, tour groups, and casual visitors—a didactic but enjoyable show that won't self-destruct."

If anything, Ledoux's influence is likely to increase during the bicentennial of the French Revolution in 1989. Ironically, though Ledoux epitomizes the architectural overthrow of the ancien régime, he was tossed into jail during the Terror for his prior royal patronage, and his career came to a virtual end. Ledoux is just as closely associated with the Postmodernists' rebellion against Modernism. When Arata Isozaki reused Ledoux's squared-off rusticated columns from Chaux (above and below right) for his Tsukuba Civic Center in Japan or when Philip Johnson and John Burgee went whole hog by replicating the unbuilt House of Education at Chaux as their University of Houston College of Architecture, the message was clear. At a time when building for the ages can seem laughably pompous, Ledoux's work is a talisman against time, looking back as well as ahead while remaining in the perpetual present.

Martin Filler



Capitol Gains

For its 200th birthday, Australia gives itself a new seat of government

Rarest of all building types is a national capitol, so it is no exaggeration to call Australia's new Parliament House the architectural opportunity of a lifetime. Dedicated in May by Queen Elizabeth II as part of the country's bicentennial celebrations, the $950 million structure crowning Canberra's Capital Hill was designed by the American architects Mitchell/Giurgola with their Australian partner Richard Thorp. Although the choice of non-Australians for such a prestigious symbol of nationhood might seem surprising, it in fact follows a tradition begun when the American architect Walter Burley Griffin laid out the city itself in 1911.

The scale of Parliament House is massive, but its spirit is restrained, balancing modern elements (such as a gigantic four-legged flag mast) and simplified Classical forms (such as colonnades). Materials are similarly mixed: marble and concrete, gilt and steel. But the scheme lacks the emotional force of Le Corbusier's capitol at Chandigarh in India or Louis Kahn's at Dacca in Bangladesh, which better demonstrates how governmental power can be expressed in modern terms. **M.F.**





JOHN GOLLINGS (3)

At the new Parliament House in Canberra, the curving Great Verandah, below. Right: Cast-stone panels mixed with marble. Far right: High-tech roof covers Verandah.



Pioneer Career

Although American women have made tremendous progress in the professions, only in this generation are they becoming architects in significant numbers. Mother of them all is Julia Morgan (1872–1957). First of her sex to take an architecture degree from the École des Beaux-Arts, this doughty San Franciscan achieved much besides the most famous of her seven hundred built works—San Simeon, the Hearst castle near San Luis Obispo, California (its mosaic indoor pool, left). The first full-scale study, *Julia Morgan, Architect* (Abbeville, $55) by Sara Holmes Boutelle, relates the struggles Morgan faced in establishing her credibility as well as her role in forging the distinctive Bay Area style. **M.F.**



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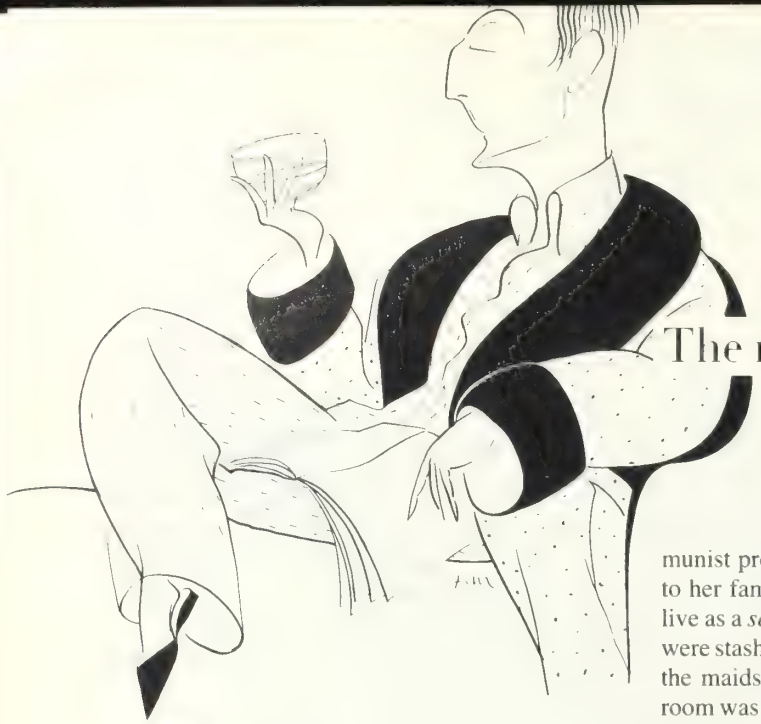
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The Best Mess

The rich aren't just sloppy. They make disarray an art, says **Paul Rudnick**

The rich are different from you and me—they're slobs. One of the many pleasures of wealth is the license to live without dusting and not be blamed. The English Country Look consists of a coherent jumble of fine antiques, a comely explosion of chintz upon chintz. There is indeed a U.S. equivalent in the homes of the well-to-do—American squalor, clutter deluxe, the very best mess.

Wealthy American men, when single, live in dorm room–inspired hovels. I knew a multimillionaire, a fabled screenwriter, who lived in eight rooms in a grand building beside the Hayden Planetarium. This completely charming gent, age 46, had owned his place for over six years, yet it was still furnished entirely with rickety beach furniture from Conran's, squash racket covers, plastic garbage pails in every room, and a few lumpish upholstered pieces from his parents' home. Bachelor squalor is an international tradition; marriage is considered not as a matter of companionship but as a method of buying rugs.

Anyone can be messy, but it requires a diva to file used TV dinner trays with the collected Dickens

American women, it has been my experience, live amid by far the most creative debris. I met a young woman in college and was invited to the family duplex, a penthouse with a view over Central Park from a terrace running the length of the building. My hostess was feuding with her parents. In anger she had moved into one of the abandoned maids' rooms. This was some sort of Communist protest. Miranda would not be party to her family's bourgeois antics; she would live as a *servant*. The four tiny maids' rooms were stashed behind a five-foot-high door, so the maids had to stoop to enter. Miranda's room was about four by six feet; it was decorated as if a fire had swept through and the room had been hosed down. All of Miranda's bedding, books, and clothing were jammed into a single corner, in desperate retreat from the penthouse's chandeliers and armoires.

Miranda soon moved to Hoboken, where she now lives in what can only be called a maze. Her place is a railroad flat and each room is mounded with neatly arranged rubble. Miranda imagines that she isn't messy because everything teeters in piles. Piles of *The New York Times Magazine*, dating from 1975; piles of mountain-climbing rope, found on the street; piles of yearbooks from high schools Miranda did not attend. Miranda is a pack rat, a Collier brother. Visiting her is a treat, not unlike a tour through Pompeii.

Sally, like Miranda, pursues clutter as a partial protest against a polite upbringing. Sally, who occupies an entire brownstone, nests in a blizzard of paper. She is a wildly successful editor, but things get away from her. One sifts through her rooms, through wedding invitations layered on fourth-draft manuscript pages heaped upon souvenir programs from ABT galas. Sally's place resembles the post office after an earthquake; diving in, one can pluck out phone-disconnection notices, uncashed checks, summonses for jury duty, all of the obligations Sally has wisely chosen not to cope with.

Sally also has a highly personal technique for wardrobe management. She buys only the best—Calvin Klein silks, cashmere from Bonwit's, Charles Jourdan pumps. But she does not approve of these clothes because her mother would like them, because they inhib it. Before wearing any luxury item, there fore, she rolls up the blouse or cardigan o camisole and stows it under the bed for month or so, to gather lint and expressiv creases. Finally the garment is fit to wear Sally's fashions have both quality and char acter, and her outfits enchant.

Sally and Miranda are both paper-messy their abodes are ramshackle but dry. Grace however, owns a true greenhouse, a place where everything, from first editions to blenders, has something unidentifiable growing on it. Grace is stunningly beautiful and a sublime poet, but perhaps her greatest gift, her genius, is for disarray.

Grace had been ensconced in the Village, and Aunt Margaret had fretted; she wanted her niece in a doorman building. Aunt Margaret forthwith bought Grace a co-op on Sutton Place. This act defines love as we know it. I have known Grace for years and she has never ceased to astonish; she once packed away books for the summer in a grad school storeroom. She somehow managed to seal the cartons with honey.

Grace once decided to line an apartment with fabric; together she and I attached yards of gauze to her walls with double-sided tape. That night the tape gave and the gauze fell in heaps, heaps which remained untouched for two years, until Grace moved. Grace is too bright and too active for dry cleaning; every few years she simply throws out all her clothes and spends a restless day shopping.

Workmen were once renovating her current address; with Grace, it is always a hard call as to what is a drop cloth and what is a permanent addition. The workmen, painting the bedroom, hoisted her bed. The linens rolled back and a head of cabbage peeked out. A vintage head of cabbage. Idling at Grace's quarters, I once toasted myself an English muffin; I finally located a stick of margarine in a high-heeled shoe. To this day that margarine transfixes me. Did it fall and was then forgotten? Did she store the marga-

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rine in her footwear, as a filing system? I did not ask; I prefer mystery. Grace's housekeeping habits strike me as poetry, as true performance art. Anyone can be messy, but it requires a diva, a true original, to file used TV dinner trays with the collected Dickens.

I don't trust neat people—what are they hiding beneath those gleaming plank floors, behind those color-indexed, symmetrically stacked sweaters?

Neat people are so highly strung that I worry about them. A neatnik had recurrent nightmares over the placement of her loft's sole piece of furniture, that one perfect priceless Biedermeier armchair. "It has to be happy," she whimpered. A dear friend returned home to his spotless apartment, a Hall of Mirrors that has never known a fingerprint or streak. A single sheet of blank typing paper had somehow drifted onto a sparkling glass table-

My house will be tidy at some point—after I'm married, after I come back from Rome, after I'm dead

top. "I can't live like this!" the obsessive howled, aghast at the filth.

I prefer the casual, the folks with better things to do, the citizens who buy a vacuum and then bury it. I like tenants who operate on the mañana principle, on canny postponement: "My house will be tidy at some point in the future—after I'm married, after I come back from Rome, after I remember to get that nice woman's name from my friend Beth, after I'm dead."

I do not fault Miranda or Sally or Grace; they are my role models. And perhaps my inferiors because I, although not wealthy, am no slouch at disorder (and isn't that a kind word for it?). Several years back my apartment was burglarized by an extremely inept felon. He was arrested on the premises by a good-natured policeman. I was not home at the time. While the officer was handcuffing the burglar the phone rang, and the officer picked up the receiver. My mother was calling. The officer explained what had occurred. He told my mother, an extremely clean person, that the burglar had turned my apartment upside down, that the place had been ransacked, that "it looks like a tornado came through here." My mother was duly upset and contacted me with the sad news. I returned home later that night; the apartment was just as I'd left it. ♠

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Portable Television

Today's megabook is tomorrow's miniseries. **Lewis Grossberger** tunes in five sagas sure to turn up on the tube

In Dominick Dunne's new novel two writers have this exchange:

"I liked your new book, Nestor," said Gus. "It'll make a terrific movie."

"They don't make movies of books anymore, Gus. They make miniseries of books."

Dunne ought to know: **People Like Us** (Crown, $19.95) has been sold to NBC to be turned into a miniseries.

There was a time when the purpose of a book was to be read. But now what every young book hopes to become when it grows up is a property—a valuable commodity that excites great interest in the entertainment business and then profitably reincarnates itself. If it doesn't become at least a TV movie, it feels unfulfilled.

Some of us still read, of course, but I have this problem with books destined for the TV factory: I can't keep my mind on the story. I keep worrying about things like casting. Which roles here are right for Stacy Keach and Jane Seymour? Or might there even be one for the king of the miniseries himself, Richard Chamberlain?

And then there's the ultimate question—why even bother slogging through five hundred inanimate pages when I can wait awhile and see the thing leap to life in my living room with the Alps in the background and naked actors in the foreground?

This then is the dilemma we face in the era of the telebook. To read? To watch? To (for masochists only) double dip? Or (usually the best choice) to snub altogether? Five new telebooks are at hand, demanding answers.

Two of them, Dunne's *People Like Us* and Edward Stewart's **Privileged Lives** (Delacorte, $18.95), take us into one of television's favorite worlds, that of very rich people with very sloppy morals.

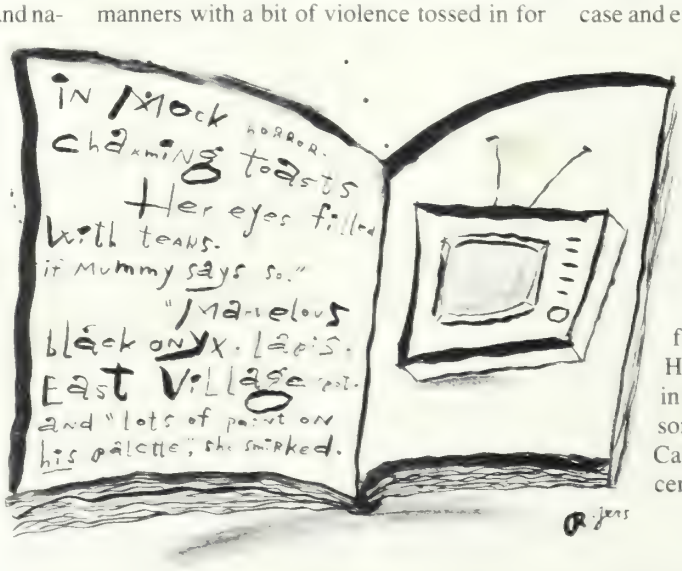
Both have received plenty of publicity and both contain characters modeled after real people. Claus von Bülow, for instance, should find these works interesting. (It looks as if he is going to have quite a literary career, though not as a writer.) Dunne has also based a character on himself: a society writer whose daughter was murdered and who is understandably bitter about the killer's light sentence.

The promise of haut monde best-sellers is to whisk us into blue-blood country and show us all the dirty secrets. The trouble is that after a decade of having the Rich & Greedy served up to us in newspapers, magazines, movies, *Dynasty* and *Dallas*, we already know the secrets. Fancy restaurants save the front room for the Right People? No kidding. Leveraged buyouts, Cartier watches, insider trading, Turnbull & Asser shirts, eighteenth-century French desks with ormolu-encrusted surfaces—we've heard about all that. Even the inside gossip grows repetitious. Both authors here have characters spreading the rumor that the Duchess of Windsor was really a man. (How come her TV movie never mentioned that?)

The role cries out for Chamberlain—hair dyed, walking on his knees—shazam! Instant Picasso!

People Like Us is basically a comedy of manners with a bit of violence tossed in for flavor. Dunne gets comic mileage out of the snobbery of society types, their obsession with gossip about each other, their distaste for the nouveau riche. He has fun with Elias Renthal, a crude deal-making billionaire who wears loud suits, combs his hair in public, and appalls the upper crusties by actually eating his food, while his social-climbing wife toils desperately to reform him. Much of this stuff seems obvious and has the misfortune of following Tom Wolfe's *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, which dissected New York social pretensions with lethal wit.

Also set in high society, *Privileged Lives* is a suspense thriller and the style is Modern Understated Stark Dramatic. Heiress and socialite Babe Devens wakes up from a suspicious seven-year coma, which everyone believes was induced by her husband. (Babe will make a wonderful part for Jaclyn Smith, who has a head start when it comes to playing a coma victim.) A police detective investigating the kinky murder of a man in a leather bondage mask—reminiscent of a real case that shook up the New York art world—gets mixed up in her case and everything inexorably flows together. The jaded rich take drugs, attend a nasty sex club, and are generally decadent and detestable. (The author comes from an old-money background and takes a dim view of his class.) *Privileged Lives* promises more sex and violence than it delivers. It goes on for a very long time.



Now things become a little confusing. Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington sounds like a character in a miniseries, but she is a real person who wrote a best-seller on Maria Callas, who was a character in the recent Onassis miniseries. And her lat-

est epic is **Picasso: Creator and Destroyer** (Simon and Schuster, $22.95).

Now here is the one that could be a miniseries for the ages, the property that cries out for King Richard. (He dyes his hair black, he walks on his knees—shazam! Instant Pablo!) So wouldn't you know that the late word from Hollywood is that *Picasso* will now be a feature film? Surely they will see the light and switch it back to its proper medium.

The book is a rather shrill debunking of the most celebrated artist of the century. Picasso is portrayed as a monster, a sadistic manipulator who betrayed his friends and systematically humiliated and destroyed his numerous wives and mistresses. At one point Huffington calls him a hyena. Nor does Picasso's work escape attack.

But what a miniseries this would make! There is scandalous sex (including a fling with a gypsy boy and a seduction of an underage girl in a children's camp), fabulous European locations, historical-celebrity cameos galore (Matisse, Braque, Proust, Chanel, Stravinsky, Gertrude Stein, and John Maynard Keynes, among others), and an exuberant lifestyle that ranged from raffish bohemian to celebrity millionaire.

There are scenes that could be trashy television classics. Imagine watching Picasso goading two of his mistresses into a fistfight in his studio while working on *Guernica*.

One of the greatest boons to the miniseries is historical fiction, which provides not only exotic drama but also the opportunity to take preposterous liberties with famous people who are in no position to sue. Emily Hanlon's **Petersburg** (G.P. Putnam's Sons, $19.95) will enable some lucky network or syndicator to whip up a juicy Russian revolutionary extravaganza full of sexy young actors in fur hats running around and seducing one another while tossing bombs at the czar.

Petersburg contains some very bad writing. There are anachronisms—a character calls Czar Nicholas airheaded. And there is the problem of clogged exposition which so often plagues the genre:

" 'Plehve.' Alexei grimaced at the mention of the boldly reactionary Minister of Interior, whose recent unleashing of a pogrom against the Jews in the town of Kishinev had gone far to damage Russia's image internationally.

" 'Plehve and his cohort, Yermolov.' Witte began pacing at the mention of Leonti Yermolov, head of the Okhrana, the Czar's powerful secret police force."

I don't know how Norma Klein's **That's My Baby** (Viking, $16.95) managed a television sale with all these high-powered colossuses. This is a short, simple, modest first-person novel about a New York teenage egghead and his love affair with a slightly older married woman.

Paul Gold is a high-school student and budding playwright who lives with his divorced father. He writes a roman à clef school play that causes complications with his ex-girlfriend. And he has that affair with a married neighbor which ends after she gets pregnant. Her husband never finds out about Paul. No one takes drugs or gets shot or goes insane, which is all right with me. There's nothing terribly wrong with *That's My Baby*. It just isn't arresting or memorable.

But it's perfect for an earnest and inoffensive little television movie featuring some young unknown actors who some day, with luck, hard work, and determination may become the Chamberlains and Seymours of their generation and end up in big-budget miniseries all about kinky sex, drugs, and murder among the seriously rich. ▲

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Anatolian Odyssey

John Richardson finds the perfect port for exploring the Aegean Sea



On the death of Mausolus (353 B.C.), satrap and tyrant of Halicarnassus, such a gargantuan tomb was erected that it became known as one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world. These days Halicarnassus is called Bodrum, and thanks to thirteenth-century earthquakes and fourteenth-century crusaders, the mausoleum, once as tall as a twenty-story building, is no more than a hole in the ground. However, walk the few hundred yards from the original site to the sea, and you will come upon traces of it: a handsome Ottoman mansion built of mausolean masonry. Known as Aga Konak, this house now belongs to Ahmet Ertegün, satrap though not yet tyrant, of Atlantic Records.

When Ahmet and his wife, Mica, first discovered this house—actually two houses linked by a kitchen—it was virtually a ruin. Nevertheless, the Ertegüns decided to buy Aga Konak. And over the years Mica has turned the ruin into an elegant pleasure dome—the latest additions are lavish quarters for guests and servants—comfortable to the point of luxury yet traditionally Ottoman in charm and style.

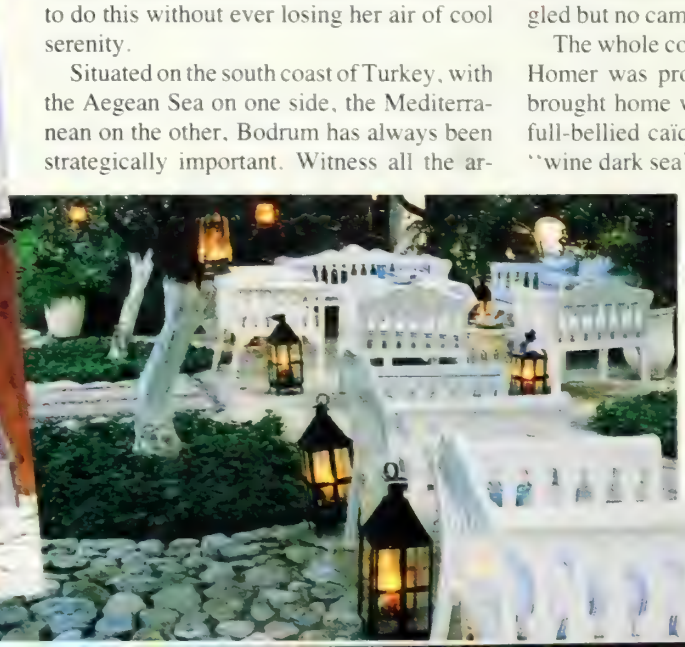
A move to this idyllic house involves a total change in the owners' way of life. Back in New York, Ahmet Ertegün—son of a former Turkish ambassador to the U.S.—has won fame as a principal impresario of pop music as well as a leading authority on jazz. When he returns to his native Turkey, however, Ahmet reverts to being a courtly pasha, an ardent spokesman for his country of which he is immensely proud. His wife, Rumanian by birth, likewise leads a different life in Bodrum. One might think that this busy interior designer—she is a partner in MAC II—with her crowded social schedule would be tempted to take a well-deserved rest. Not at all. She devotes herself to running a house the size of a small hotel—there are now ten guest suites—and ensuring that her exigent friends are never bored. Trust Mica to do this without ever losing her air of cool serenity.



Situated on the south coast of Turkey, with the Aegean Sea on one side, the Mediterranean on the other, Bodrum has always been strategically important. Witness all the archaeological sites in the vicinity: enough to exhaust the most conscientious sightseer. These sites confirm that the city was once at the very hub of Classical civilization. For instance, Cnidus, sacred to the cult of Aphrodite, is only a few miles to the south. Farther to the north are the spectacular ruins of Ephesus, site of yet another wonder of the ancient world, the temple of Artemis. Fifteen years ago you could sneak in and watch shepherds cook up hashish in the moonlit ruins. No longer: pressure from America has effected a cleanup. Yet odd things still happen there. A year or two back, after touring the ruins, I was amazed to be offered a herd—or should one say string?—of camels in exchange for one of my traveling companions. I duly haggled but no camels materialized.

The whole coast seethes with legend. That Homer was probably born not far away is brought home whenever we board Ahmet's full-bellied caïque, *Miss Leyla*, and sail the "wine dark sea" of Odysseus. Myths are al-







Inspired oasis: A caravan of camels, top, passes beneath the walls of Aga Konak. Center: A sample of Turkish calligraphy from the Ertegüns' collection. Far left: Mica and Ahmet aboard *Miss Leyla*. Left: The garden furniture, designed by Mica Ertegün.



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ways coming alive. For example, the bay just outside Bodrum harbor is where Hermaphroditus, son of Aphrodite and Hermes, is said to have bathed—much to the chagrin of Salmacis, the local nymph whom he spurned. When the frustrated nymph invoked divine help, the gods had the droll notion of uniting Salmacis and the boy she fancied in one body. Hence the word *hermaphrodite;* hence, too, the androgynous figures who still gravitate toward a funky little bar on this funky little beach.

So much for legend. History, too, was born at Halicarnassus in the person of Herodotus, the first historian and the man who enables us to interpret the crumbs of history that litter this hallowed area. If the Ertegüns' gardener cannot plant an oleander without unearthing a shard, it is largely because Alexander the Great besieged and sacked this city at the outset of his anti-Persian campaign. Besides Greeks, Egyptians and Romans left their mark, followed in the Middle Ages by crusaders: the noble Knights of Saint John of Jerusalem who vandalized what was left of the mausoleum and used the rubble for their fortifications.

Back, however, to the Ertegüns' boat. Every morning Ahmet Bey takes us to a different beach or cove, identifiable only by the name of the friend who covets it. Just before we arrive, the crew serve meze (hors d'oeuvres)—balik yumurtasi (salted roe of gray mullet), hummus, baba ghanouj, tarama salata, and very fresh, very delicious garlic—which we wash down with local wine, raki, or, my favorite, ayran, that cooling Turkish drink made of yogurt diluted with ice water and a pinch of salt.

Turkish waters are clear and unpolluted. None of us can resist their emerald lure. Lithe and flippered, Mary McFadden swims round a nearby island; Patty Cisneros throws an offending chair nonchalantly overboard and dives in after it. I swim ashore and come upon a ruined hut: should I end my days here tending a grove of liquidambar trees? Alas, only Club Med can afford access to such inaccessible land. The aroma of grilling fish entices swimmers back on board.

Back in Bodrum after a drowsy homeward trip, we go marketing for green almonds or rose-petal jam, Bessarabian rugs or antique caftans; we have cotton pants made overnight for five or six dollars and sandals by the local Lobb; we inspect the yachts in the harbor or work off lunchtime excesses in the immemorial darkness of the hammam. And then as the muezzin calls the faithful to evening prayers, we make our way back to Mica's cool white house—its cool white walls hung with Ottoman calligraphy, its cool gray marble floors set with faded kilims.

As dusk falls, maids hang the orange and pomegranate trees with flickering lanterns; more maids (Mica has seven) set the garden tables with dishes of Turkish caviar, whereupon guests materialize from their rooms as if summoned by bells. There is much competition as to caftans, and much heated discussion as to who bought what that afternoon, until dinner is announced. With luck it will be served on the rooftop terrace so that we can look across the harbor at the floodlit castle. And when it is time for dessert, likely as not a belly dancer will appear and start circling the table, agitating her veils and finger cymbals. Last summer we were treated to an especially pneumatic performer, supple as an electric eel. After watching her great belly go into spasms, I swore off baklava for life. ♠



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Hunting the Past

They're architects with a taste for antiques.

Suzanne Stephens visits with Robert and Mary Raley



JEAN PAGLIUSO











DUANE MICHALS (5)

Collecting antiques has two major haz ards. You can end up with a hous stuffed like a flea market ready to ope for business. Or if you try to give th whole enterprise some order and discipline you may find yourself semiembalmed i rooms straight out of the nearest museum.

Robert and Mary Raley have not suc cumbed to either extreme: "We only collec with a definite purpose in mind," offers Rob ert. "There's no danger we'll become lik William Randolph Hearst," he laughs, al luding to the staggering collection of Europe an architectural fragments and fittings tha was too vast even to fit into San Simeon. Nevertheless, the Raleys, who are both ar chitects, are determined collectors and have filled every corner and crevice of their home in New Castle County, Delaware, with a well-chosen array of exquisitely crafted an tiques and decorative objects, much of i made in New England and the mid-Atlantic states between the seventeenth and nine teenth centuries. A casually cluttered quality prevails, avoiding what Mary Raley says is the local tendency "to make every house look like a miniature Winterthur."

There is little likelihood that the Raleys house, sitting in a pine forest, would be mis taken for even a miniaturized version of Hen ry F. du Pont's former home. From the outside it is very simple. In fact, it is made of logs. But although it dates to 1740, the house is hardly like the dirt-floored, one-room log cabins typical of pioneer days. It is three sto ries high with interior walls and many ceil ings smoothed out by a plaster finish. Large pine planks surface the floors; chair rails line the walls. Robert Raley found the house

Counterclockwise from top: Robert Raley at hom in New Castle County, Delaware. In the pantry a Pennsylvania walnut cabinet is filled with Wedgwood and Leeds creamware. In the living room 18th-century French candlesticks and clock sit on a Federal-period New York desk. An 18th century New England highboy holds Nanking ch The Pennsylvania German guest room. The log house, built in 1740.


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COLLECTING

bout twenty years ago near Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. It lay n the path of a proposed highway, its ignominious fate a fore-gone conclusion: "I could have it for free as long as I carted it way," Raley relates, not elaborating much on the arduous task head of dismantling, packing, moving, and rebuilding this tructure. Then the Raleys found a basic log cabin built by Swed-sh settlers nearby. This second addition to their "house collec-ion" has been cozied up by quilts, rustic furniture, and issues of *Country Life*, ready for the many guests who book in year-round.

In surveying the contents of the main house, one quickly be-comes aware of the Raleys' penchant for American antiques. In he living room brass-inlaid mahogany chairs made in Boston circa 1800 rivet the eye. Upstairs in the dressing room a carved-nd-gilded mahogany bed by New York cabinetmaker Charles Honoré Lannuier offers a further reminder that this collection is ot just odds and ends picked up on Saturday outings. Yet the otal ensemble avoids the doctrinaire: an exotic mixture of furni-ure and decorative objects, including a French Directoire glass nd silk-paneled screen, a giltwood Irish mirror dating to 1790, nd a marble-top Louis XVI console dessert, counters such rig-orousness. "Washington and Jefferson also mixed pieces that were both local and Continental," Robert Raley points out.

"We had planned to have only contemporary things. We just backed into this"

People who collect are interesting to watch. They can quickly size up the situation, swooping down on the real thing in a matter of minutes. Robert and Mary Raley belong in this category of experienced hunters whose knowledge, keen eye, and intuition help to ferret out the elusive object. "Robert and I realized our inclinations were similar when we were engaged," Mary Raley recalls. "We each put a hold on the same Modigliani drawing in a Philadelphia gallery before we had a chance to tell the other." Now additional paintings and drawings by Matisse, Signac, Rodin, Ingres, and Marsden Hartley offer further elegant testaments to a mutual sensibility.

The Raleys have more than taste in common. Both studied architecture at the University of Pennsylvania in the 1950s during the heyday of Modernism; thirty-five years ago, when they were married, highly desired household items for respectable architects were the Mies van der Rohe Barcelona chair, Le Corbusier's chaise longue, and other similar Bauhaus-inspired pieces. But both Robert and Mary had inherited a few antiques, and building on an older foundation seemed the more sensible option. "We had planned to have only contemporary things," Robert half apologizes for this blatant display of antiquarianism. "We just backed into this."

Although both of the Raleys' architectural practices are active (restoration work has become a specialty for Robert, while Mary prefers to stick with house additions), they have had time to renovate and furnish a complex of three small cottages built between 1820 and 1840 in Harrisville, New Hampshire, for their own use. The interiors are being fitted with Shaker, American Empire, and late-eighteenth-century furniture. "The looking is endless," Raley admits, making sure he scours not only New England but New York and Pennsylvania as well. There will be more antiques shops to comb, estate sales and auctions to cover. The hunt is on. ♠



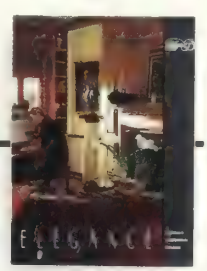
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A Word to the Weeds

Patricia Thorpe considers the unglamorous and unavoidable side of gardening

There was a theory around here once that houseguests could learn to weed. It was a natural but somewhat optimistic assumption. Weeds and houseguests reach their peak at the same time, and both seem to be all that stands between you and peace and quiet and the perfect garden.



The houseguests professed to be willing, at least until that moment when they stood before some of my more riotous plantings. Then they balked. Eyeing the verbascum, salvia, and oenothera with suspicion, they asked why I didn't grow flowers that *looked* like flowers. They would be perfectly happy weeding a real garden—why didn't I plant things in rows? Well, I knew they had me on that one; there are probably not three plants in a straight line in the whole hundred and fifty acres. But sooner or later we all have to face the deeper truth of the houseguests' complaints: it is almost impossible to weed someone else's garden, and you only know your own garden by weeding it.

Every microcline and soil type has its own weeds; each season brings intruders you've never seen before. And if you are as adventurous as you are chaotic in your planting, there is no way you are going to know what's what except by crawling around examining every green thing that pops up out of the ground. Before we grew artichokes I had only a vague idea of what one looked like—sort of thistlelike, aren't they? So anything thistlelike within fifty yards of the artichoke bed was preserved until we had an acre of *Cirsium arvense* that sent my neighbors into convulsions of laughter. Somewhere in the thicket three artichoke plants struggled gamely until the first winter. Now I know the difference between an artichoke and a thistle in upstate New York—the artichokes die, the thistles don't.

This kind of gardening humiliation is never a thing of the past—each unknown seed packet brings its own species of confusion. How many years have I nurtured a new variety of foxglove until I realized that once again I had devoted my gardening prowess to burdocks? But it all results, finally, in a most exact and detailed knowledge of the plant world, the kind of garden information you will never learn if you simply buy container-grown plants and sink them in a sea of mulch.

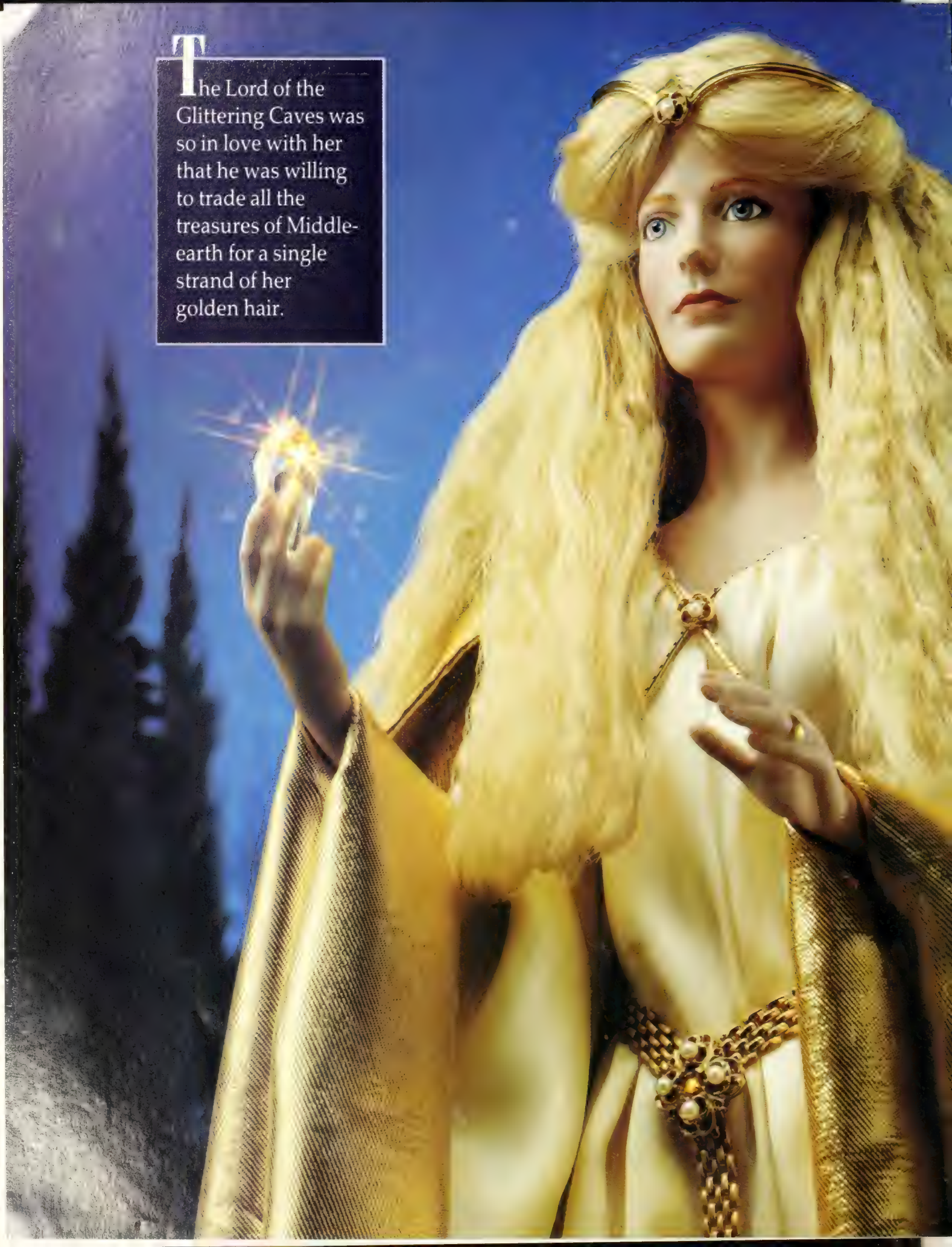
Just announce that you are going out to weed. Friends evaporate like suspects in a drug raid

You may have guessed that I'm not a fan of mulch, but I try to be fair. It's great if you are planting the foundation of a shopping mall. The fact is I love weeding and don't like mulch, and most gardeners feel the same. When mulches work, the garden is rigid, static, final. The gardener gains control by sacrificing all of nature's improvisations on his behalf—chance seedlings; unexpected combinations of plants; the lovely weed that happens to fill the perfect empty spot. Weeding is the active heart of gardening; garden design, plant selection, even the planting itself are just forms of garden theory—how you imagine your garden to be. Weeding is the day-by-day realization of that garden fulfilling your original aspirations, changing them, giving them up for new dreams.

I don't think there is a gardener in the world who doesn't wish he had less weeding to do, and we all insist on the right to complain about it. But it is the closest you can get to your garden, often the only chance you may have to see your plants up close. And you are choosing your garden every minute as you go along, drawing the line between order and chaos wherever you wish to suit your landscape, your mood this afternoon. It's up to you to decide if you can bear to pull out the Queen Anne's lace or the delightful Shirley poppies that are taking over the path—here you have created your own weed and now must do something about it. But at least you have the pleasure of the choice; this is one of the reasons weeding isn't drudgery, although it's difficult to explain to houseguests, who are apt to burst into tears at the sight of a poppy in full bloom thrown on the compost.

A few years ago I inadvertently discovered one way to get rid of houseguests. Having a baby in the house really thins the ranks. Not surprisingly, it doesn't have that effect on the weeds; in fact, having a baby definitely gives the weeds the upper hand, probably for years to come. But I appreciate my weeds now more than ever and for quite different reasons. You are all, I'm sure, familiar with the lawn chair syndrome. You grab a newspaper and a glass of ice tea and rush for a chaise in the depths of your yard. What happens? The phone starts ringing, your driveway fills up with visitors, children and pets converge on your chair in a chorus. But just announce that you are going out to weed. Family and friends evaporate like suspects in a drug raid. The garden is yours alone, silent, peaceful, and full of weeds. Heaven. ♠


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Well Casted

Antique metal is back where it belongs—in the garden. **Margot Guralnick** explores



Several years ago, when I was living in London, a scrapman used to drive past my window every Tuesday morning clanging a bell and shouting, "Any old iron? Any old iron?" To me he was an unobtrusive, fairly reliable wake-up call. To many of my neighbors he was quick cash for trash. Often I'd see them tossing him battered pots and broken door hinges, but sometimes they'd invite him into their gardens to haul away Victorian flower urns and rusted side chairs. In exchange for what were then considered mucky metal relics—the sort of things that stayed put simply because they were too weighty to budge—he was actually willing to pay a few pounds.

These days dealers and collectors are the ones scrabbling to recover some of that detritus. Nineteenth-century cast-iron pieces are being celebrated as icons coupling Victorian technological ingenuity with an unfettered love of ornament.

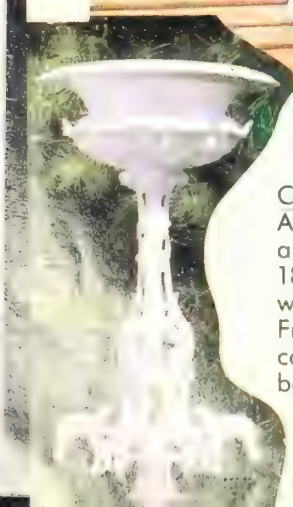
Of course, gardens have long been used for splashy displays of Classical statuary, fountains, pavilions, and perches. Stone and wood, the centuries-old materials of choice, were joined by wrought iron during the late eighteenth century when English blacksmiths began crafting Regency-style garden love seats. Worked by hand, these pieces were too labor intensive to be produced in volume and only landed onto the turfs of those who could afford to be extravagant. Decades later, however, mass-produced cast-iron furniture, made by pouring liquid metal into a mold, became a boon product of the Industrial Revolution. Introduced first in Britain, followed fast by America, it catered to a new middle class of property owners eager to imbibe the benefits of outdoor living.

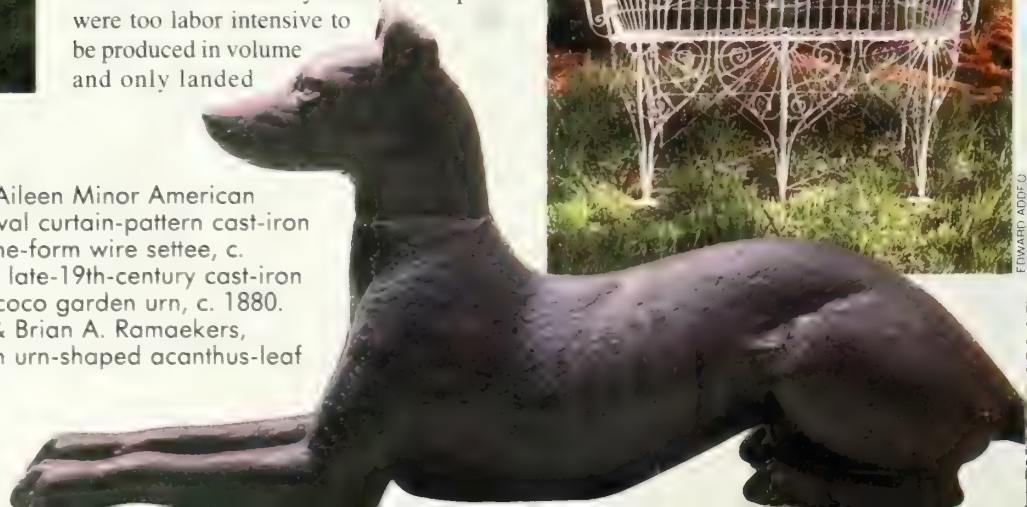
Embracing nature with the technical know-how of their era, Victorians waged battles against weeds, bred oddball hybrids of fruit and flowers, and took part in debates over the efficiency of different fertilizers. Thanks to that great 1830s breakthrough—the lawn mower—grassy carpets could be laid without the tedium of using a scythe, and backyards, parks, and cemeteries became roofless rooms ready to be appointed with the comforts of home.

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Clockwise from top: From Aileen Minor American Antiques, Renaissance Revival curtain-pattern cast-iron armchair, c. 1870; serpentine-form wire settee, c. 1860, by Howard & Morse; late-19th-century cast-iron whippet; zinc American Rococo garden urn, c. 1880. From Robert E. Kinnaman & Brian A. Ramaekers, cast-iron terrace chairs with urn-shaped acanthus-leaf backs and wooden seats.

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THE LIGHT REFRESHER FROM ENGLAND. ONLY WINNING TASTES AS GOOD.

aces were made, appeared on the market during the 1840s and '50s in an infinite number of forms for the garden. Owners of Gothic cottages could enclose their property with peaked and pinnacled iron fences and lounge on the same arch-festooned settees that still line the White House lawns. Industrialists wanting to live like Renaissance dukes propped their gardens with urns on pedestals and installed fountains showcasing knockoffs of Giambologna's Mercury in flight. The most popular look in cast iron, however, was the rustic style, sparked by a revived fashion for naturalism. Manufacturers of cast iron transformed fern fronds, creeping grapevines, forked twigs, and lilies into chairs and benches with snakes crawling up their leafy legs. Never mind that most of these pieces were as comfortable as a block of concrete, they served as clever visual puns: machine-made objects that simultaneously imitated and enhanced nature.

Coated with semiannual layers of green, gray, or brown paint—white was considered too much of a scene stealer—cast-iron furniture could be left outside year-round, subject only to the chip and rust now cherished as the patina of age. Coalbrookdale, the leading foundry in Britain, introduced dozens of designs—tabletops laden with Rococo swags and scrolls, chairbacks doubling as Greek lyres, and plant stands prickling with crockets and finials—that were pirated by American companies. When Prince Albert's greyhound Eos appeared cast in zinc at Britain's Great Exhibition of 1851, Wood & Perot of Philadelphia concocted its own version and added it to the stags, spitzes, rabbits, and frogs already in production.

By the end of the century every well-appointed lawn in America had its own immortal pets. The majority of these creatures were built from cast iron, but several other metals also made it into the garden. Lead and, in the late nineteenth century, zinc—rustproof, easily malleable, and even heavier than iron—was used to mold flower urns and figural forms ranging from sphinxes to half-clad Venuses that posed in niches hollowed out of hedges. Occupying the same ground as these classics were chairs, settees, plant stands, and other so-called piazza pieces ingeniously fashioned from steel wire.

Surging interest in all of these open-air antiques has sent prices doubling and tripling. It has also encouraged the manufacture of enormous quantities of contemporary copies. Iron can be tricky, even impossible, to date precisely, and new pieces are often passed off as originals, though certain details give them away. The first thing to check is weight. Cast iron is extremely heavy—benches average two hundred pounds, even tiny chairs are often impossible to move—but most reproductions are being made in aluminum light enough to lift with one hand. Newly produced cast-iron furniture also frequently gets mistaken for its vintage counterparts. The decorative detailing on early pieces, however, has the crisp look of hand finishing—each leaf, flower, and touch of filigree is precisely silhouetted. Later versions are cluttered with fuzzy lines, mold marks, and glitches in need of filing. And while modern cast iron is soldered together, its predecessors were always joined by nuts and bolts.

Within the past twelve months, collectors have been willing to pay prices of four, five, even six figures to putter around in their gardens surrounded by true century-old decorative whimsies. The going rate for a fine twig-and-serpent settee is $1,000–$3,000, depending on condition, quality of casting, and rarity of design. An 1880s family of three life-size deer—a low-population species—can run as high as $25,000, and a pair of six-foot 1912 French urns embossed with garlands and a thundering herd of stallions falls into the $200,000 range. Brace yourselves, the iron age is back for a return performance. ♠

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STYLE

Formal dressing for Shaker boxes, picket fences, even animals and vegetables

An urbane mood has come to the country. It's as simple as black and white. And its roots are in Shaker design, the clean functional approach which still seems modern today. The Pearson Company makes their camelback sofa graphic in a checkerboard fabric that is inspired by a Shaker woven seat. At Patterson, Flynn & Martin the traditional floral needlepoint rug is dressed up in black, white, and gray. Black and white is the theme for the country house stylist-designer Gennifer Witbeck created with her architect husband, Voytek Rutkowski. "It's youthful and modern," explains Witbeck. Edward Weston's black-and-white photographs of vegetables inspired Susan Goldberg to make ceramic ones. Says Goldberg, "White highlights their sculptural qualities and enhances other colors in the room." Brian Murphy creates a black-and-white illusion. Each side of his picket-fence table is laminated in a different motif—it seems like another table from every angle. June Fette, a teacher at the Isabel O'Neil Studio, sums it up: "Black and white has a sophisticated simplicity. Like a black dress with pearls."

Laurie Schechter



1

1. Farm Set table and chairs, by Guild-Master. **2.** Shaker boxes hand-painted by June Fette, from CrossHarris Fine Crafts.

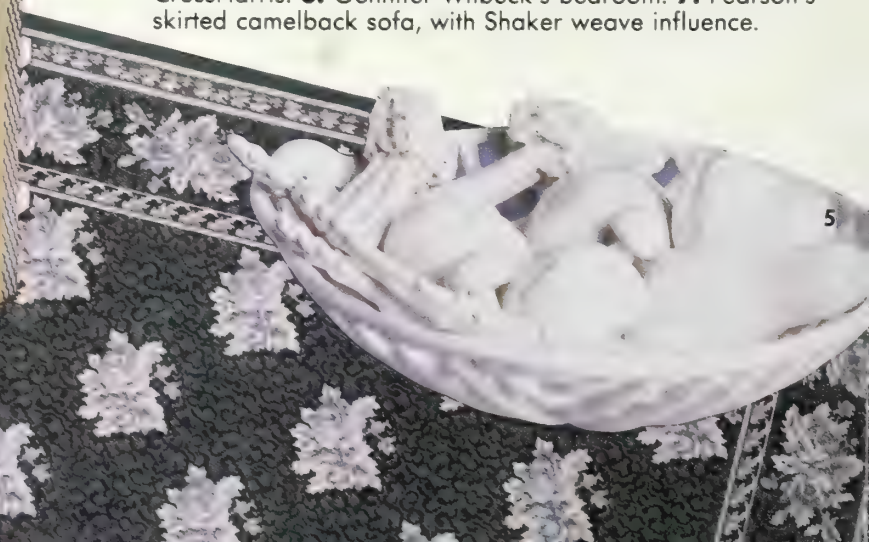




3. Brian Murphy's laminated picket-fence table. **4.** Rosepoint, a traditional all-wool design by Patterson, Flynn & Martin. **5.** Ceramic basket and vegetable set by Susan Goldberg from CrossHarris. **6.** Gennifer Witbeck's bedroom. **7.** Pearson's skirted camelback sofa, with Shaker weave influence.



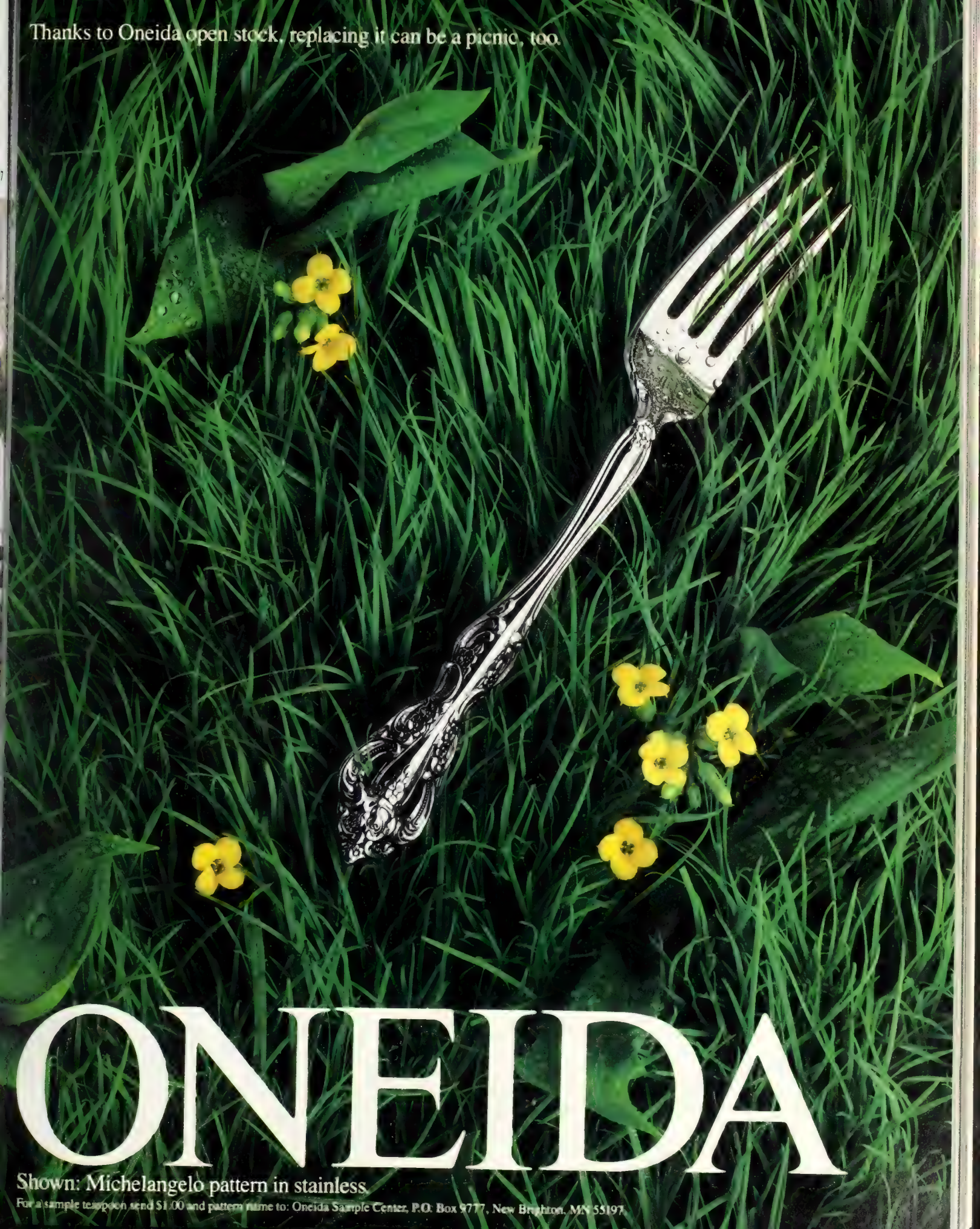
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5



7


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STYLE

A new twist to metal furniture—scraps and steel rods forged into art



1



2

Scrap metal, steel rods, old railings, and grates are grist for the mill of four new artists. San Franciscan Jean-Louis Pierson's work in alternative energy resources has taught him that "you make use of what you have." He brings this background to his furniture designs and incorporates whatever collected items he finds lying around the shop. Linus Coraggio, a New Yorker who likens scrap-metal furniture to a patchwork quilt, says of his métier, "It's making junk functional." Brad Reichardt, also based in San Francisco, used to work with found objects but tired of being limited by their forms. His steel-rod pieces seem like drawings in the air. Colin Chetwood has been working in London for two years the old-fashioned way, forging steel by hand with tools he made himself for his nature-inspired furniture. **L. S.**



3



4



5



6

1. Brad Reichardt and **2.** his steel candelabra, bed frame, and standing chandelier. **3.** Jean-Louis Pierson's spiral chair and **4.** his hanging lamp, rocking chair, and night lamp.

5. Colin Chetwood's Fern Throne. **6.** King's Throne and Queen's Throne by Linus Coraggio.



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STYLE

The future looks bright—and so do chairs, floors, and tables

Breaking from their Cubist relations, the Synchronist and Orphist artists forsook a monochromatic palette for pure bright color. Seventy-five years later modern design is also making the move—away from the industrial look toward high-frequency hues. Interchangeable colored wood pieces give life to the Dry armchair by Massimo Morozzi. Les Frères Ripoulin—seven young painters—make plates for each day of the week. Tiles carry the message, too: Missoni brings its brand of color to a new line. Streamlined shapes in unexpected fabrications are the wave of the future according to Massimo Iosa-Ghini, cofounder of Italy's Bolidismo group of architects and designers. Says Iosa-Ghini, "The object is meaningless if it does not have a bright image." Bright colors are integral to New Yorker Mark Kostabi's painting. He lives with sixties furniture because their colors are close to those in his art. A twist on the past: Jean-Charles de Castelbajac upholsters Louis XVI chairs in shocking colors, and Gianni Zennaro, inspired by Sonia Delaunay, creates his Panorama rug. **L.S.**











1. Armchair by Massimo Morozzi for Giorgetti Matrix.
2. Mark Kostabi's living room.
3. Gianni Zennaro's Panorama rug.
4. Velox 4 chair by Massimo Iosa-Ghini. **5.** Missoni tile. **6.** Jean-Charles de Castelbajac chairs.
7. Plates by Ox, a Frère Ripoulin, for Céramique Paris.

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CAMPARI. THE SPIRIT OF ITALY.

Talleysheet

Papier-mâché horns . . . A room dressed in tulle . . . Paintings and picture frames

Surrealism sets the stage for parties. Guests wore papier-mâché horns to Michael Roberts's recent party at San Lorenzo in London, and the restaurant was swathed in tulle and pink roses. The illustrator-photographer-filmmaker previewed his first film, a 28-minute surrealistic fantasy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, set to Mendelssohn and Debussy. In *Man Ray: American Artist*, published this fall by Clarkson N. Potter, Neil Baldwin reveals the elegantly surreal excess of Paris balls. For the White Ball in 1930, Jean Cocteau and Christian Bérard made white plaster masks and wigs and Man Ray projected hand-colored film onto the crowd. In 1972, Marie-Hélène de Rothschild put on pearl-studded horns for her famous Bal Surréaliste in Paris. Equally surrealistic: Pat Buckley's Cavalier King Charles spaniels, in trompe l'oeil paintings at Mortimer's in New York. Owner Glenn Bernbaum goes to Lowy for gilded frames. Faux ivy creates a surreal dream mood at WilliWear's new shop in New York designed by SITE.

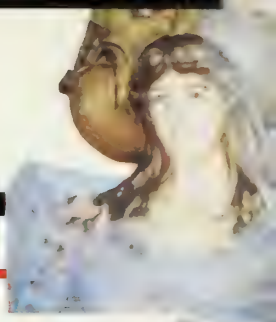
André Leon Talley



1. Marie-Hélène de Rothschild with Salvador Dali at 1972 Surreal Ball in Paris. **2.** Fantasy Gothic frame from Lowy, NYC. **3.** In Glenn Bernbaum's apartment, a potentate in Lowy frame.



4. Lucy Ferry, in horns and Comme des Garçons, at London party.





6



7

5. Tulle on surreal bust at San Lorenzo. **6.** At Lacroix. **7.** At Romeo Gigli. **8.** SITE design for WilliWear. **9.** Society dogs in Richard Lowell Neas painting at Mortimer's.



9



8



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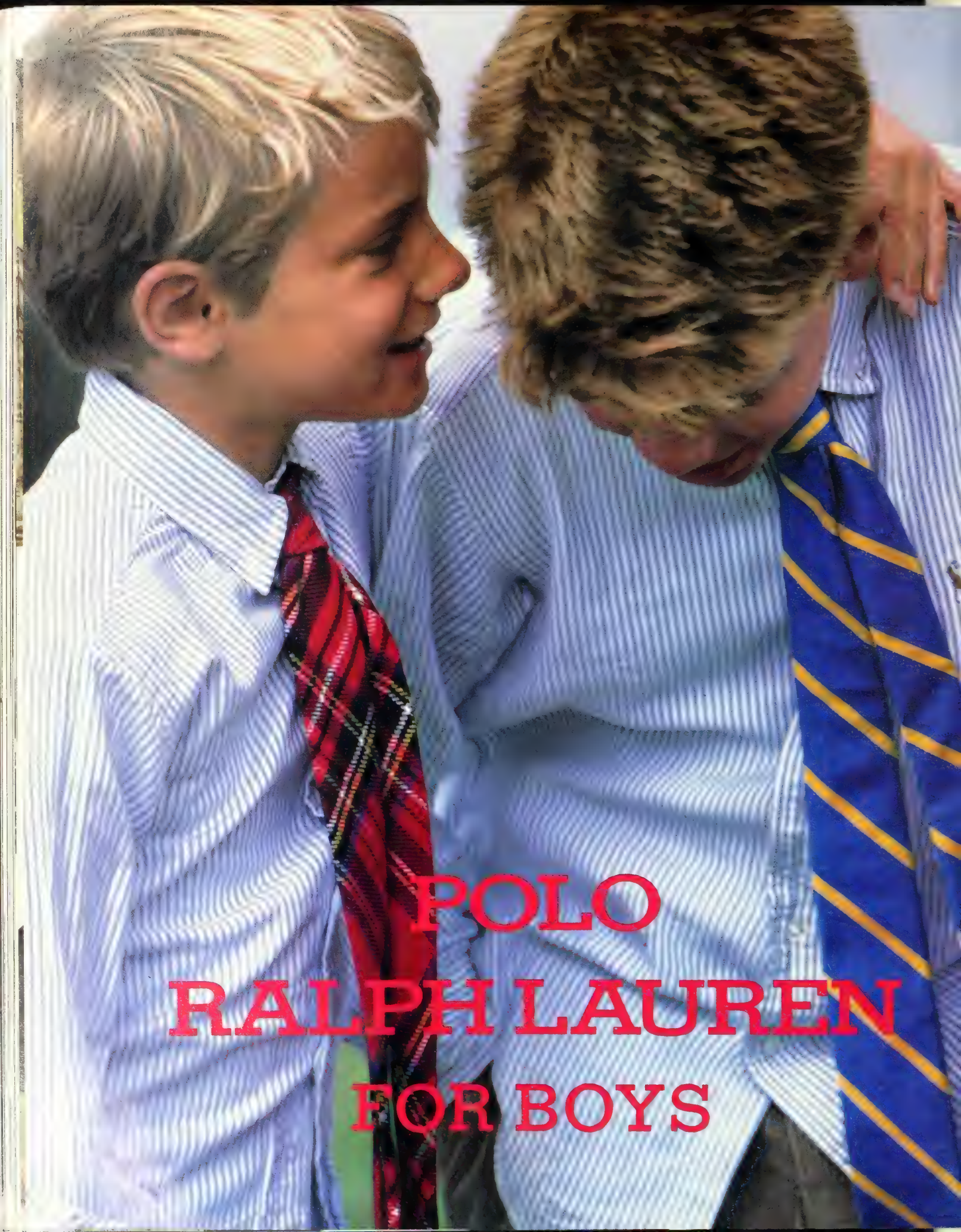
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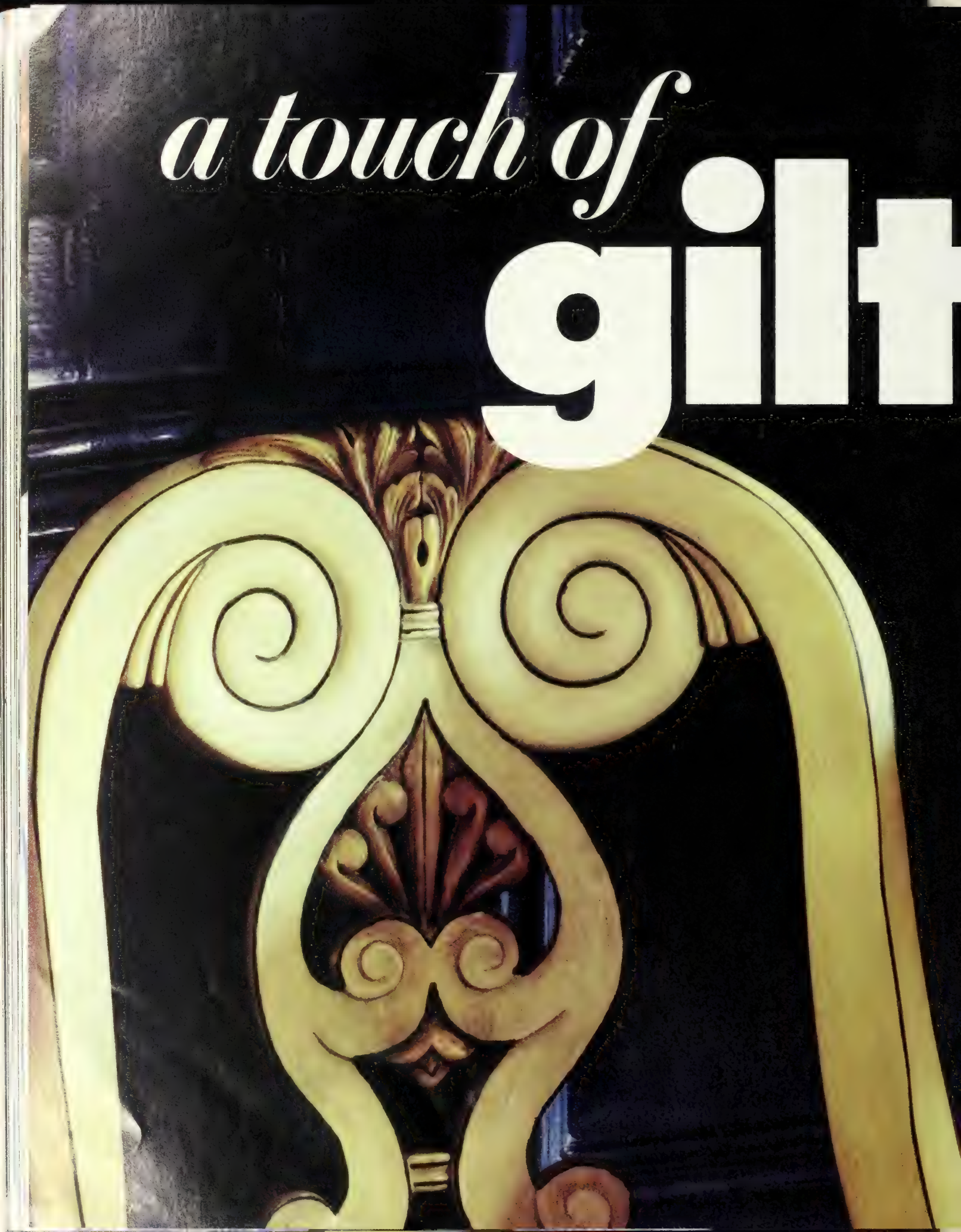
new york style is the focus of this issue in which we report new trends among designers, decorators, and architects of this intensely creative city. For several years we've seen decoration in the decayed look reminiscent of Pompeii—with paint unevenly sponged onto distressed walls. Something new was bound to come along, and we could predict that it would be smoother and glossier. It's here and it's **gold**—not as it's been done before but newly light and cheerful. We notice, too, a decided determination among young New York architects to be **antistyle,** and their use of materials such as aluminum, steel, and concrete. We show you the West Village brownstone of a top restaurateur and his wife: the **respectably naughty** M.K. supper club; and the apartment of a photographer who was sponging his walls when everybody else was still into wallpaper. Finally, in a town fast running out of space, we bring you the inside story on New York's leading fashion editors' closets. —*Anna Wintour*

Clockwise from top: Border paper from Zuber & Co.; Rose Tarlow's shell-back chair; gold leaf by Joan Spreckels and Gwen Lewis; James, son of restaurateur Brian McNally; steel staircase by Hariri & Hariri.








a touch of
gilt



old shines in
me unexpected
ways. ***John Duka***
serves that it's
me a long way
ince Louis XIV

Good as gold: A gold-colored brass-and-marble side table and gilded Regency chair in the dining room of a New York apartment designed by Gary Hager of Parish-Hadley. Details throughout see Sources.





Imperial blue: Splendid color is set off by gold in the Hager-designed dining room, with a Napoleon III mirror from Philippe Farley; gold-edged tureen by Flight, Barr & Barr on William IV table with giltwood feet, c. 1835, signed by Jupe & Co.; gilded Regency chairs, once owned by the Marchioness of Connyngham, Canterbury, Kent; gold-colored Savonnerie carpet.

OBERTO GILI



f everything that Nature ha given man, nothing has to mented him more, or fille him more with desire, tha gold.'' So it says in Léon Laget's *L'Art du peintr doreur, vernisseur* (1755 the first treatise on the tec nique of gilding. The o servation should come as surprise to no one.

Ancient myth is filled with golden torments: Midas, t Golden Fleece, Phaëthon's unfortunate ride in Apollo's gol en chariot, and the unhappy golden apples of Atalanta. Fro the Scriptures to the Grimm brothers, gold often fares no be ter. The golden calf, the princess who wove gold from stra the pot of gold, and even the goose and the golden egg a point up the subversive qualities of the material.

In decoration the use of gold is equally fraught. ''The rul of gold and its being a problem still apply,'' cautions Ma Hampton, who often uses gold in his work. ''It's risky to u gold if you want to avoid vulgarity. But today lots of peop don't want to avoid vulgarity or don't know what it means.

Or, it could be argued, they just want a little gold in the lives. ''Gold,'' says Albert Hadley of Parish-Hadley who h been known in his lighter moments to gild a coconut or tw ''is the one thing we all need. It is synonymous with the pe ods of grandeur and perfectly satisfies the desire for luxu that is so much a part of everything today. Naturally o doesn't want to use too much of it.''

Certainly not. Tice Alexander, whose work is featured the pages that follow and who is known for the seamless w in which he blends tradition with modernity, suggests th gold be used, as he describes it, ''here and there so you on see it out of the corner of your eye. It doesn't have to be us in an antique fashion. Sometimes one simple gold object gilded poles for curtains is all the gold a room needs.''

That gold as decoration is being discussed at all shows t point we have reached. ''There is a return to Classic tastes,'' says Gary Hager of Parish-Hadley whose work al appears on these pages. ''People used to think gold was t flashy, too warm, too overdone. Now they want to incorp rate an old feeling into their homes and blend it with t new.'' Many of us have tired of iron surfaces, green simul ed bronzes, and anodized metals. We really do want som thing pretty again. Few things are prettier than gold.

Gold today, either leaf or frankly faux, is turning up in number of decorative forms. Most of us are familiar wi gilding or gold mounts, if only in passing, on furniture fro the Directoire, Empire, and Regency periods, but gold is no

Animal magnetism: Griffin pedestal base, made of wood with gilt finish, by Rose Tarlow for Melrose House at Luten Clarey Stern (LCS). Gold tassels are by Clarence House; gold wallpaper border by Zuber & Co. Opposite: Gary Hager in the living room with one of a pair of 18th-century French chairs by Jacob Père; fabric from Cowtan & Tout.

eing used in a contemporary manner on everything from vallpaper borders, mirror frames, and furniture to ceramics.

Given a preference, many of the leading decorators would ather use gold in its pure form, that is, in gold leaf. For them, old leaf is the only material that provides the authentic lus-er they prize, the quality of artifact, of something that has ged well. In traditional manufacture, the leaf starts as a 24-arat ingot that is squeezed between rollers, then beaten with mallet. It is applied with a brush made of badger hair, and, vrites Isabel O'Neil in *The Art of the Painted Finish*, "it must e laid over a properly prepared ground of gesso and red clay n order to be burnished to brilliance with an agate tool."

Of course, decorators may not always have the chance to ise the real thing. "Although we look at gold finishes as ei-her gold leaf or faux gilt," says Bernardine Gaul of the Luten Clarey Stern showroom, "faux gilt includes all sorts of mate-rials. Dutch gilt, made of copper. Polished bronze, brass, painted finishes, which we call gold patina, and the gold glazes and pigments of ceramics. Fortunately faux gilt can be treated so that it never tarnishes and can last a long time."

One of the purveyors of the current vogue for gold is Gor-don Foster, a New York dealer in decorative accessories. "Gold can be too fancy," says Foster. "I like to juxtapose it with crude Classical or primitive shapes, such as Pende pots from Zaire and crude iron objects from Japan. The idea with gold is that it should always be used as a contrast."

Gold leaf first gleamed on Egyptian sarcophagi in the sixth millennium B.C. and appeared in a number of incarnations in succeeding centuries, from the illustrated manuscripts of eighth-century Byzantium and thirteenth-century Europe to the monolithic iron furniture of Louis XIV's Versailles. By the time of the Régence (1715–1723) and the less coldly for-mal look of Louis XV, gilding was used sparingly.

The eighteenth-century rule of less is more is best followed today. Hager and Alexander use gold with discretion—and they do so successfully. In the dining room of the apartment decorated by Hager, gold is etched into the curves of the chairs or used as a ring of light on the edge of the table. In the bedroom, gold glim-mers on a black Regency four-poster, on the arms and back of a Regency chair, on a bookcase, and in the gold taffeta bed curtains trimmed in black dressmaker detail. "Gold should bring some amusement to a room," says Hager, "or it should be extremely subtle."

"People used to think gold was too flashy, too warm, too overdone"
—Gary Hager

The rule of thumb for Alexander: when in doubt, use gilding as an accent. "I gilded the early American andirons," he explains. "And I chose a Louis XVI console gilded on the supports and part of the frieze. In the dining room, for a little gleam, I added side chairs with gilded feet, a tureen with gilt handles, and eighteenth-century ormolu candlesticks."

The use of gold leaf is even extending into the realm of food. In Japan sushi is being wrapped with a durable form of gold leaf. And in France gold leaf is icing chocolate cake. What would Marie Antoinette have said? ♠

Decorating Editors: Jacqueline Gonnet and Carolyn Sollis





Precious metal:
Pierre Legrain shagreen-covered table with gilt reeded feet holds collection of ivory objects in the living room designed by Hager. French 18th-century ormolu bronze candelabra and a painting by Roy Lichtenstein rest on an 18th-century Italian console with gilt branched base under one of a pair of 18th-century gilt mirrors. A Warhol botanical is over the sofa, which is covered in Daughtry Cloth from Hinson.



Dreams of gold: Gold-colored silk taffeta from Decorators Walk lines bed curtains and canopy in guest bedroom. Bedpost is touched with gold.



Fine lines: Hager used gold delicately in the guest bedroom. Regency bed, painted black with gold accents, has black-and-beige cotton linen plaid canopy from Clarence House. Napoleon III bookcase with brass inlays; gilded Regency chair; turn-of-the-century wing chair. Curtains in Medici linen damask from Decorators Walk.

OBERTO GILI





Karat topped: Tice Alexander on a Regency gilt shell-back side chair in 22-karat gold leaf, by Rose Tarlow for Melrose House at LCS.



Wild gold: Gilded Louis XVI chair, signed by Sené, in Tiger Velvet by Brunschwig & Fils. Left: Serengeti mottled-gold and white zebra wallpaper, by C. W. Stockwell at Walters Wicker.



Gilded feet: In a New York apartment designed by Tice Alexander the late-18th-century French dining chairs are signed by Demais. Louis XVI ormolu candlesticks, from Philippe Farley, are on a glass-topped dining table with plaster base by Emilio Terry. A 19th-century Anglo-Indian tiger painting hangs on the wall.

a touch of **gilt**

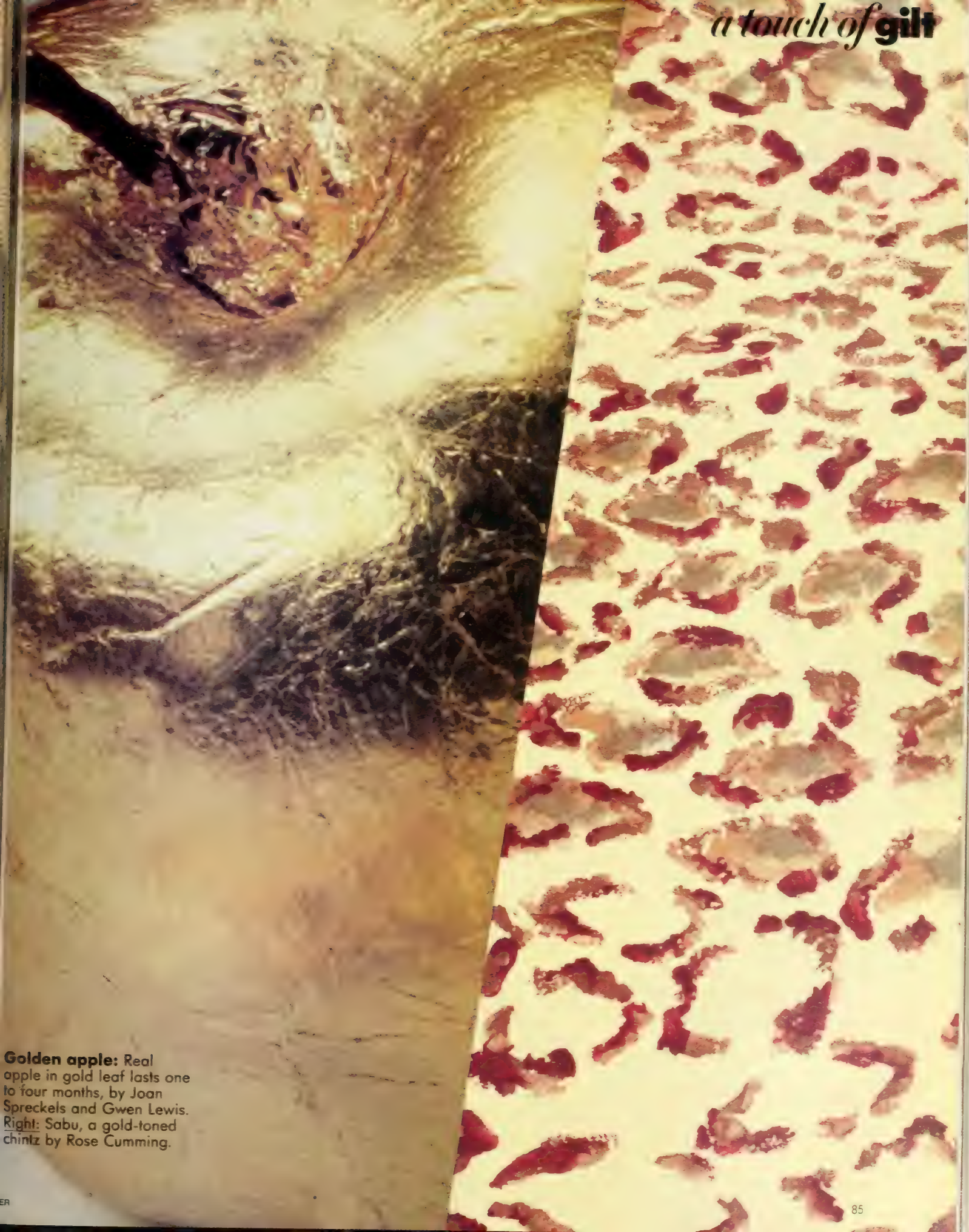


Gold teeth: Painted screen by Jeffrey Goodman and Steven Charlton, from Rogers-Tropea; Ron Dier planter, 24-karat gold fired over ceramic, from Lorin Marsh; Sung charger, gold fired over ceramic, Lorin Marsh.

OBERTO GILI



Bordering on gilt: Directoire-style bench in gold leaf, by Karges, covered in Panthère from Clarence House. Tramp Art mirror, made from chip-carved wooden cigar box pieces, painted in gold, available at Cynthia Beneduce Antiques. Hand-painted window shade from CrossHarris Fine Crafts.



Golden apple: Real apple in gold leaf lasts one to four months, by Joan Spreckels and Gwen Lewis. Right: Sabu, a gold-toned chintz by Rose Cumming.

THE YOUNG CON



Charles Gandee tracks down the next generation of New York architects

TENDERS



The eleven who could. From lower left: Sulan Kolatan and William MacDonald (Kolatan/MacDonald Studio); David Piscuskas, Juergen Riehm, and, in foreground, Ines Elskop (1100 Associates); Diane Lewis and Peter Mickle (Diane Lewis/Peter Mickle Studios); Karen Bausman and Leslie Gill (Bausman • Gill Associates); and Mojgan and Gisue Hariri (Hariri & Hariri Architects). Photographed at A. J. Ross Logistics, Keasbey, New Jersey.

MAX VADUKUL



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teamwork

Sisters in architecture, Gisue and Mojgan Hariri prefer to leave exposed the rugged raw materials they favor.

GEORGE LANGE

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ture is an old man's profe
and they used to be right. B
any longer. There is a new g
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board, and they're hard at work red
ing the rules of the architectural gam

In Manhattan eleven young talents
out as leaders of this new generation.
came of professional age during th
seventies and early eighties. Survivi
architectural style wars of the perio
their rite of passage. They've seen
ernism go and Postmodernism come
they've seen Postmodernism go and
Deconstructivism come. So much
and coming has left them leery—not
architectural style in particular, but
architectural style, period.

They have served, in one form or a
er, the mandatory internship with
lished architects. but once their ser
was up, so to speak, they escaped to
their own way. As one young arc
proudly quipped on the occasion of h
ignation from a large firm: ''Why
around for two hundred dollars a wee
all the pride you can swallow?''

They like to think of themselves as
tionary''—versus reactionary; how
their work exhibits a very clear oppo
to yesterday's gypboard walls paint
to look like the glory that was Rome
rooms they build have a consistently
some might say cold, abstract air
them, owing not only to a rugged ma
palette but also to the conspicuous ab
of traditional domestic details. They
on the tactile qualities of burnished a
num, exposed steel, unadorned con
and hand-troweled plaster for char
and richness. They reveal rather than
the nuts and bolts. If there is a gener
tion to be made about this group, it i
the only architectural history they
much interested in is the one in the ma

Perhaps no young New York firm
nals the dawn of the new architectura

e emphatically than Hariri & Hariri. B n in Iran, educated at Cornell, sisters gan and Gisue (ages 30 and 32, respec- ly) cater to no one's preconceptions. A hitecture may be their profession, but o men they are not.

he sisters set up their drawing boards years ago in a tiny one-bedroom apart- t they then shared in Greenwich Vil- e. Though times have been tough ncially, the Hariris are a fiercely inde- dent duo determined to build but not to promise their architectural ideals—ch are high. They didn't hesitate, for mple, to advise one would-be client to elsewhere for an architect when he d to alter their plans for his café. (He thinking baroque, the Hariris were king concrete.) Things went better n Kathleen Schneider, founder of So- s forthcoming Children's Museum of Arts, who has a duplex in SoHo and a chant for the color blue.

he Hariris gave their client her blue, in ls scratch-coated with integral-color ster that shifts from near sapphire in the dy to cloudy azure in the bedroom. ey also gave her a totally renovated du- x, complete with new steel-and-glass ors, custom-designed furniture, and, st dramatically, a great spiral stair fabri- ed by two sculptors. By conventional ndards, the Schneider duplex is some- ng less than homey. But Gisue and Moj- n are committed to an architectural thetic that might best be termed tough elegant—two words, coincidentally, t also describe the sisters. If you ask m, they will tell you: "It is important to y with the basics. Architecture is about ace, form, and materials you want to ch. Quality is the essence of what we "

Sulan Kolatan and William MacDonald l in love by the light of the drafting lamp architect O. M. Ungers's office in Co- gne, Germany. The wedding was in Is- bul, Kolatan's hometown. The couple w lives in Manhattan, where 31-year- l MacDonald is an associate professor of hitecture at Columbia University. As en happens with husband-and-wife ar- itects, the personal relationship recently panded to include a professional partner- ip; the latter's first offspring is a Chelsea ft for Larry and Susan Moss.

Perhaps the most telling detail of the oss loft is that midway through construc- n the neighbors telephoned to ask if they

tough

Hariri & Hariri's geometric essay in stucco, slate, steel, and marble for an existing firebox in client Laura Roberson's Upper East Side penthouse.



OBERTO GILI



Hariri & Hariri Architects

sculptural

Burnishing the massive steel stair the Hariris constructed in a SoHo duplex not only gave it dramatic luster but also helped mask the weld marks. To enable their client to move the oversize marble coffee table she specified, the young architects broke it into three pieces. The vintage steel-frame chairs in the living room were part of the owner's collection.



OBERTO GILI

Kolatan/MacDonald Studio

precise

The screen wall, below, that Sulan Kolatan and William MacDonald, right, erected in a Manhattan loft reinforces the distinction between new and old by utilizing contrasting materials—aluminum and perforated metal, center—to play off the building's vintage pine columns and beams. Opposite: The wall doubles as exhibition space for the owners' art collection as well as storage space for their friendly domestic clutter.



GEORGE LANGE



OBERTO GILI

THE YOUNG **CONTENDERS**







Bausman·Gill Associates

clean

Leslie Gill and Karen Bausman, below, placed a luminous living room, right, at the heart of their addition to an old house in Larchmont, New York. The rough pine folding screens, bottom left, designed and built by Bausman and Gill act as another "interior façade." Bottom right: An open-air courtyard adds an additional room to the modestly scaled pavilion.



GEORGE LANGE



OBERTO GILI

could drop by to admire the new David Smith sculpture they had seen going up in the elevator. The owners explained that the sculpture was in fact architecture. It was an understandable error, considering the swirling patterns Kolatan and MacDonald ordered ground into the aluminum structural elements they specified for what can only be termed a great loft divider.

Nothing could be more alien to the rough pine envelope Kolatan and MacDonald were handed than the metallic structure they inserted, and that, not surprisingly, was the point—to make clear the distinction between old and new. On a more pragmatic level, the architects' high-tech handiwork demarcates the loft's public and private areas and provides an exhibition space for works by WPA artist Isadore Possoff, Susan Moss's father.

There is an engineered quality to the perforated metal and shimmering aluminum construction that marks Kolatan and MacDonald's building debut. One could almost be persuaded that the toy manufacturer responsible for supplying generations of children with Erector Sets had made a large-scale edition for grown-ups.

When Karen Bausman and Leslie Gill received their architecture degrees from Cooper Union in 1982, they were, by their own account, unemployable. "The school gives you a strong philosophical base but virtually no practical skills," explains Gill, who doesn't regret her unconventional education for a moment. So the classmates did the only thing they felt they could do—they formed their own practice two months after graduation in a one-room, one-window office overlooking the 100 percent brushless Carz-a-Poppin c wash on lower Broadway.

On-the-job training is the secret of Bau man and Gill's success. "We learned l collaborating with more experienced a chitects," reports Bausman, who als learned by taking time off from school work at I. M. Pei's office. Yet another i valuable source of practical information the 30-year-old partners has been the habit of joining the construction crews help build part of every project they d sign. "Karen wields a mean weldin

OBERTO GILI



FRANCES McLAUGHLIN-GILL



1100 Associates

antifashion

Partners David Piscuskas, Juergen Riehm, and Ines Elskop, below, and three scenes, right, from the apartment they designed for Peter Duchin and Brooke Hayward.



GEORGE LANGE





torch, but I'm much better with the table saw," boasts Gill.

However unorthodox, their methods seem to be effective. In the six years since forming Bausman • Gill Associates they have completed some sixty projects. Recent entries in the portfolio include an office for public relations maven Peggy Tagliarino and an addition to a quirky Arts and Crafts–style house in Larchmont, New York, for Robert and Jo-Anne Huxford.

Tagliarino's office is in a former mosaic factory in Manhattan, and the partners were intent on keeping their distance from the old building's beefy masonry walls, which they admired. Consequently the new interior partitions stand clear of the building's perimeter. To ensure that their additions have a sense of stability and permanence, however, Bausman and Gill finished the walls in integral-color plaster and created niches that house books, bibelots, and an audiovisual system.

At first glance the Huxfords' house addition may appear to be a modest essay in early Modernism. But on closer inspection the crisp white pavilion contains the telltale materials and details that label it as contemporary. The textured stucco wall in the living room, for example, has been punctured to accommodate acid-etched copper casing for recesses that house books. A balcony railing is formed from three-inch copper tubing welded together.



OBERTO GILI



eferential

The steel-and-cable staircase erected by 100 Associates in a duplex Tribeca loft. Sculpture and drawing by Bryan Hunt.

Although Bausman and Gill are committed to building, they are also committed to pursuing the theoretical side of architecture. They devote 25 percent of their time to a range of outside endeavors, from erecting Cubist-style pavilions for a public art program to constructing Joseph Cornell–like boxes they exhibit at galleries in SoHo. How can a young firm use up "billable hours" pursuing less-than-lucrative extra-architectural endeavors? "It feeds the work," reports Bausman. "And besides, we're used to being poor."

Another culturally eclectic firm is 1100 Associates: 35-year-old Ines Elskop picked up her degree in Buenos Aires, 31-year-old David Piscuskas got his in Los Angeles, and 33-year-old Juergen Riehm graduated in Frankfurt. They met as coworkers in the office of an older architect who left his rented space—Suite 1100 at 225 Lafayette Street—to the three when he departed to pursue development projects. In the five years since the trio has been together they have amassed an impressive portfolio of work, most especially residential projects for artists. Bryan Hunt, Jasper Johns, and Roy Lichtenstein are but three of the more familiar names on the firm's client list. Although Elskop, Piscuskas, and Riehm do not want for talent, the success they have enjoyed is at least partially due to the simple fact that they "try not to forget that our clients are the main event."

Like its peers, 1100 Associates subscribes to a conspicuously lean aesthetic. Yet there is a deferential quality to their work—they accommodate rather than impose. "We provide a background," explains partner Elskop, "which is enough when your clients have a strong personality." The backgrounds that 1100 Associates provide tend to have a personality of their own, of course, a personality that could be termed the strong, silent type.

1100 Associates

timeless

The simple graphic pattern of 1100 Associates' signature steel-and-glass doors frames a steel-and-wood table designed by artist Bryan Hunt and vintage fifties plywood chairs by Charles Eames.

ROBERTO GILI



"We're closest to the early Moderns," estimates Piscuskas. "We're interested in proportion, volume, and detail. We try to make timeless rooms you can feel at peace in." Adds partner Riehm: "We treat our materials as a jeweler treats his; we try to use them in ways that show their greatest assets." The firm's goal? "To keep at it."

Diane Lewis and Peter Mickle approach architecture with an intensity that might intimidate the uninitiated. They are passionate, zealous, perhaps even obsessed. "I'll either be a great architect or I won't be an architect," threatens 34-year-old Mickle. "Architecture in New York City is guerrilla warfare," maintains 36-year-old Lewis.

The fight is against mediocrity, against the belief that architecture is just one more profession instead of the calling that Lewis and Mickle maintain it is. Intent on "exploring the limits of architecture," the partners pursue theory as well as practice. They teach, write for academic journals, and participate in exhibitions with drawings that Lewis regards as her "love letters to history." They also, of course, build.

There is a raw exposed quality to Lewis and Mickle's work. It is hard, direct, visceral. (Their clients are not the sentimental type.) In the loft the duo constructed for artist Eve Vaterlaus and fine art publisher Donald Sheridan in Brooklyn, for example, massive steel trusses rise from a concrete base to separate the living area from the studio and to support three sliding panels, one of which is adorned with Vaterlaus's sculptural reliefs. Though a gypboard wall would have done the job of partitioning the space, it wouldn't have achieved either the monumental quality or the sheer brute force that Lewis and Mickle aspire to in their architecture.

"We try to fabricate things in unconventional ways," reports Mickle. "We don't send drawings out to let other people handle the details. We inhabit the site; we work alongside the workmen." Lewis shares her partner's commitment: "You do something the most excellent way you can. If it's not memorable, it's not worth doing." ♠

Architecture Editors: Elizabeth Sverbeyeff Byron and Heather Smith MacIsaac



intense

Partners Diane Lewis and Peter Mickle, above. Right: In the factory loft they transformed in Brooklyn, eight sculptural reliefs by one of the owners, artist Eve Vaterlaus, are mounted on a movable panel supported by steel trusses.

Diane Lewis & Peter Mickle Studi

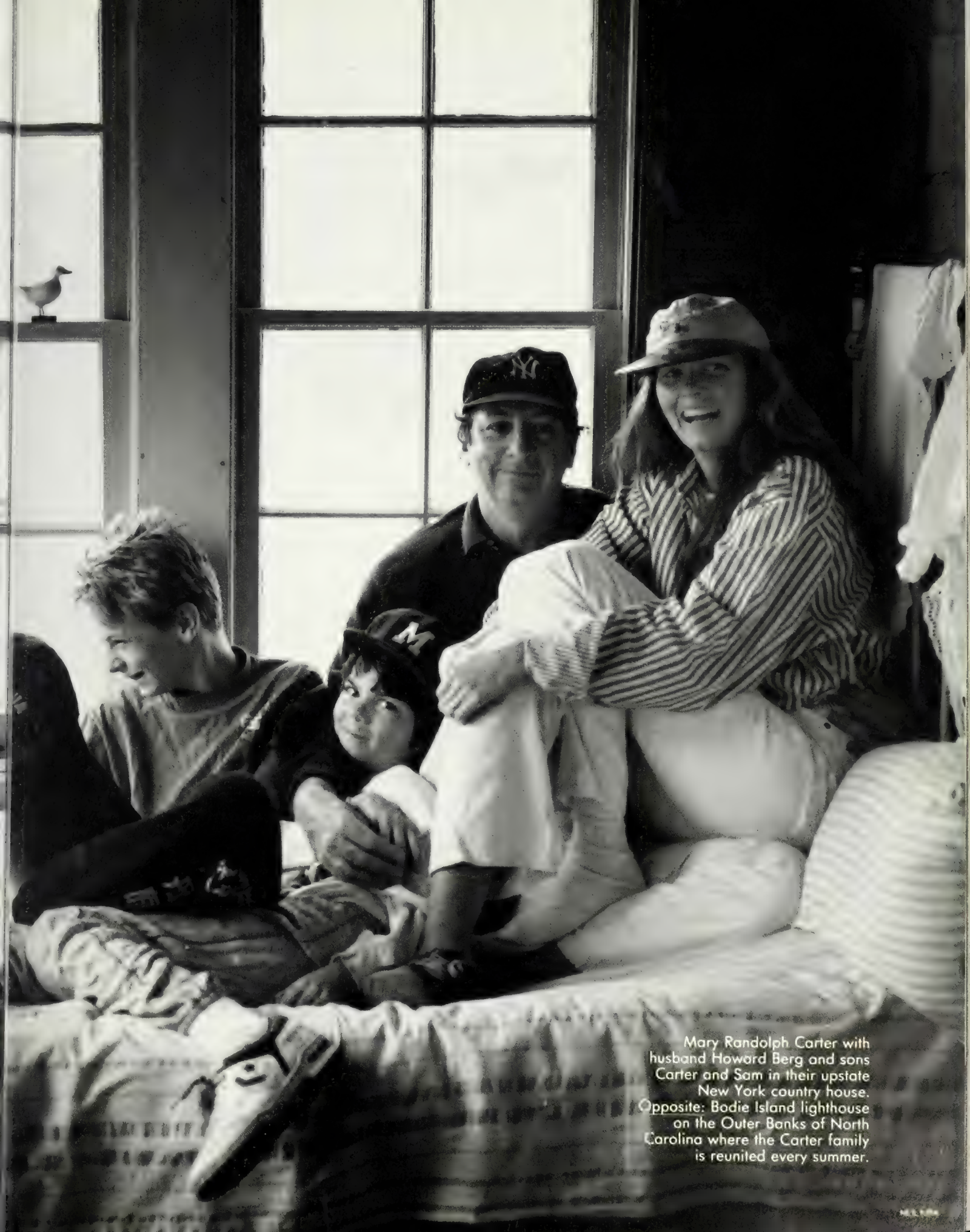


Carter Country

It's a land of family celebrations,
summers by the sea,
and weathered houses well used







Mary Randolph Carter with husband Howard Berg and sons Carter and Sam in their upstate New York country house. Opposite: Bodie Island lighthouse on the Outer Banks of North Carolina where the Carter family is reunited every summer.





"The background music of my book is my family, but what I have been more concerned with has been the spirit of making do"

The cottages the Carter family retreats to on the Outer Banks are perfect for lazy sun-filled days. Left: Old Glory drapes a wicker settee. Above: On a porch facing the sea, weathered settle tables for eating or seating. Opposite: Carter Berg at age eight. Inset: Drift Wood Cottage, a colorful and much-loved landmark that has since been washed away.



n her new book *American Family Style,* Mary Randolph Carter celebrates the pleasures, traditions, and rituals f the home. As the oldest of nine children (no twins), she is, anything, overqualified for the job. The book, which was radually compiled over fourteen years, encapsulates all that best about domesticity, namely, cooking, entertaining, ommon sense, practical advice, special celebrations, decoating a house, and of course, humor.

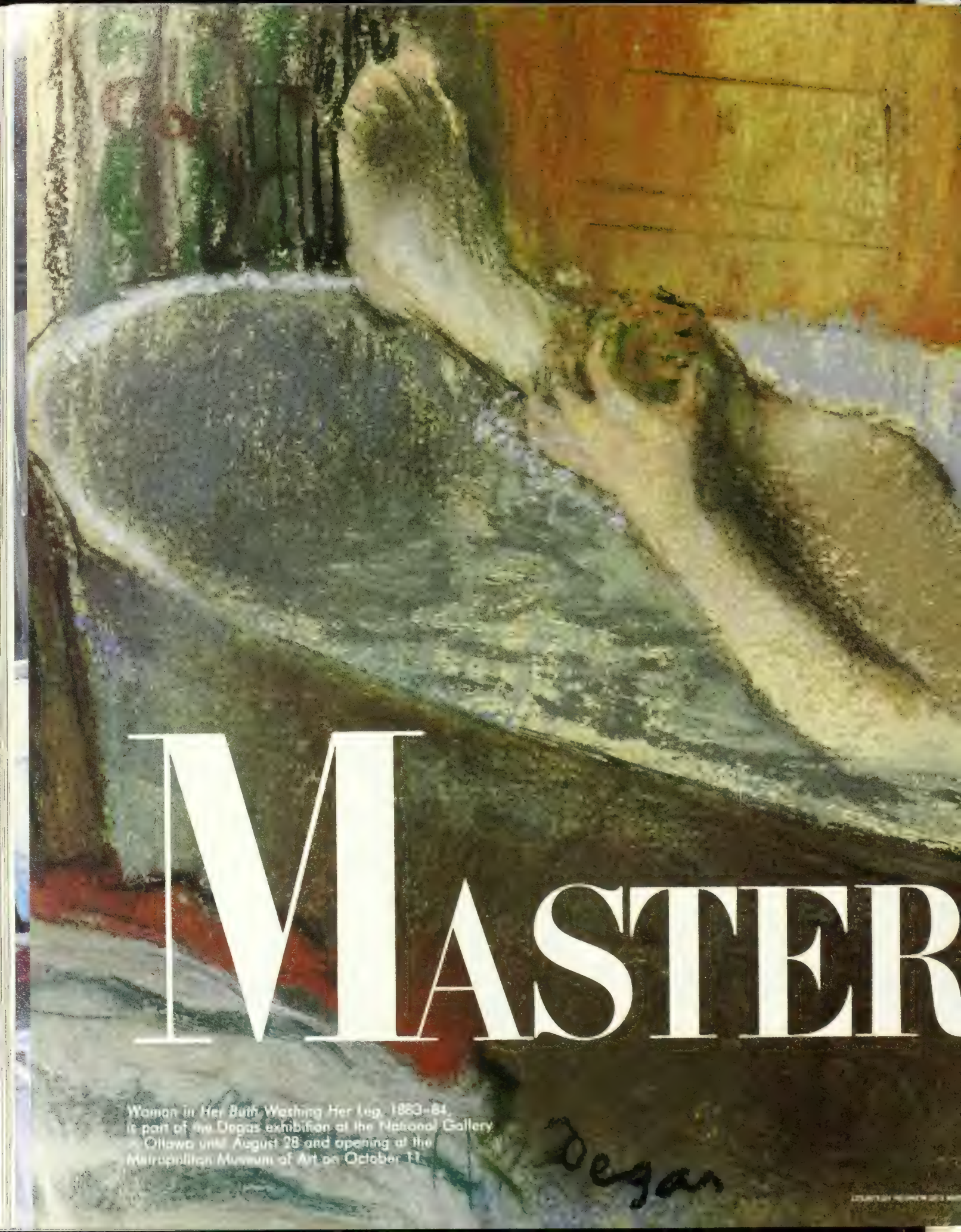
"The background music of the book is my family," says arter, who is the director of advertising for Polo/Ralph auren in New York. "But it's not all a personal chronicle of ne Carters of Virginia. Obviously I have drawn extensively n my personal experiences, but what I have been more conerned with has been the spirit of making do, like the Amerian pioneers. It has to do with sharing and maintaining a ertain spontaneity in the way you entertain."

Although the Carter family members are now scattered rom the Bahamas to New York, they remain in almost daily ontact and gather at their parents' house several times a year. "We are all each other's best friends and that sounds sickening I know, but we do like to meet up and celebrate whenever ve can, especially in the summer.

"As far as interior decoration goes, we all absorbed our arents' style until we took off from home and had to develop ur own. The common denominator is that all our styles are ery relaxed."

Mary Randolph Carter has an insatiable appetite for folk rt. Her Manhattan apartment—which she shares with her usband, Howard Berg, an advertising executive, and sons arter and Sam—is a bit like the Little House on the Prairie, welve floors up. The rooms are filled with rocking and ladder-back chairs, rag rugs, and patchwork quilts surrounded y shelf space crammed with witty and naive folk carvings. The effect is rather like walking through the pages of a scrapook, which is also very much like looking through *American Family Style.*

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FROM *AMERICAN FAMILY STYLE*
COPYRIGHT © 1988 BY MARY RANDOLPH CARTER USED BY PERMISSION OF VIKING STUDIO BOOKS



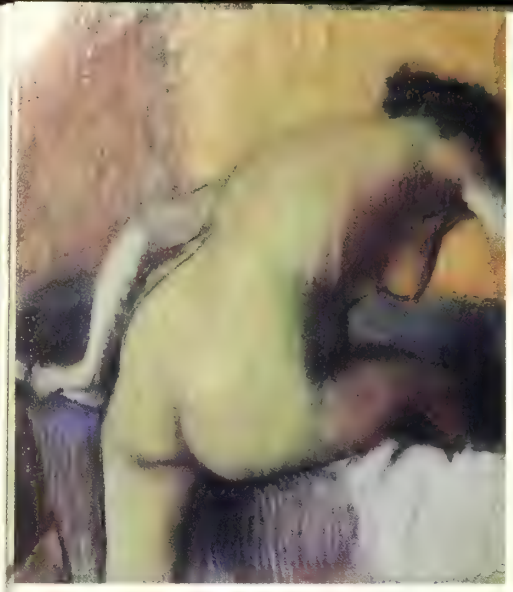
MASTER

Woman in Her Bath Washing Her Leg, 1883–84, is part of the Degas exhibition at the National Gallery in Ottawa until August 28 and opening at the Metropolitan Museum of Art on October 11.



of the BATH

When Edgar Degas took his paints into the bathroom, says ***Rosamond Bernier,*** *he changed forever the art of the nude*



Degas wanted a milieu in which t be naked was not only agreeable and indispensable but also confidentia

It is just over a hundred years since Edgar Degas presented himself as the poet laureate—if not the patron saint—of ablution. The naked human figure, seen without self-consciousness, had always seemed to him one of the highest subjects of art. Clothes were clothes, and he always enjoyed thinking about them. Hats were hats, and some of his most telling images were of women trying them on. Professional uniforms, whether worn by dancers, by jockeys, or by orchestral musicians, had a perpetual fascination for him. But the naked body was the ultimate subject, the subject that summed up and epitomized all that we know about human nature—or, as we now say, body language.

How best to trap that naked body? The standard poses bored him. The painting of historical subjects came to seem to him like amateur theatricals. There were women who undressed to offer themselves to all comers, but necessarily they tended to camp it up in the prevailing style of the day. Knowing that they were there to be observed and looked over, they got their act together in ways that ended as a private joke between themselves and the customer. What Degas wanted, rather, was a milieu in which to be naked was not only agreeable and indispensable but also confidential.

It was at the end of the 1870s that he found it, and in the 1880s and the 1890s that he lavished all his resources upon it, returning to the bath over and over again in images as voluptuous as any in French painting. The bathroom—often it was simply a bedroom with a tub—was the arena in which naked women were at once most naked and most unselfconscious. Getting into the tub, lying long in the tub, getting out of the tub, being rubbed down by a maidservant, and stepping over whatever stood between them and the bed, they were consummately themselves. What they did at those times had a naturalness that had never before been tapped for art.

But how did he get to see it? A good question, and one that is unanswered to this day, though many an opinion has been aired. Some people think that he built a bathroom—or, at any rate, the elements of one—in his studio. Others, that he used furnished rooms. Yet others, that he bought his way into the brothels that were familiar ground for Parisian men of the world and persuaded the women to perform in ways other than those to which they were most accustomed.

It is beyond doubt that Degas sometimes worked from photographs that either he or somebody else had taken. This is self-evidently true of *After the Bath*, an ecstatically beautiful oil painting of circa 1896 in Philadelphia Museum of Art. The related photograph (at right), now in the J. Paul Getty Museum, has precisely the same pose, with the light falling the length of the model's back. There is an unstudied eloquence in the deep shadow between her buttocks and a wonderfully off-balance quality to the pose as a whole.

As to whether he took it himself, who can say? But he was an ardent pioneer photographer. Berthe Morisot's daughter, Julie Manet, who had seen him on the job, once said to me that "it was perfectly terrible. Degas would come to dinner with his camera, which meant that we had to turn up the lamps, light all the candles, and pose interminably without blinking till the tears poured down our cheeks."

And unless we imagine to ourselves a photographer who was more in tune with Degas than Degas was in tune with himself, I think we have to go with the idea that he took that photograph, had it developed, and started from there. It is unlikely that anyone else could have invented a pose that had so precisely the mixture of discomfort and erotic exposure that Degas found irresistible.

The photograph was, even so, only a point of departure. In the image in the Getty Museum, the nonhuman elements—the cashmere shawl, the heavy figured hanging, the blinding white towel, and the zinc tub in the distance—have a look of arrangement that does not quite convince. In the oil painting Degas takes the same figure and sets her out with royal assurance in a plain bare room that is given grandeur by the gamut of reds that Degas has deployed.

It has to be relevant to the motivation behind these nudes that we can hardly ever read them as portraits in the conventional sense. Seen most often from behind or from the side, the woman speaks not with her face but with her arched back, her bent knee, the spring of her ankle, the unsupported weight of her breasts, or the extension of her arms as she reaches, either in supplication or delight, for the towel that will warm and dry her. Only rarely do we see her face, and when we do,

ABOVE: METROPOLITAN MU
OPPOSITE: J. PAUL GE



The photograph *After the Bath, Woman Drying Her Back*, 1896, is believed to be by Degas, who used the pose in a series of related nudes painted around the same time (see overleaf). Opposite: *Woman Entering Her Bath*, pastel and charcoal on blue paper, c. 1890.

The pose has precisely the mixture of discomfort and erotic exposure that Degas found irresistible

it is as if half-erased and in any case quite unimportant. It has sometimes been said that Degas's bathers are the work of a misogynist who enjoyed putting women through ungainly paces and disdained to give them the fundamental human attribute of a face. But the more we see of them, the more we may notice that, despite their awkward poses and their occasionally rather dumpy bodies, these women can rise to a Michelangelesque eloquence.

When a large group of naked bathers was shown in Paris in 1886, it caused a sensation. Félix Fénéon, at 25 the most brilliant critic of the day (and quite possibly of any other day), said that "in the work of Degas, and of no one else, human skin leads an expressive life of its own." And it is, as Fénéon said, in the skin of these naked bathers that portraiture resides. Skin has the individuality that we expect of faces—in color, in the way that it catches the light, and in the specific way that it responds to the strange exertions of the bathroom. Who needs the face when we can almost calibrate the movement of the blood beneath that skin?

In the catalogue of the current Degas exhibition, Gary Tinterow suggests that the bathers relate to the notion of the obstacle overcome as a recurrent motif in Degas's art, which surfaced initially in a copy of an engraving after Michelangelo that Degas made in the 1850s. If this is true, Degas's searching, fearless, and ultimately heroic paintings and pastels of naked bathers have an even richer connotation for us.

Some people have always found them difficult. In 1913, Mary Cassatt wrote to her friend Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer about a pastel by Degas of a woman half-standing and half-squatting in a few inches of water. "The art of Degas is addressed, after all, to a limited public. I do not think that many people would appreciate the nude that I have. Works like that are for other painters, and for connoisseurs." Mrs. Havemeyer had a mind of her own, and she was certainly a connoisseur, because in that same year she bought an even stronger Degas of a naked woman climbing into her bath. You can see it on page 108—and in the great exhibition at the Metropolitan this fall. ♠



In *After the Bath*, Degas used the pose and the lighting of the photograph but set his figure in a plain room made rich by red ocher.

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART
PURCHASED: ESTATE OF THE LATE GEORGE D. WIDENER





William Hamilton looks into the most private room in the house and finds some elaborate surprises

SPLENDOR



A splash of Gothic: Anissa Helou is the high priestess of her London bathroom, opposite and this page, made with salvage from demolished churches all over Great Britain. The grillwork on the tub is an altar rail from a church in Wales; the doorway is from a Victorian church in England. The closets at each end of the bathtub contain towels and a shower. "I wanted to hide everything and make it look *not* like a bathroom," says Helou.

in the BATH

JAMES MORTIMER

in the BATH





Only in the bathtub is it grand be naked and alone. Only the shower do certain singi voices seem not only viab but even applauded by th same hot droplets simult neously petting and massa ing the artist in their mis midst. The bathroom is the home wat temple. Within it are privacy, luxury, syn pathetic mirrors, and hydraulic comfor mechanically approximating those of th prenatal lobby through which we origina ly passed from paradise.

When Western civilization chose to b lieve their kings and queens ruled them b divine right from a link above in the gre chain of being, there were no bathrooms. you were the king or queen, the faciliti came to you. The lord high chamberla was originally no more or less than the bu ler of the bedchamber, whose duty was marshal a retinue of liveried specialists attend upon the needs and appearance the royal person.

This retinue now presents itself like to soldiers to every ruler of the modern dem cratic private bathroom. Medals, gre seals, gold crowns, proclamations an edicts, patents, ribbons, and coats of arm predominate in the decoration of conten porary bath products. Aristocratic titl brand many of the tools, substances, tov els and tissues of modern bathing. Marbl the stuff of palaces, is most often at lea represented if not physically present ther Brass and plastic are made to intimate th gold and ivory brought for Cleopatra morning ablutions on her barge or those the emperor Hadrian poolside at his ge away outside Rome.

We are all Spanish infantas in our e mine suds and terry velvet robes. The batl room is our empire and court, surroundin us with whatever we choose to see and hea without argument.

Because it is basically occupied by on person at a time, the bathroom makes n social arrangement of furniture and deco ration. It is there to please the solitary ind vidual, a small chapel to existentialism

Homage to Mondrian: A basic Ne York bathroom redesigned by William Diamond and Anthony Baratta. "With minimum of construction and very little money, we transformed a standard 1950s bath into something special," says Diamond.



Grecian baths At Vizcaya, the Italian Renaissance–style villa in Miami created by industrialist James Deering, the bathroom is washed in Neoclassical splendor.



MICHAEL MUNDY

Pictures hung in bathrooms are not viewed with their anxious owner looking on for a reaction, so they can be humorous—a gentle nudge in the ribs from the absent host—or even informative, as in the not-uncommon appearance there of advertisements for the product that originally made the family rich.

Like kitchens, bathrooms were formerly mean affairs kept at a distance. Parlors and libraries, which looked down their upholstered noses at the bleak and often exterior facilities, have fallen victim to their own complacency. An architect friend of mine is presently demolishing the library of an old house he's renovating to make room for a state-of-the-art bathroom that will rinse its lord with a $2,000 Kallista shower head.

From the elaborate extravagances of Sherle Wagner's designs to the Bauhaus penitentiary chic of Washmobil appliances, suppliers offer props and sets for every imaginable disposition of comedy, melodrama, or tragedy. Stylish and sentimental, severe, utilitarian, corny, and comical choices make this room more essentially personal than any other.

You can brag by decorating a bathroom or amuse or titillate or dazzle or show that bathrooms mean little or nothing in your scheme of things. Whatever you do, visitors will pick up clues to judge what must be the private you.

"Show him the bathroom," urged a friend of mine. We were visiting an estate currently in the hands of a rather mopey pair of heirs—a brother and sister. There was a hint of embarrassment as the brother conducted me down a curving staircase by the entrance hall. Below was a parlor-size room with a refectory table running down the center. On the walls were photographs of fox-hunting meets and fishing expeditions. The floor was white chicken-wire-pattern tile, the walls were paneled oak. I glimpsed the white enamel tree of a balance scale and an old-fashioned steam coop before all my attention halted at the high altar of this bathing cathedral. On a tile dais, side by side, each attended by a

Showered with art: Sculptor Ann Sperry decorated her shower with tiles she both collected and made herself. "Sometimes I break the tiles, sometimes I don't. It depends on what I want to do with the space," says Sperry.



polished brass cigar ashtray on a bras mast, stood a pair of toilets.

"That was my great uncle's place," ex claimed an old friend of mine, out of th blue, when I told this story. "Granddad had one too, except he didn't smoke, so h didn't have the ashtrays. I think it ha something to do with fox hunting." Thi communal, or anyway fraternal, attitude i high-class bathrooms has, of course, Ro man as well as rural American anteced ents. Nevertheless, it isn't my idea of good time.

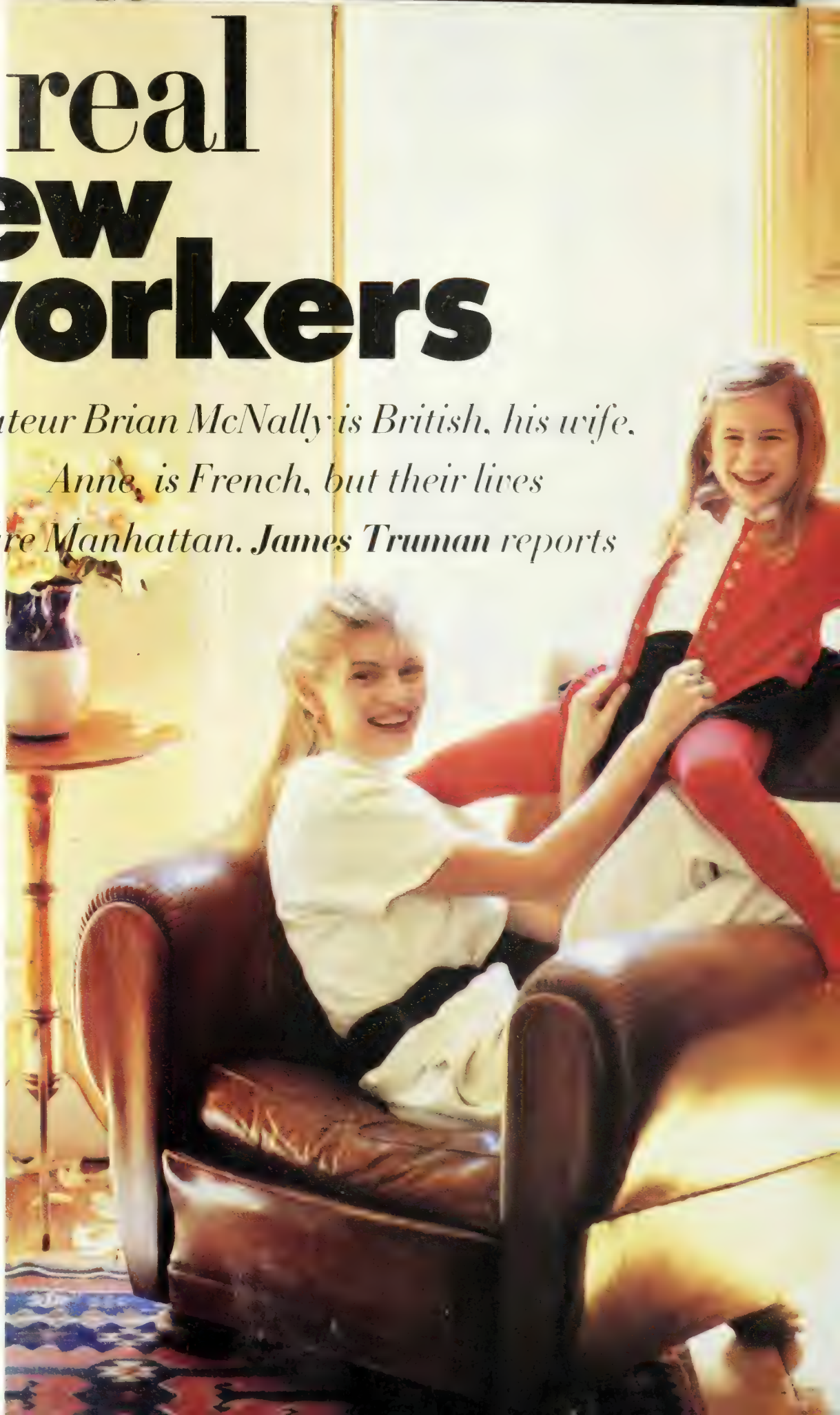
I prefer Schutzie's bathroom in Hart ford, Connecticut, where I found mysel preparing for *(Text continued on page 167*



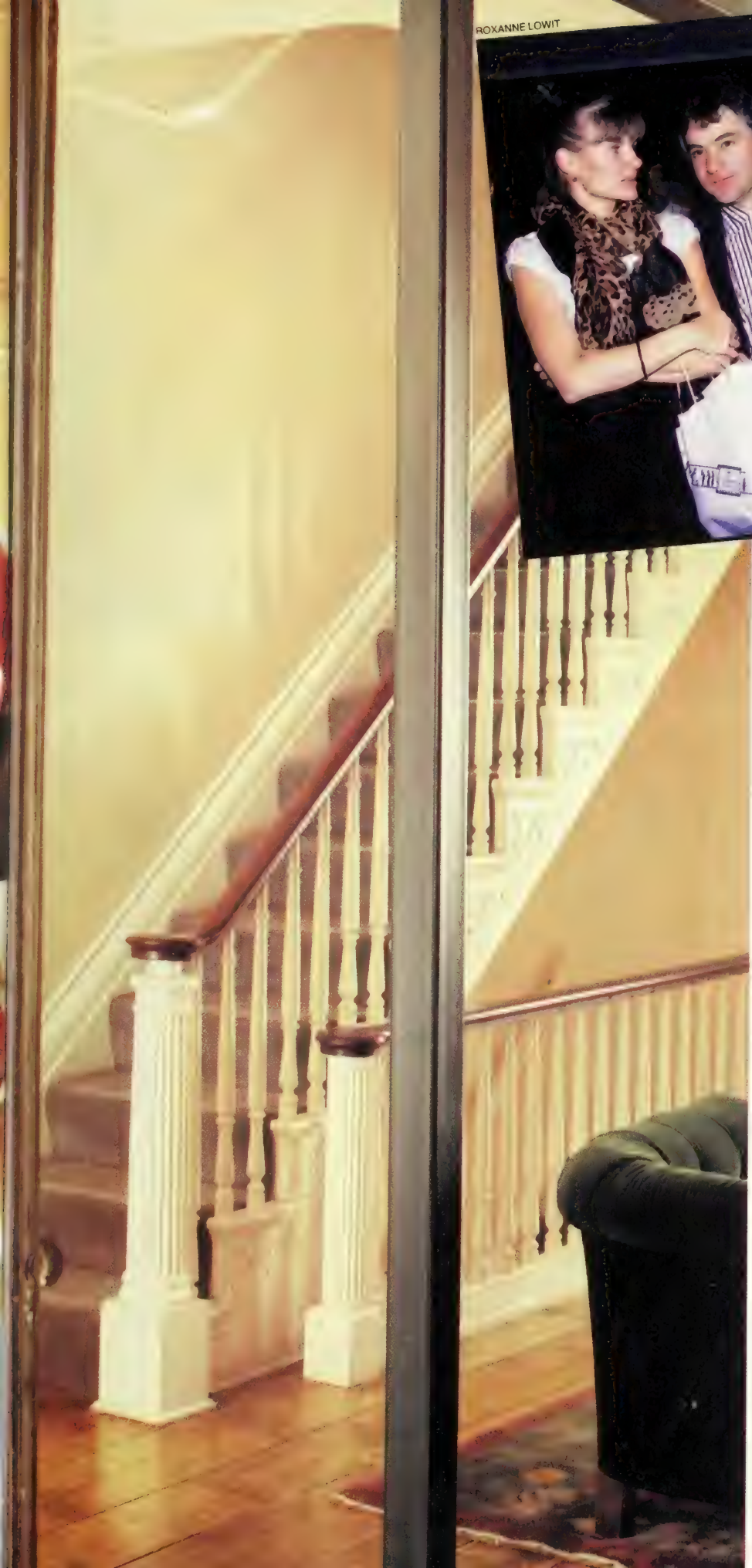
Retreat from Wall Street: In a palatial twelve-room apartment, venture capitalist Michael LeConey uses his bathroom as a sanctuary from his noisy family. "It's been said that I'm the owner of twelve rooms and master of none," says LeConey. The bathroom also doubles as a study/dressing room, with dark marble sink and desk, mahogany bookshelves, and leopard-patterned fabric on the wall.

real new yorkers

Restaurateur Brian McNally is British, his wife, Anne, is French, but their lives are pure Manhattan. ***James Truman*** *reports*



Village people: Anne McNally and daughter, Jessica, in the library of the McNallys' recently renovated Greenwich Village brownstone. Anne in cream by Azzedine Alaïa; hair and makeup by Alexis Caydam. Opposite: Entrance hall with painted steel beams added by the late Alan Buchsbaum, who was the renovation architect. Inset: Anne and Brian McNally.



ROXANNE LOWIT

The odds in favor of a new restaurant succeeding in New York are notoriously slim. The chances of arriving at Odeon, Indochine, or Canal Bar and being seated within thirty minutes of one's reservation are, just as notoriously, even slimmer. Since 1980, when he opened Odeon in partnership with his brother Keith, Brian McNally has presided nightly over some of the city's most congested thoroughfares. His restaurants fill early and empty late; once installed, diners tend not to leave until pried from their chairs. Given that the average New Yorker is equally preoccupied with eating well and making the scene, it is perhaps logical that a restaurant combining the two should succeed. What's surprising is that the marriage was implemented by someone without a consuming passion for either.

Whether at home, in the newly renovated brownstone he shares with his French wife, Anne, and their two young children, or traversing the city on his evening rounds, Brian McNally doesn't fit the conventional image of a prosperous restaurateur. He's not into self-promotion, and, in fact, refused to be photographed for this article. The son of a London cabdriver, he has the wrong accent entirely, and the kind of down-to-earth humor that isn't taught in hotel school. His training was informal: after moving to New York from London in 1976 he worked as a bartender in a Greenwich Village restaurant while his brother waited tables, and together they courted investors for their own venture. Finding themselves priced out of all the better neighborhoods, they instead backed their intuition that the downtown art scene was rapidly outgrowing its bohemian surroundings. For the scandalous price of $35,000 they acquired a vast abandoned cafeteria in Tribeca, the then-uncharted territory below SoHo. With a bargain assortment of thirties and forties furniture and the original structure's cavernous space, Odeon somehow came to evoke an idea of Florence or Rome in the sixties—an

A French bias: Anne McNally's heritage and love of antiques shows in the sunlit parlor, right and below, with its Directoire sofa, 19th-century gilt mirror from a French brasserie, 18th-century country table. Through the sliding double doors is the library with Deco leather armchairs, Kilim rug. Flowers by Alexandra Sutherland.



It's quiet, and light and airy. You don't



unimpeachable period. "The problem was that by the time we were ready to open we only had a few thousand dollars left," McNally recalls. "We had to choose between opening for two weeks and then closing or opening for one night with a big party for all the artists and dealers and designers we knew." It wasn't a tough decision. The party was a hit, and it helped establish Odeon as the current prototype for the restaurant-as-salon—a downtown equivalent to such uptown institutions as Mortimer's and the "21" Club.

It also helped invigorate the competition. "Suddenly it became fashionable to open restaurants downtown," he laughs. "Anybody who'd made $10 million in cement would want to open one. It was seen as something glamorous, like owning a nightclub had been five years earlier." The glamour, he insists, passed him by. Married in 1982 and a father a year later, he salvaged a family life by escaping to his



rpowered the way you do uptown"

wife's Paris apartment for vacations. While in Paris he noticed that the busiest tables in town were usually at the Vietnamese restaurants and that what kept them busy was a steady stream of Americans. In 1984, having sold his interest in Odeon to his brother and their other partner, Lynn Wagenknecht, he opened Indochine. Again he chose an unspectacular location—a dead stretch in the East Village—and decorated with little regard for authenticity. With its potted ferns and jungle-print wallpaper, Indochine looks less like a Vietnamese restaurant than the coffee shop of some tropical Hilton. The clientele continues to enjoy the irony, even as they grumble about the unchanging menu.

McNally offers no formula for his success. "There are no rules. I've seen it happen numerous times—you're hot, and then this mysterious underground consensus develops and suddenly you're out. The fact is that any restaurant in New York that stays fashionable for more than three years is pushing its luck. You have to be ready to spot the first signs of failure, to close down if necessary, and reopen as a hamburger joint." In the meantime he pushes his luck in new directions. Canal Bar, a bistro finished in jazzy colors and animal skins, opened to instant success late last year; it was followed by Jerry's, an upmarket din-



En famille: Anne and Brian McNally generally entertain at one or another of the McNally restaurants; their ground floor dining room, left, is used for family occasions. The French Deco ash-burl table and chairs were found at Second Coming in SoHo. Above: Outside the dining room Jessica perches on terrace steps leading to the garden.

er in SoHo ("I just realized one day that there was nowhere in the neighborhood to sit down and have a sandwich"). For the future there is a Brazilian restaurant planned for SoHo and a restaurant for the Royalton, a midtown hotel currently undergoing Postmodernization.

"Fortunately, I can now come home and relax and escape the horrors of the restaurant world," he roars across the coffee table one afternoon as, in the kitchen below, his children play percussion solos on the copper pans. The household is still in a celebratory mood—the result of finally being settled after seven changes of address in eighteen months. Anne McNally first saw the brownstone back in 1984; located in the West Village, it falls inside the glorious square mile of cobbled treelined streets that form one of Manhattan's few remaining pockets of tranquillity. It took almost a year for the original occupant to move out and another nine months for the renovation. The furnishing of the house was delayed by the death of the renovation architect, Alan Buchsbaum.

The finished house picks up few cues from the restaurants, although one bathroom is covered with wallpaper similar to Indochine's. Works by artist friends of the McNallys, who are also restaurant patrons, are featured on the walls. The living room displays a framed tablecloth and napkin stained with red wine—an act of clumsiness by Julian Schnabel who made up for it by drawing around the stains in crayon.

The furniture was collected from various sources: two Louis XVI chairs were inherited from Anne's grandmother; a Directoire sofa and an eighteenth-century desk arrived from Paris; much of the rest came from local antiques shops. "Whatever we saw in a shop and liked, we bought. Who knows why you do a home like you do? I've always found it unfathomable."

McNally is more at home talking new restaurant concepts, of which he is never short. Today's is for a bar. "But not just any bar. A *modern* bar. I've had it with secondhand furniture stores and phony old photographs. I want floor shows lasting four minutes and no kitchen, just takeout menus so you can call around the corner and get pizza and sushi delivered." Takeout menus—before they had their own restaurants to eat in, both Brian and Anne knew them well. Nowadays only their pristine kitchen betrays the embarrassing secret: neither of them knows how to cook. ▲







The household is still in a celebratory mood

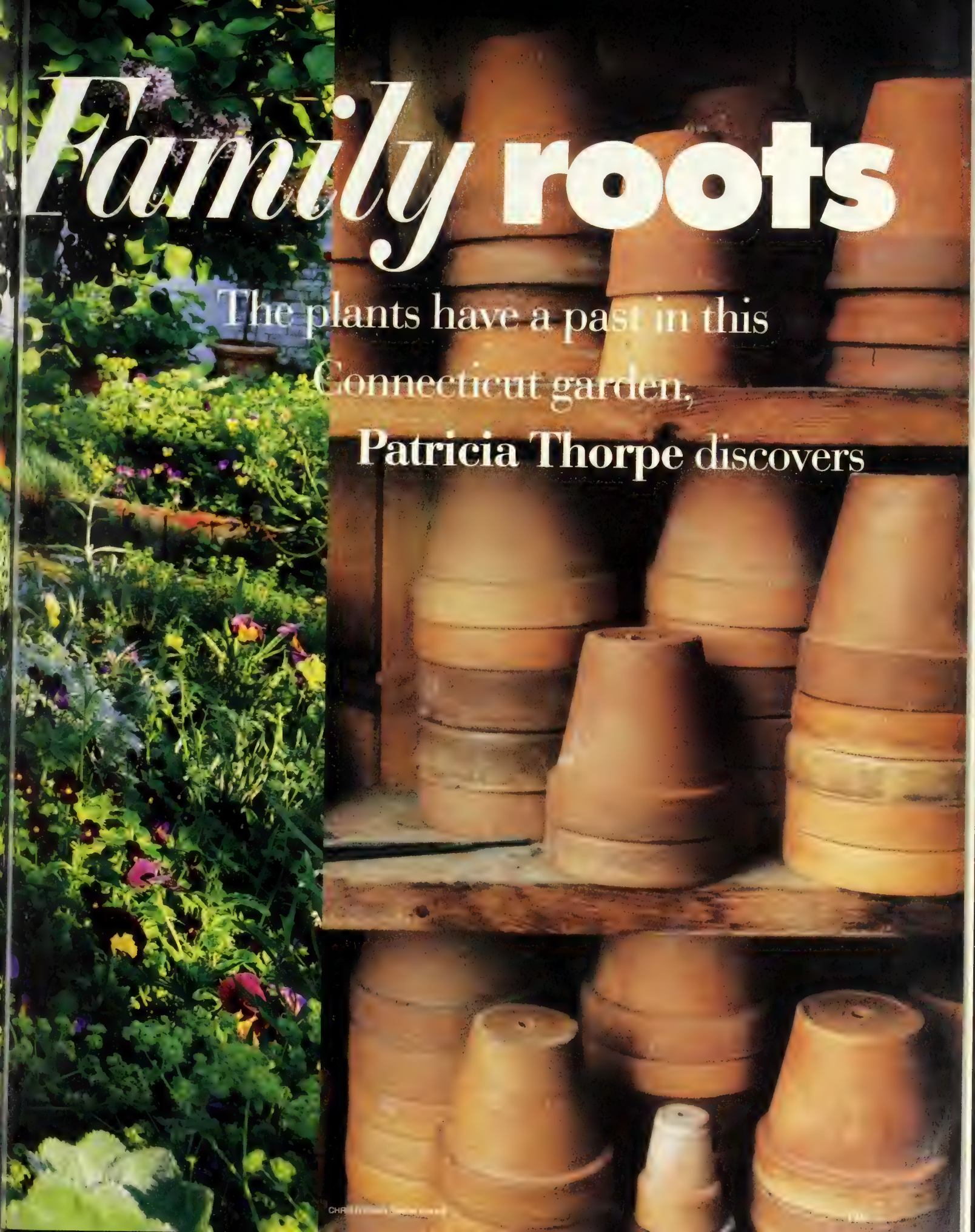
Fun and games: A relaxed style that doesn't take itself too seriously includes, opposite, son, James, bounding the linens in the master bedroom. drawing is by Brice Marden. This page, clockwise from top left: The children's room, with painted Mexican trunk as toy chest. Hanging over Jessica's bed, an early-20th-century quilt from Susan Parrish, NYC. In the bathroom, Manolo Blahnik shoes beneath a 19th-century chair from Jaipur. Buchsbaum features in the bathroom include black marble and glass-block panels; the painting is by the English artist David McIlwaine.







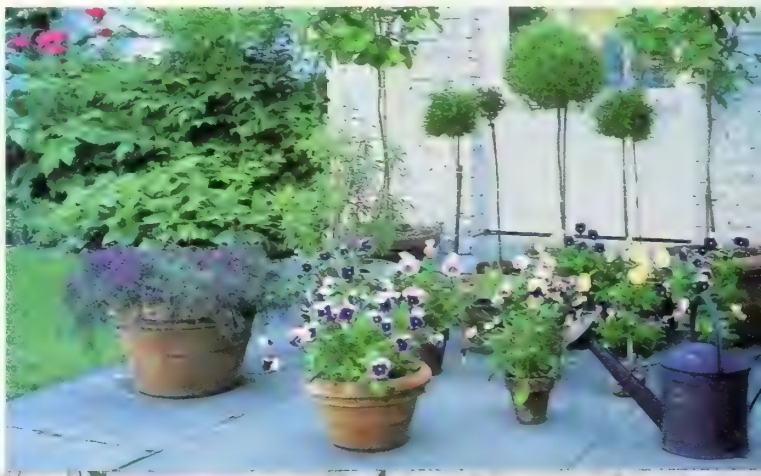
Millefleur: Tiny-low-growing flowers and herbs beneath dwarf lilac standard. Alchemilla, violas, allium, and dianthus are a few of the many species. Filled with the rare varieties of plants Elise Lufkin collects, pots serve as ornaments in the garden, even along walks. Opposite: A pot for every possibility.



Family roots

The plants have a past in this Connecticut garden. **Patricia Thorpe** discovers

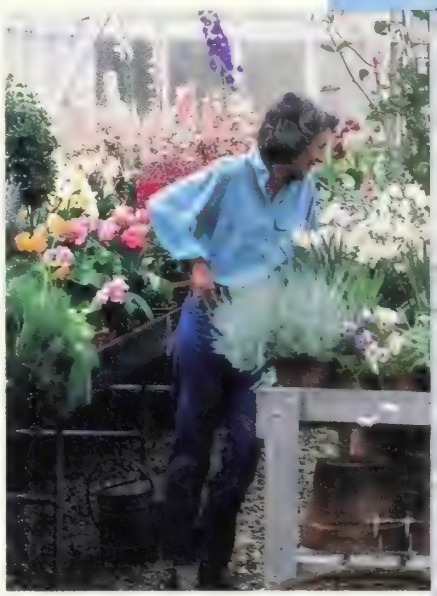
"It's supposed to be a kitchen garden, but flowers keep pushin out the edibles"



"Most people live quite happily without a garden. I can't conceive of life like that." Since Elise Lufkin has always been surrounded by plants and flowers, it is not surprising she would feel that way. Science has never determined if gardening is an inherited trait or simply an infectious disease; Elise Lufkin follows her mother and grandmother in a line of great garden makers. Many of her plants are hand-me-downs from their gardens.

"I see myself as a link in a family chain of gardeners. In my grandparents' garden I raced through rooms whose walls were huge hemlock hedges, rooms with lily ponds, flowering trees, and borders. I remember topiary swans on top of yews in my great uncle's garden. I remember my mother happily directing men with chain saws as she planned vistas and views. Now my oldest daughter has discovered gardening."

Such a confirmed gardener will make plants grow wherever she finds a home, but when Mrs. Lufkin came to northwestern Connecticut twelve years ago, her new property wasn't offering much encouragement. The house was awkward, imposing, and of a determined red, flanked by towering spruce and deer-bitten yew. A sweeping macadam drive monopolized most of the front of the property. Around the back of the house there were perennial borders enclosed by low brick walls. Here Mrs. Lufkin contented herself for the first two years; she immediately filled the small greenhouse that jutted out from the kitchen. But the drawbacks of the property became too insistent to ignore: "I knew I needed help to take on the big projects. I just had to find the right person."





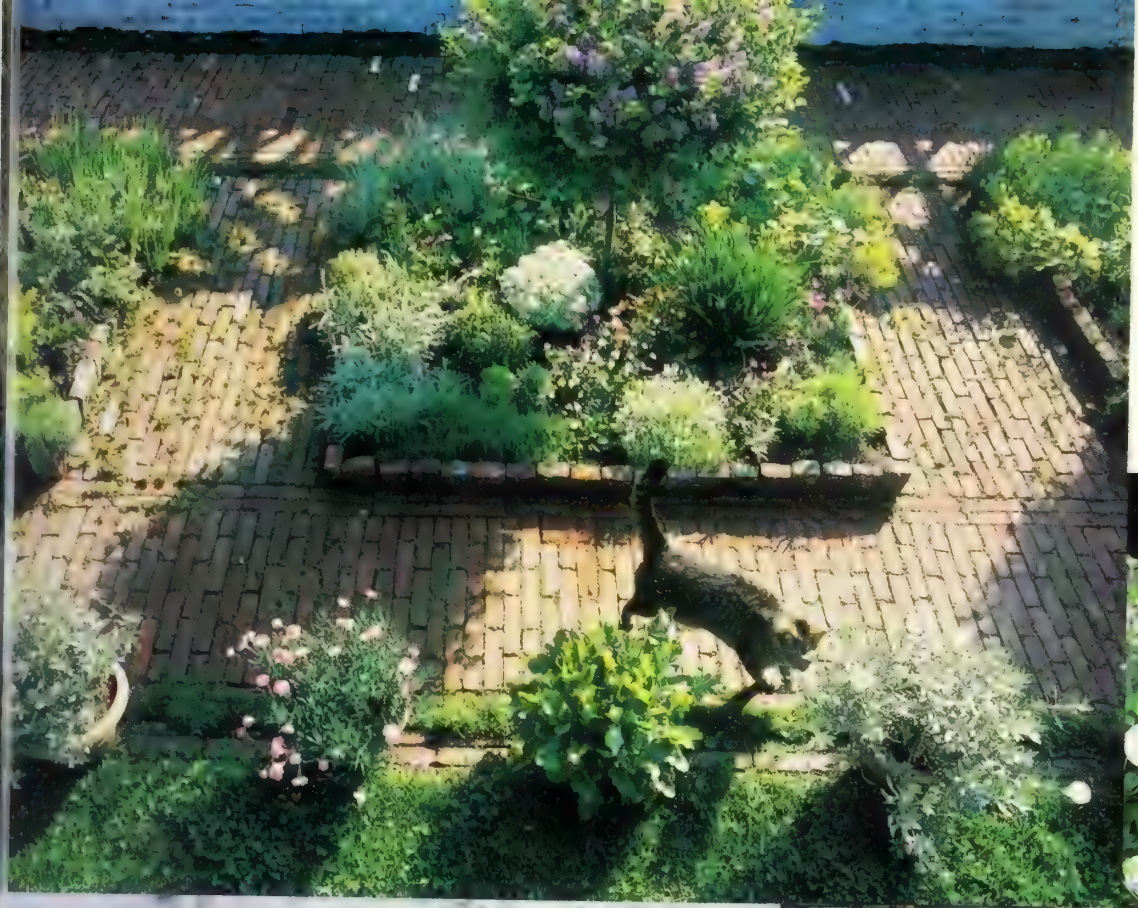
Full bloom: Elise Lufkin, above, by the benches of potted plants and flowers in her greenhouse, a riot of color year-round. Right: Parrot chairs are family heirlooms.

Nancy McCabe has been well known for some years as a garden designer, particularly in this part of Connecticut where she lives. (Her own garden was featured in this magazine in June 1986.) Her relationship with Elise Lufkin soon went beyond the usual client-designer collaboration: "Elise knows so much about plants—she has done much more real gardening than I have. I feel *I'm* the one who's learning." Their shared love of plants was the driving force for what quickly be-

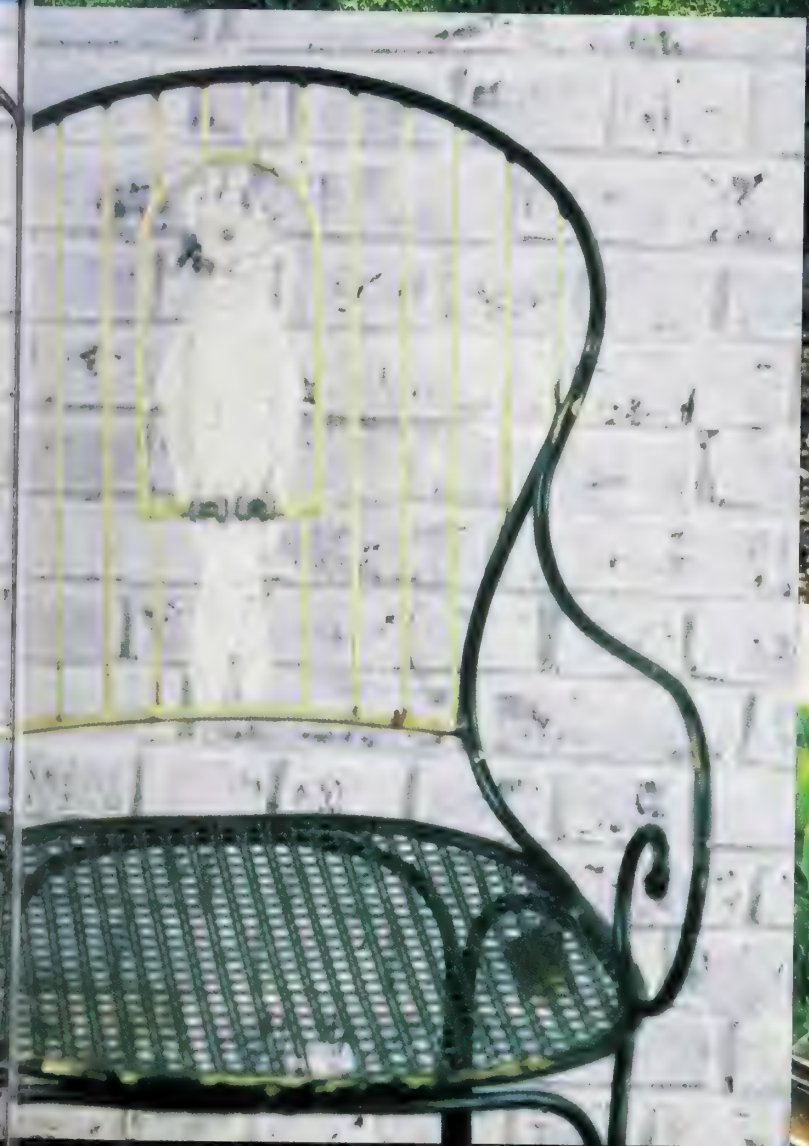
CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: PETER MARGONELLI (3); CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES (4)

Family roots

Maintaining standards: Standards and other pot plants, far left, summer on patios around the house. Left: The back-door garden, with its three raised beds, seen from the front. Below: Clematis and morning glory in late summer; assorted baskets for flowers; tabletop planting of lily of the valley.















On the border: Iris, dicentra, pansies, campanula, and artemisia are, says Lufkin, "plants with sentimental associations—from family, friends, gardens I've seen."

PETER MARGONELLI



came a warm friendship as they worked together on re-creating the garden.

They first attacked the entrance to the house, the somber evergreens and circle of macadam Mrs. Lufkin had come to loathe. The drive is now gravel, smaller and less self-important, ending in an entrance courtyard of high brick walls. Wisteria along the outside of the courtyard adds a formal air, but inside the walls there is a riot of climbing roses, clematis, lonicera, and polygonum, underplanted with vinca and masses of spring bulbs.

Next the greenhouse received attention—the metal frame was replaced by white wood. In winter and early spring it is a brilliant island of scent and color. "I've always grown things in pots and forced bulbs," says Mrs. Lufkin. Her prowess is remarkable; the pots are everywhere, in and out and around the house. Sweet peas twine to seven or eight feet in a fragrant column of pink, lavender, and white. Schizanthus is a frothy mound of rose and lavender, set off by ferny foliage—one of the more easily recognized species in the midst of many unusual specimens. Training plants as standards is a new interest. "Nancy got me started—I used to hate them. But I see them differently now, and it's wonderful work—totally absorbing." She plans to experiment with espaliered fruit trees. "I haven't done any outdoor topiary yet, but my great-uncle Harvey created the Ladew Topiary Garden in Maryland; I suspect the tendency is hiding in my genes."

Every corner of the garden is filled with seeds from abroad or souvenir plants from Elise Lufkin's travels to gardens around the world. This fascination with plants is one reason a solid overall design has been invaluable—the design encloses and separates individual spaces within which the dazzling variety can be seen. The treatment of the back-door garden is a particularly good example of this: a courtyard of old brick surrounds three slightly raised beds, each containing a perfect dwarf Korean lilac standard underplanted with low-growing specimens. "It's supposed to be a kitchen garden with fresh herbs and little salad greens," says Mrs. Lufkin, "but somehow the flowers keep pushing out the edibles." In summer, pots are brought out from the greenhouse onto the brick. The result is rather like a medieval hortus conclusus in which the garden exists without reference to natural surroundings. The small scale and highly controlled setting make the individual plants stand out like jewels.

But design alone can't create a garden with this kind of individual presence. "When I look at my garden, I see so many personal connections. I see bleeding hearts from my mother's garden. I see primroses a friend planted one spring when I couldn't work in the garden. I see madonna lilies someone gave me years ago. I see *Salvia argentea*, apricot foxgloves, *Primula auricula*—all plants Nancy McCabe brought into my life. The solitude and peace of gardening is important to me, but I also love the associations and friendships flowers bring." ♠

Gardening Editor, Senga Mortimer

Design alone can't create a garden that has this kind of presence



The language of flowers: Ample perennial borders survive heavy cutting and still look lavish; behind the border, the spires of one of the numerous fanciful birdhouses around the property. Left: New and old volumes make up an enviable gardening library. "I've never read a garden writer I didn't like," says Lufkin.

PETER MAUSCH

THE Big CHILL

Making ice cream is no simple summer pleasure. **Jeffrey Steingarten** learns

Chill eighty cups of heavy cream and dust off your electron microscope—we're about to get serious about ice cream. If you're like me, you have been aimlessly making ice cream for years, following this recipe or that, sometimes adding eggs and sometimes not, throwing in condensed milk one day and half-and-half the next, chilling the mix overnight or not chilling it at all. If you have ever made a decent ice cream, it was largely by chance.

This is not the time to lose ourselves in ice-cream reveries of hushed summer evenings waiting on the porch for the distant song of the ice-cream truck, of afternoons in Provence when we found relief from the blinding sun in perfumed sorbets of rosemary and lavender, of a dusty zocaló in the Yucatán when they brought us six astonishing cream ices, each the essence of some untranslatable tropical fruit. There is too much work ahead. We are about to pillage the scientific literature and exhaust the experimental method in a quest for the perfect ice cream. I do not mean the most delicious ice cream you have ever tasted or even the second most delicious, but the simplest, purest, richest ice cream you can make.

First pour a cup of cold heavy cream into a little bowl and stir in a quarter cup of superfine sugar. Taste. This smooth cool sweet richness is why we love ice cream. It is the milk and honey promised in the Book of Exodus but without that bitter honey aftertaste. It is the reason we are proud to be mammals and not birds or worms—and also why our first word is mama, the mammalian salute. It is the justification for cornflakes. We can dilute it, flavor it, whip it, stud it with fruit or nuts, or cook it into a custard, but the more we add, the less we have.

Now break up an Oreo cookie into seventeen irregular pieces and stir them into the bowl of sugared heavy cream, the way they do at those rustic urban ice-cream parlors with barn-siding wallpaper and signs that advertise real Vermont farm cream and all-natural ingredients. Taste, if you must. I yield to no one in my love of Oreos—though I much preferred Hydroxes when young—and I happen to be eating one right now, but the idea of mashing up partially hydrogenated cottonseed oil, lard, and vanillin, an artificial flavoring, into real Vermont cream has always struck me as goofy. Discard.

In a clean bowl again stir a quarter cup of sugar into a cup of cold heavy cream. Keep the bowl covered on a handy shelf in your refrigerator, preferably at mouth level, and sip from it now and then to remember how we want our ice cream to taste. The question is, how can we capture this guileless ancient essence in our ice-cream machine?

"Probably more is known about this emulsion than any other," wrote an investigator in 1982, and I would personally be shocked to learn that a rival emulsion has overtaken ice cream in the intervening six years. With the assistance of John B. Forbes at the National Agricultural Library outside Washington and the staff of the New York Public Library, I have ploughed through endless food-science and agriculture databases and harvested whatever scientists have written about ice cream in the past fifty years.

This mixture is why we love ice cream: sweet, rich, smooth, comforting. It is the milk and honey promised in the Book of Exodus, but without the bitter honey aftertaste

Two books are indispensable to the amateur ice-cream scientist: Harold McGee's always useful *On Food and Cooking—The Science and Lore of the Kitchen*, and Arbuckle. Now in its fourth edition, W. S. Arbuckle's *Ice Cream* is the bible of the industry. Ben and Jerry read Arbuckle before going into business. Armed with the data from our computer search and our copies of Arbuckle and McGee, we can march to the freezer with aplomb.

Ice cream is a frozen sweetened foam. Each bite encompasses a million air bubbles, a million ice crystals of nearly pure water, and maybe a trillion solid globules of milk fat, each surrounded by a protein membrane. The web of ice crystals forms a stable structure, trapping unfrozen water containing dissolved or suspended sugar, milk protein, salts, and flavoring between them. *(Text continued on page 166)*





Palmy days: The grand lobby and bar of M.K., re-creates the leisure life of a grand resort hotel with specially made gilded Regency-style sofas and chairs covered in a fabric from Schumacher, a faux Miró and Yves Klein, and a pair of stuffed Dobermans. The chandeliers were found in a local antiques shop. Opposite: The ceiling of the library is covered with bugs painted by Michael Herstand and Michael Staats.

Eric Goode's new club is changing New Yo



Goode TIMES

I am never quite sure whether I ever went to Area. If the New York nightclub clientele is fickle, then this was a club that was fickle right back. It kept changing shape, design, theme, and texture. But I'm reasonably certain that I have been to M.K., the new hangout on lower Fifth Avenue. Built as a bank at the turn of the century, it retains qualities of solidity and permanence. You don't have to cope with the unbearable lightness of concept. The man who "did" both spaces seems to be looking for a point of rest.

Eric Goode, originator of M.K., has done time as the young and the restless and now wears a permanent look of diffidence and slight surprise, as if the way in which things have evolved is—shrug—anybody's guess. Area wouldn't sit still long enough for anyone to get a handle on it. The attraction of the Mudd Club was its repulsion—its spikiness and discomfort a lure to the well upholstered. Studio 54 was too garish, and there the lack of amenity had a look of affected luxury. Later venues also tried for gruesome barbaric splendor. But ever since Nell Campbell moved from Rocky Horror to the banquette, the tendency has been toward refinement—almost gentility. M.K. takes up the story when banquette becomes *banque*.

In M.K.—a cryptic name of no acknowledged meaning—there are definite signs of an incipient staidness. The ground-floor bar and lounge are done up with nouveau Regency furniture, and the restaurant has a molded and gold-leaf ceiling that might have been inherited from the

ghts. **Christopher Hitchens** takes a look







original Gilded Age bank. The dance floor is not so much apart as actually sequestered. You descend some forbidding stairs into a concrete bunker, a vault still adorned with the original safe doors. A cage demarcates the bopping zone. Fleeing from this, you can take refuge on the top floor, the domain of Phileas Fogg, where a leather-bound library encloses a large pool table and London club chairs. Adjacent are a large bedroom and a large bathroom, with a large bed and a large bath respectively.

"I used to be infatuated with ephemerality," says Eric Goode. As boys in California, he and his brother Christopher would put on once-only parties, often with a dog theme of some kind. They chose the old Pony Express building on Hudson Street for Area because it sported two sculptured dogs on its façade. This fidelity to man's best friend is perpetuated at M.K. with its two stuffed Dobermans and a recurring pattern of metal bulldogs welded to the staircases and railings. Goode is touched that I notice this detail. "They are the logos from Mack garbage trucks," he says with evident satisfaction.

A huge and rather crude pastiche of the Joan Miró style hangs in the main bar opposite a fish tank. On the restaurant level are large mounted photographs of boxers, including the young Cassius Clay, which were given to Julian Schnabel—another friend who has been "very supportive"—to paint upon and to make his own, while they re- *(Text continued on page 168)*

"I wouldn't use live animals in a club again. Only fish"

DUANE MICHALS







Pooling talent: The M.K. team, opposite, business manager Bruce Frank, Eric Goode, his sister Jennifer, and the reclusive Serge Becker, who designed the standing lamp. Clockwise from top left: The bedroom features an antique harp and a bed draped in Schumacher fabric. Welded onto the main stair rail are Mack truck bulldogs; the photographs are of prize fighters. The plasterwork in the bathroom is by Carlo V. Mori. A still life of objects collected by Eric Goode in a vitrine in the library. The pool table in the library is surrounded by scaled-down versions of modern furniture classics.

Closet ENCOUNTERS

Dodie Kazanjian uncovers the secrets stowed away by five clothes-minded editors

Everybody has them, but no one can ever get enough of them. As a child I thought they were made for hiding. I have since learned they are made for hiding disorderly habits. They come in various shapes and sizes, but they all end up cluttered. Putting stuff in is never a problem. The trouble is getting it out.

Carrie Donovan, who is responsible for the lifestyles features of *The New York Times Magazine*, maintains an archetypically frenetic New York pace. Does she suffer from closet anxiety?

"That's my one shameful spot," admits Donovan, who has two closets in her bedroom, one for hanging clothes, the other all shelves. Today she is wearing her signature big black-rimmed glasses, a black cashmere pullover, a leopard-pattern denim skirt, and a turban. She has worn turbans ever since the early 1970s after she dyed her hair red in a mad moment—and regretted it. "I am a disgustingly neat person, but I live with a great deal of clutter. I'm impossible. I can't stand things a centimeter off kilter. This is true of everything but my closets where I have a semblance of neatness, but they're stuffed to the gills.

"So I decided there are three things that could make my closets and me happy. One, I need a week to weed them out. Two, I need to redesign the closets' innards. And three, I need another closet."



Baubles, bangles, and beads: Carrie Donovan, with her signature glasses but sans turban, brandishes her favored footwear. Inset: In her leopard-carpeted hallway, accessory-bedecked chair from Paul Smith, NYC.

GEORGE LANGE





Entering the Upper East Side apartment of **Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele,** my impression is that the entire place is a closet and that she lives in the spaces in between. The French-born special projects director of *Vogue* wears black—motorcycle boots, Levi's, a cashmere sweater, and a man's tuxedo jacket by Saint Laurent—plus half a kilo of gold jewelry. Her entrance is through a room she uses as a closet.

"This rack is full of this year's clothes. It's easy for me. I can go bing, bing, bing, bing, and very quickly find what I want," she says, sipping coffee out of a blue-and-white bowl. "Alors. Armani jacket that I buy in every color because I love. This is Azzedine. Voilà, same jacket. Blue. White. Black. Beige. This is something I bought last year at Chanel. J'adore. One of the best thing I ever see in my life. This is another Chanel. And thousands of Saint Laurent jacket, all the same. I think I have fifteen black jackets from everybody. Armani. Gaultier. Saint Laurent. Azzedine. One day it's Saint Laurent. The other day it's Azzedine. I like it kind of big. This is Gaultier jacket I buy and wear one time at Paris collection.

"I can't stop buying clothes. I just love, love, love, love clothes. I love fashion. It's my life. I love classic. Quality. Not show-off."

In the same room there is a container filled with at least two dozen umbrellas, all alike, by Prada, but in different colors. Beside the umbrellas is a huge bin brimming with scarves—oversize scarves by Chanel and Hermès and all the little scarves with which she ties back her hair.



The success of excess: Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele, top, in a Chanel jacket and jewelry, a Zoran T-shirt, and Levi's. Details see Sources. Above: Her bags, by Hermès, Vuitton, Pellegrino, and Chanel, on hangers in a row. Right: Chanel shoes and a rainbow of Hermès shawls fill a closet. Style: Kelly Klein.

MAX VADUKUL





Sneaker mania: In Joe McKenna's closet, neat rows of turtlenecks, imported sneakers, and stacks of hats. The pinup photo of his friend Lisa-Marie was taken by Bruce Weber. Above: The editor tops off his all-American look with a Calvin Klein cotton-twill coat.

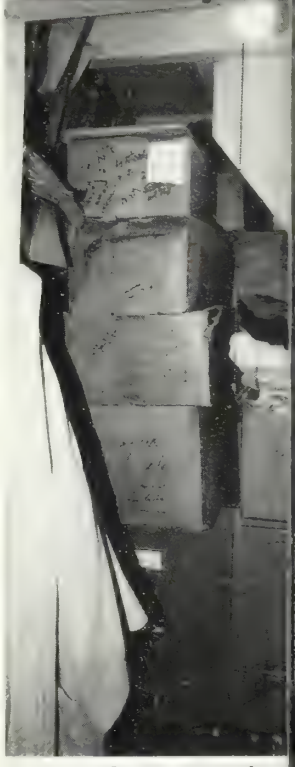
Next is a room with four closets and a full-length mirror. One closet is for handbags—Louis Vuitton, Hermès, Chanel, and Renaud Pellegrino—on hangers because they take up less space that way. Another closet contains rows of Chanel flat shoes exactly alike except for their colors. The back row is Chanel velvet and suede evening slippers. "Just to look at this makes me mad with pleasure. I love this." Above the shoes are shelves, nearly ten feet of them, stocked with cashmere sweaters, especially oversize ones by Zoran, and a big, big collection of Hermès shawls. "Every single color that can exist is here."

Then there's her shoe room, with a window. It might have been the perfect study. Instead it's five rows deep in shoes. "These little boots by Azzedine I need in every color," she says. "Four new pairs this winter; I never wear them one time. Never. Never. Never. Never. I have tons of black pumps." Shoes are lined up by designer—Manolo Blahnik, Prada, Alaïa, Maude Frizon, Walter Steiger, and on and on and on and on. "Shoes I absolutely love. I don't wear them too much, but I buy them."

Polly Mellen, *Vogue*'s legendary creative director for fashion, arrives from the country in a short navy A-line coat by Geoffrey Beene, gray Armani cashmere trousers and silk T-shirt, and crocodile moccasins by Prada. She flings open the door of her "Easy Evening" closet.

"I always separate my Big Big Evening from my Easy Evening," Mellen declares. "There has to be a method to your closet. You have to deal within the space you have. Because I have to move so fast, my clothes have to be in perfect order. My Big Big Evening, I put in the guest bedroom closet because I always have more time to dress for a Big Big Evening. Geoffrey Beene is a big part of my closet. Now the Biggest Evening I have is my star dress by Geoffrey Beene." As she speaks a car waits to whisk her back to *Vogue*. She continues at the slow pace and with the emphatic emphasis that brings to life the italics of a page of *Vogue*. "An Easy Evening, a less decked-out evening, is in my bedroom closet because these are clothes that swing for me—that can be day and night.





Low-tech approach: [illegible] Cunningham, top, uses th quickest means in traffic. Above: His filing system, for more than papers.

MAX VADUKUL

"I'm always editing my closet," says Mellen, who stores er off-season clothes in an enormous closet at her Connecti- ut country house. "I'm not sure I'm minimizing my closet ach season because of space reasons. I'm really doing it be- ause I think it's easier to dress. It eliminates the options I'm ot sure of. And it keeps within my reach clothes I know I ook best in. Presentation is my business. I care a lot that I ook well. There's never enough time."

Bill Cunningham doesn't believe in closets. He doesn't eed them because he almost doesn't have any clothes. "I on't have a closet because I don't want to have a lot of stuff round. It's a nuisance to have stuff around that you don't /ear," says Cunningham, who photographs street fashion or *The New York Times* and covers high fashion for *Details*.

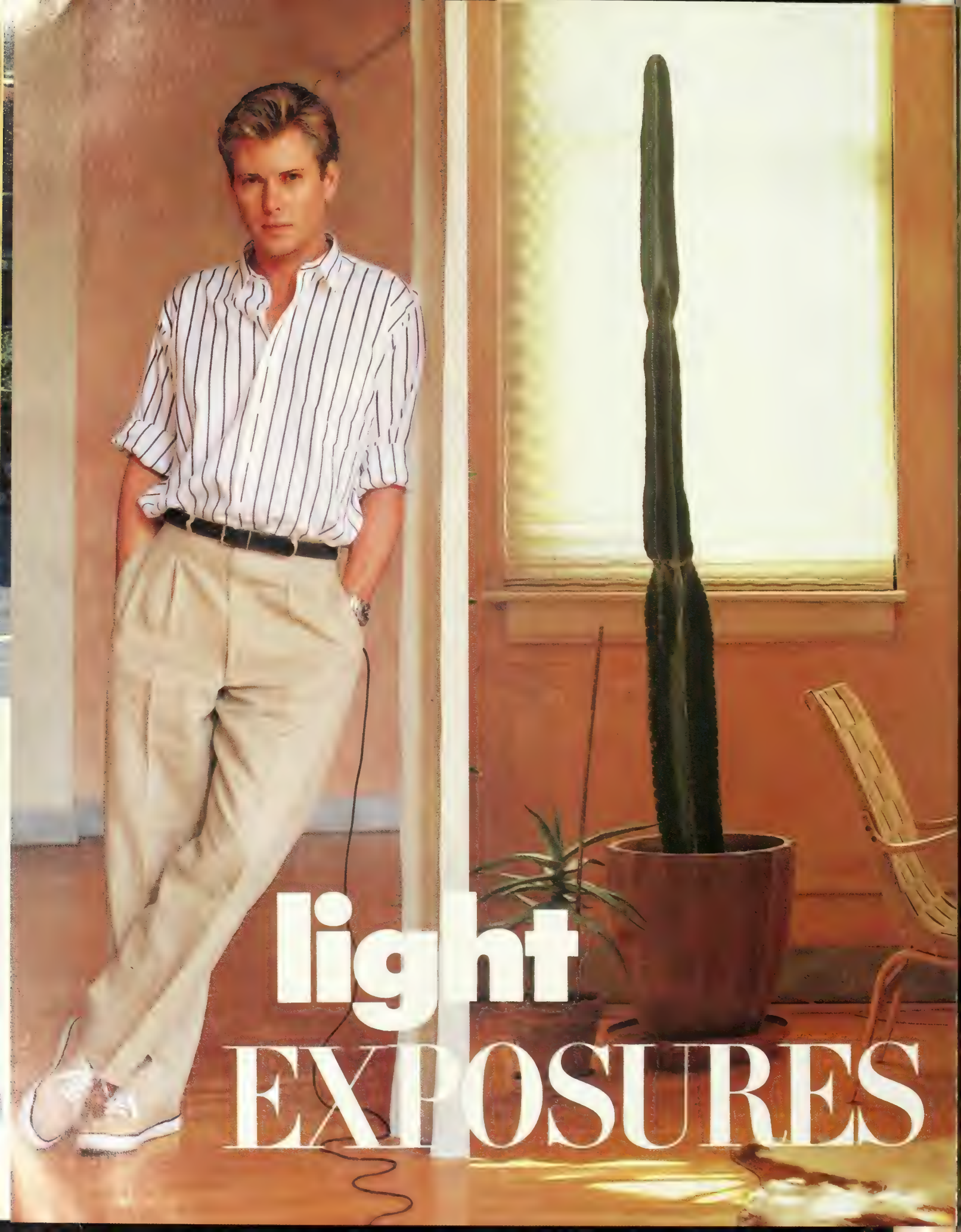
He lives in a small midtown one-room studio. A little al- ove under the stairway that is 98 percent filled with photo- raphic file cabinets acts as his closet. "I haven't bought nything in thirty years. I have a couple of changes of lothes—by choice—and they just hang on the handles of the le cabinets and from a couple of hooks on the wall." He oes have two sweaters, maroon and black, that a friend ound for him at a thrift shop, and he has one coat—a down acket from another friend. "When it gets soiled, I throw it nto the laundromat on Ninth Avenue. I wait while it washes nd then put it back on. Wash it and wear it. It's very easy.

"I spend all my money on my photographic materials. It's ot that I'm not interested in clothes. Mine are functional— ist camouflage—to blend in. I need clothes that make me in- isible when I'm photographing."

He acquired his camouflage of the night—black tie—when girl who lives in his building expelled her boyfriend. "A ay later, his clothes were thrown out, and I just picked it out f the trash can," says *(Text continued on page 168)*

learly organized: Polly Mellen, right, stands out in alvin Klein. Below: A selection of her day clothes arefully laid out for consideration.




light
EXPOSURES

Eric Boman has created an environment as flattering as his photographs. **Dodie Kazanjian** pays a visit



Self-portraits: Eric Boman leans on a sculpted column, designed by Peter Schlesinger, that divides the room. Bruno Mathsson chairs and a chaise from the 1940s surround a table arrayed with pottery, including Poole, Crown Devon, and anonymous pieces. The fluted vase is by Andrew Lord. Sunlight is filtered by shades of cotton duck.

"You're so vain, I can't believe it. You're the vainest person I've ever come across." Click, click. Click, click, click. "It's really quite shocking."

Eric Boman, the fashion photographer, is taking my picture. He is dressed entirely in white, wearing a doctor's lab coat from New York Hospital. "I make women look beautiful, which is the way to a woman's heart," is how he explains his success. Magazine covers for European editions of *Vogue* have become a specialty. He is known as le nouveau Horst because he likes houses and does so well with the rich ladies.

Boman is the only photographer Paloma Picasso has let photograph her without her trademark red lipstick. "He's able to show a side of me not apparent to other people," says Picasso. And Jennifer Bartlett can't stand to have anybody else take her picture. "He's quick, and you always look fifteen years younger," says Bartlett.

Despite such mutual flattery, Eric Boman doesn't think photography is art. "Because you have such limited control," says Boman, who doesn't talk to other photographers because he finds them deadly dull. "Photography is archival. A photograph is fascinating because it shows you what someone looked like at a certain point in life. For me photography is not an ultimate expression. It's one thing I do. I'm not contribution-minded—feeling I have to leave something behind—like some artists. If anything, I think my opinion is my contribution. And I have lots of opinions about lots of things. En-n-ndless," says Boman, who once interviewed himself for *Interview* magazine.

Apparently Eric Boman was born in 1970. When I asked three of his friends—Manolo Blahnik in London, Jennifer Bartlett in Paris, and Paloma Picasso in New York—how long they had known Eric, each answered without hesitating, since 1970. "I started wearing red lipstick the year I met Eric," says Paloma Picasso.

"That would make me eighteen," says Boman. "That's rather good." He doesn't look much older, certainly not his 42 years.

Boman and Peter Schlesinger, who is a painter and sculptor, live in a Manhattan loft in a turn-of-the-century building that was once a girdle factory. "This place is quite ridiculous, don't you think?" said Boman when I was there for tea shortly af-

ter he had photographed it. "I mean, the combination of things is quite silly. We just put anything together that we think looks good. If the form and color work together, it doesn't matter what it is, stylewise. We don't follow any rules."

A twelve-foot fluted column—Peter's interpretation of Doric—seems to be growing in the middle of the pinky peachy 32-foot-square sitting room. Everything else radiates from this dynamic spot. The column emphasizes that the room is divided into four separate square areas, one for dining, one for sitting, and two for walking through. "The air you walk through is very important. That's what space is all about. It's a luxury to have space you don't need," said Eric. "None of this represents money. Just taste."

His clients and admirers are impressed with his taste. Manolo Blahnik says, "With the most unlikely furniture and objects—with nothing at all—Eric manages to create an incredible visual impact. This is the trick of Eric." And Paloma Picasso says, "I like the fact that it's sort of homemade, which I think is an important part of it. That's what's nice about Eric's place, the decoration seems as if it's left over from somebody else, which is always a nice touch."

Light to a photographer is like sun to a flower, and over the past fifteen years Eric Boman has mastered the use of light as a photographer. So it's not surprising that he has figured out precisely how to light his loft. "You don't want overhead light because it gives you bags under your eyes," said Boman, who painted his ceiling pale yellow ocher because white ceilings reflect light. All ten lamps in the sitting room are on one switch, and all go on at teatime.

"I upgraded wattage recently. Basically there isn't a lot on the walls here, and I love the funny shapes that the light from the lampshades makes on the walls. That's why we have clear bulbs everywhere. No frosted bulbs. They give you a softer edge. My favorite wattage—you know, like my favorite scent—is 75 watts. When it was 60 watts, you felt as if something was just not right with your head."

The son of a Swedish minister and diplomat, Boman was born in Copenhagen and attended schools all over Europe. He studied at the Royal College of Art in London and then designed fabrics and wallpaper. He became fascinated with magazines and started out as an illustrator for British



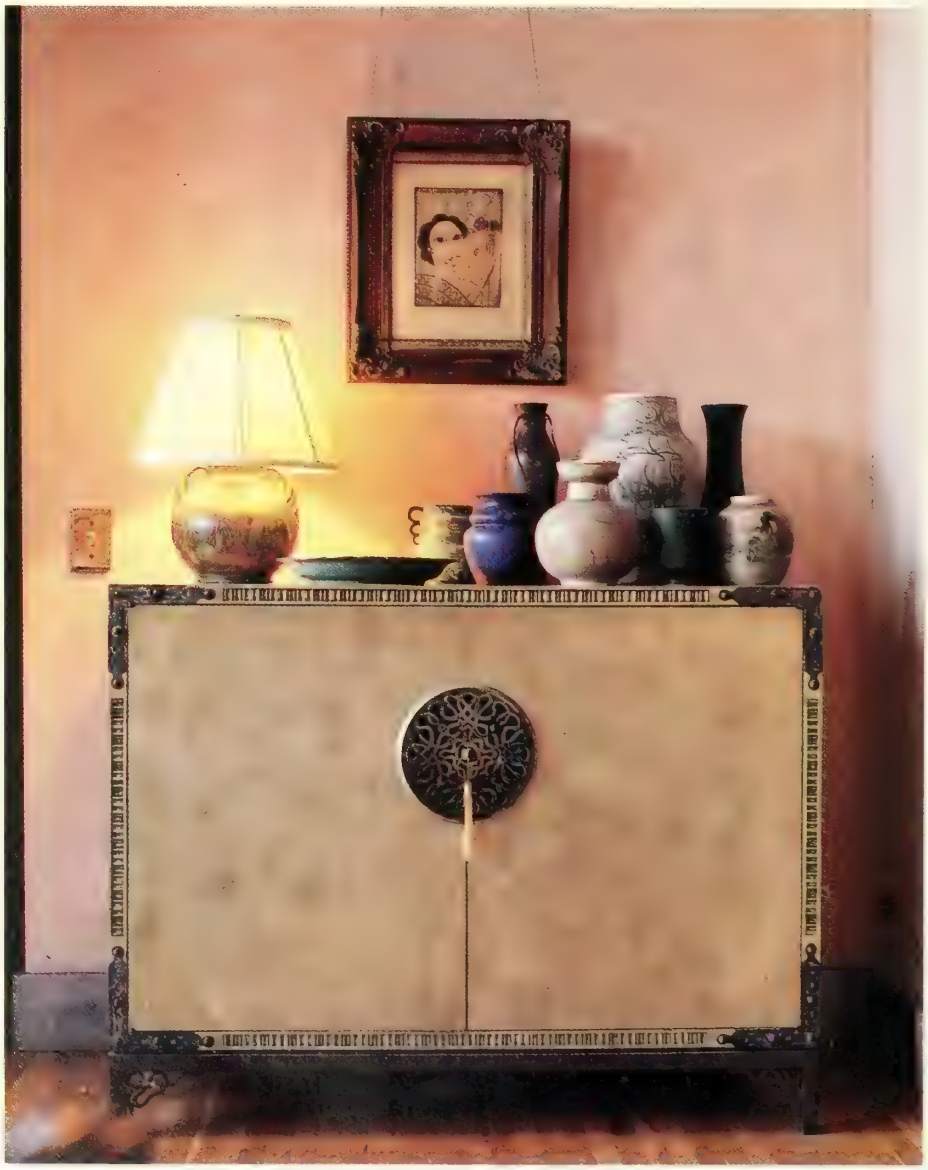
There isn't a lot on the walls here. It's a luxury to have space you don't need"



Set design: The Dunbar dining table from the 1960s is surrounded by 1920s French iron chairs, with Quadrille fabric. The sideboard is also French. The painting, *Henry*, is by Peter Schlesinger; the sconces are Scottish Arts and Crafts. Details see Sources.



Sitting pretty: In the sitting room, "Mamie Eisenhower" chairs on a rug by Jules Coudyser. Vase on the plinth and painting are by Peter Schlesinger.



Zsa Zsa Zsa voom: The silverleaf wood cabinet was once part of Zsa Zsa Gabor's bedroom suite. The pottery includes Royal Lancastrian and Gustavsberg Argenta ware. The etching is by Marie Laurencin.

Vogue and *Marie Claire* before engineering his way into photography, and he came to the United States in 1978.

When Boman and Schlesinger bought their loft in 1979, they designed the space with a contractor and a roll of white tape.

Says Boman, "The contractor told us 'You're making everything the wrong proportions. Buy a roll of white masking tape put it on the floor where you want the walls, make three-foot openings where you want the doors, and walk in and out to see how it feels.' Absolutely brilliant."

Everything in the apartment is twentieth century with an emphasis on the 1950s. But surprisingly, there are no photographs. The two are proud of the fact that the provenance of almost every object is thrift shops, auction houses, or the street. "It's what *Vogue* used to call, 'Done on more dash than cash,' " explained Boman, who has never had to buy a rubber band or paper clip because he saves all incoming ones. ("I greatly admire his thriftiness—waste not, want not," says Jennifer Bartlett.) They are not collectors, aside from their accumulation of English studio pottery, which they call their sport. "It's not like a collection of things that are valuable. It just seems to be a much more all-around preoccupation with form and color."

Everywhere is evidence of an incredible attention to detail. Take the solid-brass lever door handles he tracked down in a hardware store in Sweden for $20 apiece—they would have cost $350 back home—or the moss braid he bought for a song at Crocianelli, a fringe shop in Rome. "When you do something like this, it's often the trim or the hardware that really breaks the bank."

Peter's paintings hang on the walls, but Eric, not Peter, painted the walls. "No housepainting," said Eric about Peter's work with a brush. "Only a-h-hrt painting. I do all the housepainting." He rubbed red ocher, gray, and bone color on the walls in the sitting room, using a rag as if sponging down the wall to get just the right feeling of depth. "If a room this size has flat paint on the walls, it gets very dead." He painted the baseboards with silver radiator paint applied with a Lola dishpan brush.

Everything in Boman's fashion photographs is deliberate, and the same is true at home. "You put things 'just so,' as the Trinis [Trinidadians] say. It's a good expression, isn't it? Just so. Seems to me, if you have something that's not exactly what you want, why have it?" ♠

"this place is quite eclectic, don't you think? We just put anything together that looks good"



Decorative decay: A chair discovered on the street remains exactly as found. The English table, from the 1920s, is by Lenigan and Morant.



MARK DARLEY



J T CHEW JR/CHEW & CO

Designer floors: Varnished pine, left, by San Francisco architect Christopher Alexander; painted pine, above, by NYC designers D'Aquino/Humphreys.

Glory Underfoot

Floor finishing has reached a new state of perfection. The only problem is deciding which decorative technique to employ

With the focus on uncovered wood floors these days, the services of a fine floor refinisher are very much in demand. Not only are wood floors remarkably resilient—the beauty of even a badly scratched floor, dulled by traffic or suffocated under carpeting, can be easily restored—but they can also be completely transformed in the restoration process. Floors can be bleached, pickled, stained almost any color, painted upon, or given a decorative wood border or center insert. Here is an overview of these techniques, followed by a list of highly regarded floor finishers who will provide free consultation in the client's home to discuss both the options available and the cost of doing the work.

BLEACHING AND PICKLING

Pale floors, achieved through bleaching and pickling, can enhance a room in uncommon ways: it will seem brighter, fresher, and more spacious. The lightening method is chosen to

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suit the species of wood and the effect desired. When a bleach is applied to sanded wood, the existing pigmentation is neutralized entirely. Then a clear nonyellowing stain is used to protect the wood. The effect is ashen, much like the color of driftwood.

Pickling refers to the application of a heavily pigmented white or light-colored stain to sanded floors. Unlike the spare raw quality of bleached wood, the pickled floor has a warm finish that can look attractively mottled or distressed. Many floor woods have a natural reddish pigmentation, and the finished pickled floor can take on a rosy glow. When stain is applied, it is rubbed into the wood and then allowed to absorb until the desired color is achieved. Good custom refinishers can mix virtually any pale hue to complement the surroundings.

Pale floors may not be successful in every room, however. Damaged floors or floors of a lesser quality wood may be better stained a darker, more forgiving wood tone. There are those in the refinishing business who counsel against pale floors in rooms with heavy traffic and especially in kitchens. They require a high degree of maintenance, and when the protective finish begins to "walk off," the muddying effect is much more noticeable on a pale floor than on a darker floor.

DYES AND STAINS

Industry specialists report that dyes can be used to achieve brilliant, pure colors, but controlling their application is difficult and many professionals prefer not to work with them. Aniline dyes, for instance, are highly toxic and can seep quickly and unevenly into sanded wood. When people speak of dyed floors they may actually be talking about floors that have been colored with a stain composed of pigments in a stable oil-based solution. Stains can also be mixed to achieve a wide range of colors that can be put to use in both traditional and nontraditional settings. An ebony-stained floor, for instance, can be striking in a modern apartment or in a country house. Stains can also be applied to give a pattern to a simple wood floor or to enhance the pattern of an existing parquet.

FAUX FINISHES AND ILLUSIONARY PAINTING

Faux finishes work to both fool and delight the eye. The faux-marble finish is seen most often, and the effect can look realistic enough to evoke the cool glow of marble underfoot. Faux granite, faux sandstone, and, ironically, faux bois are also popular. The finishes can be rendered to look like the real thing and to match existing fixtures such as a marble mantelpiece, or the effect can be fanciful: faux marble can be created in unexpected colors with glittering veins; the texture of faux granite can be exaggerated to look as if magnified; and the pattern of a faux bois parquet can look as finely cut as a gem.

There are growing numbers of artisans who can be commissioned to create these finishes. Although they tend to work primarily with interior designers and architects, most of them express a willingness to take on smaller independent projects. "We welcome inquiries from people with even a vague idea of what they want from the finished effect," says Clyde Wachsberger, a partner at Tromploy, a New York firm. "Once ideas start to bubble to the surface, our only limitation is the boundary of our imagination."

Illusionary painting takes the faux finishes several steps further: it is more elaborate and often humorous. Crumbling marble columns can be made to grace a door frame; rumpled silken carpets can be painted underfoot. Lucretia Moroni of Mocart once undertook a two-month project to create intricate antique Persian rugs in a large formal room. John Demar of Los Angeles creates vignettes: he has done everything from a flock of barn swallows to a zebra-skin rug painted on a floor in front of a fireplace. Christine Hayward, who runs a one-woman studio called Interior Arts near Newton, Massachusetts, recalls the playful details of one of her favorite projects. "I painted a stack of mail as if it had been slipped under the front door," she said. "The envelope on top was addressed in a grandmother's handwriting, and for the stamp I painted the face of their dog."

INLAID BORDERS AND INSERTS

If the client has the luxury of commissioning the installation of a new wood floor, the possibilities are endless. Bill Erbe, whose grandfather established the William J. Erbe Company of New York City, takes on eight to ten projects a year, and many of those involve the milling and installation of exquisite custom-made floors. He also buys antique floors from Europe and undertakes the painstaking task of restoring and installing them. "The look and feel of the antique floor is impossible to recreate from new materials," he says.

One halfway measure is catching on: the installation of new wood borders—either custom-designed—or bought precut. Rode Brothers, a large Los Angeles–based company, has installed specialty borders of wood inlaid with marble, granite, or brass. Less labor-intensive and perhaps more dramatic is the center insert—a block of patterned wood inlaid in a space cut out of the center of the floor.

All floorwork, even the simplest sanding and refinishing job, requires care and craftsmanship, and quality work never comes cheap. But somehow it always seems worth it in the end. **Diane Lilly di Costanzo**

Floor Refinishers

STANDARD FINISHES

Capitol Wood Flooring
979 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022
(212) 759-5917
This large diversified firm takes on all kinds of floor refinishing and installation. Currently contracted for 30,000 square feet on Ellis Island, they have done finish work in the Oval Office. A branch office of the parent company, Hoboken Wood Flooring, can make referrals for refinishers in the Boston area (617) 426-4343.

Dudley Coughlin Flooring Co.
414 West Broadway, New York, NY 10012
(212) 532-8770
Coughlin has been in business for over sixty years and adheres to traditional, time-honored methods. He does meticulous sanding and prefers wax finishes on wood floors in homes. He also dismantles, restores, and reinstalls antique wood floors.

Designed Wood Flooring Center
281 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012
(212) 925-6633
The showroom is open to the public and has on display their wide variety of specialty flooring and ornamental wood borders.

William J. Erbe Co.
434½ East 75th St., New York, NY 10021
(212) 249-6400
Bill Erbe is highly respected for his custom-designed, finely crafted wood flooring. He also dismantles, restores, and reinstalls antique wood floors.

Floorworks
230 East 93 St., New York, NY 10128
(212) 289-7000
This firm works mostly in conjunction with interior designers and architects but welcomes smaller private jobs as well. They specialize in fine color work and the installation of ornamental borders and insets.

Florida Flooring Co.
236 West Division St., Chicago, IL 60610
(312) 664-0888
This large firm takes on all kinds of installation and refinishing work.

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Heywood-Berk Floor Co.
414 West Broadway, New York, NY 10012
(212) 226-4024
This large firm, in business since 1923, did the floors for the rehabilitation of Carnegie Hall and for Ralph Lauren's new shop on Madison Avenue.

Axel Isackson Floor Co.
100 North Hill Dr., Unit 36, Brisbane, CA 94005; (415) 467-0888
In business for 41 years and over three generations in the San Francisco area, this firm specializes in new floor installation.

New Wood Co.
301 West 96 St., New York, NY 10025
(212) 222-9332
A small firm whose clients include galleries and museums, New Wood offers a full range of services for the residential client.

Rode Brothers
8280 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046; (213) 653-2660
This firm has branch offices in San Diego, Palm Springs, Costa Mesa, and is highly regarded for their custom-designed floors.

Troendle
8605 Oak St., New Orleans, LA 70118
(504) 861-8117
The Troendle family founded the firm, which continues to do high-quality refinishing and installation work.

DECORATIVE FINISHES

Interior Arts
6 Jaffrey Circle, Waban, MA 02168
(617) 527-7705
Christine Hayward travels all over the Boston area and the East Coast creating faux finishes and inventive, elaborate illusionary painting on floors and walls.

Kathryn Kozan Studios
219 West Chicago Ave., Chicago, IL 60610
(312) 787-4014
This full-service studio of ten artists and designers specializes in decorative painting on all surfaces, both interior and exterior.

Local Color
842 South Sycamore Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90036; (213) 934-3231 by appointment
Bob House designs and produces all kinds of faux finishes.

Maer/Murphy
429 West 53rd St., New York, NY 10019
(212) 265-3460
This studio specializes in fantasy murals on both interior and exterior surfaces. Their faux marble finishes can be seen at three locations in Manhattan: Il Moneo, Il Nido, and the Carlyle Hotel.

Shelley Masters Studio
2443 Filmore, Box 305, San Francisco CA 94115; (415) 695-7844
Masters's work can be seen at Chez Panisse in Berkeley where she designed and produced a "weathered Pompeian stone finish" on the walls. On floors she has executed rose quartz, lapis lazuli, bronze, verdigris, and marble, among other finishes.

Thomas Melvin Painting Studio
2860 West Leland Ave., Chicago, IL 60625
(312) 588-2932
Melvin has been painting on all surfaces, inside and out, for fifteen years. He can produce a wide range of faux finishes, including marble, wood grain, mosaic tiles, and likes to play with scale and color.

Mocart
241 West 36 St., New York, NY 10018
(212) 629-3975
Lucretia Moroni runs a full-service interior-design firm. Most of the elaborate illusionary painting she does is in conjunction with other aspects of interior design.

Sue Connell
Clayton Store, Star Rte., Southfield, MA 01259; (413) 229-2621
Connell travels extensively to produce for clients effects as diverse as faux rugs, including Navajo, Oriental, and American hooked rugs, Art Deco and Victorian patterns painted with stencils, and faux finishes of all sorts.

Isabel O'Neil Foundation for the Art of the Painted Finish
177 East 87 St., New York, NY 10128
(212) 348-2120
The O'Neil Studio operates as a guild; the masters, apprentices, and journeymen work cooperatively, perfecting their skills side by side. Some guild members, past and present, take commissions for painting on floors.

Studios of John Demar
148 South Laurel Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90048; (213) 933-2555
Demar delights in creating highly personal fantasy paintings for his clients. He designs a variety of faux finishes, including marble, bois, and crackle, which has the effect of bubbling, peeling paint.

Tromploy
400 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10003
(212) 420-1639
In business since 1980, this studio takes on jobs of all sizes and in locations as diverse as the U.S., Japan, and Saudi Arabia.

Designs for the New Age
132 West 24 St., Box 7, New York, NY 10011; (212) 255-2772
The work from this four-year-old highly imaginative studio varies widely. Mark Victor Venaglia's favorite project was a ballroom floor in a private residence painted to evoke a Grant Wood landscape.



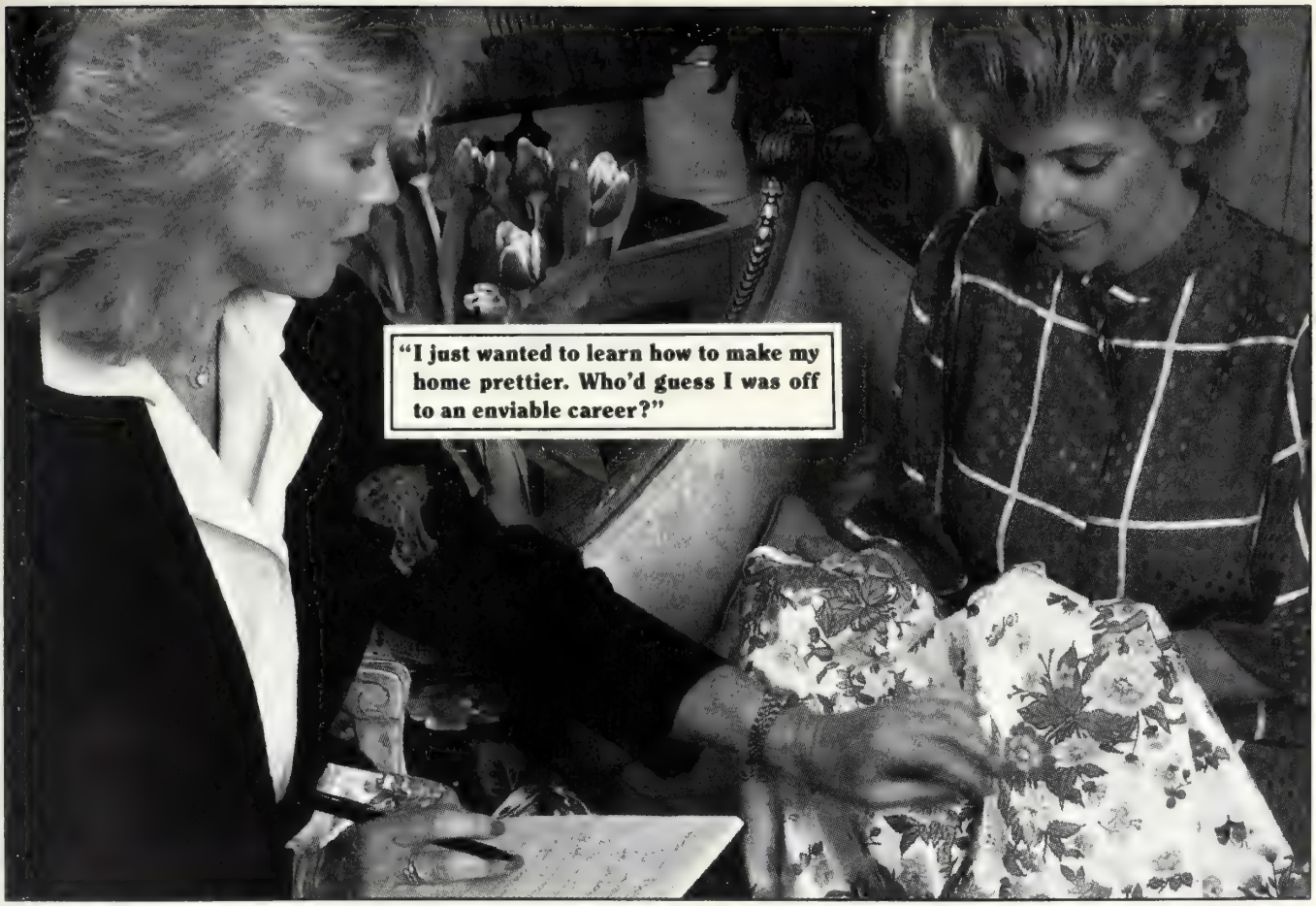
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The Buys of Summer

At regional auctions, great finds and a relaxed atmosphere are the order of the day



A 1790 inn sign, above, sold at Skinner Auction Gallery, Bolton, Mass. Railroad station clock, left, and, below, London town house entryway, at John P. Wilson Presents!, in southern California.

In many urban centers—especially New York—August is the month when galleries close, vacations are scheduled, and attention shifts to the country and relief from the swelter and frenzy of city life. For both experienced collectors and those new to the salesroom this shift provides a pleasant diversion and welcome opportunity to explore the varied—and often surprising—offerings at some of the end-of-season sales at country and regional auctions.

"Fun is really the byword at regional sales," says Michael Grogan, formerly director of Sotheby's Appraisal Co. and currently president of Grogan & Co., a new auction house in Boston. "There's a much more lively atmosphere, almost like a little carnival at times. You can buy a cup of coffee and catch up with friends in the back of the room while the sale is on." Often a good place for inexperienced buyers to discover the auction process, summer sales are also where experienced hands can discover bargains. "I would think these sales are a good introduction to our auctions, even if one just comes to watch," says Maryalice Adams of William Doyle Galleries.

"These sales are good introductions, even if one just comes to watch"

Unlike the specialized seasonal sales that highlight a specific area of art, summer auctions are varied catch-as-catch-can conglomerations of things left unsold from past seasons and odd lots from various consignors. In addition, regional auctioneers often time their sales to coincide with local civic events—or even transform the sale into the event itself. "We put up tents, have a barbecue; we want to service dealers but also make the event approachable for the casual buyer. It's a yard sale with specialists," says Alicia Gordon of Skinner's in Bolton, Massachusetts. For some buyers, however, this atmosphere may obscure the better lots or intimidate the buyer who feels a need for supervision. "The first-time buyer finds our sales relatively easy after the initial fright of the auction process, with the $5,000–$10,000 bids flying by. It's a congenial atmosphere with a lot of joking from the podium," says Jerry Hart of Hart Galleries, Houston. "But we do run through maybe seventy items an hour—that's a good clip."



As with any sale, summer auctions post previews of most items that come to the block and print catalogues that may be purchased at the door or in advance for $5–$10. Buyers are encouraged to preview the items before the sale, even if only by phone with one of the house's specialists, to get a feel for the pieces. Of course, there are always last-minute additions, so the buyer should be prepared for anything. "I've heard of people wanting to buy the doorknobs from a house where we were having a country sale," says Michael Grogan. "If it's an estate sale especially, buyers can suggest items that are not mentioned in the catalogue. Often this includes gardening equipment, architectural details such as banisters, things you can't buy today. It doesn't hurt to ask." Nor does it hurt to consult with one of the specialists if you have a question. "We always have a

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Telephone _____

number of specialists on hand," says Alicia Gordon. "But if there are crowds you have to persevere."

"Right now is an absolutely remarkable time for buyers," says Jerry Hart. "I've had a good eighteenth-century chest that would sell in London for around $5,000. I put it up for $300 and didn't get a hand in the air. You never know what will happen." The problem with regional sales, says Hart, is the snob factor. Often local buyers won't spend past a set amount in the country. "If they buy something for $50,000, they want to say they bought it in New York or London. But this can be an advantage to the buyer who'd rather boast of a bargain than provenance."

This year Hart Galleries will have a three-day August sale that will feature mixed lots in porcelain, paintings, jewelry, and furniture and will project the sale on video monitors for the four to five hundred people expected at their Houston galleries. Skinner's will be hosting a sale in Bolton, "fifteen minutes away from Walden Pond." In the past Skinner's has been known for the quality of the lots at its country sales and once sold E. L. Henry's *Election Day* for $250,000 to a dealer who subsequently lent the painting to the White House. This year some of the featured lots will include American stoneware and pottery, including Bennington pottery estimated at $200–$400; jewelry, including a rare platinum woman's Rolex watch with diamonds and sapphires; Victorian furniture; and Venetian glass and paperweights estimated at $200–$4,000. For those who plan to find their piece of the country in the city, Doyle's conducts an end-of-summer sale offering objects not sold earlier in the year. Items will not have a reserve. "There are usually very good buys," says Maryalice Adams. "We'll have dressing tables, tea trolleys, wicker and wrought-iron terrace furniture, and garden statuary. They're not all antiques. There will also be bronzes, linens, and boxed lots of Victoriana. This sale is not representative of the kind of material we usually sell, but it's a lot of fun."

Local newspapers are the best place to look for sales notices—announcements are usually printed several weeks before the auction. For those who are traveling and hope to attend auctions in more far-flung parts of the country, local chambers of commerce have information about sales tied to events, such as the antique Indian art auction held in conjunction with Santa Fe's Indian Market. And it doesn't hurt to call the auction houses directly; they're usually helpful and will even advertise one another's sales—within limits. "People have begun coming to these sales," says Jerry Hart, "because there are quality things and it's a real fine way to spend a summer day."

David Lisi

August Sales

William Doyle Galleries
175 East 87 St., New York, NY 10128
(212) 427-2730
August 3: Contents of abandoned safe deposit boxes
August 17: End-of-summer sale

Eldred's
Box 796, East Dennis, MA 02641
(617) 385-3116
August 4–5: Americana
August 11–12: Fine arts
August 22–27: Japanese, Chinese, and other Oriental art

Hart Galleries
2311 Westheimer Rd., Houston, TX 77098
(713) 524-2979
August 19–21: Antique furnishings, fine art

Willis Henry Auctions
22 Main St., Marshfield, MA 02050
(617) 834-7774
August 7: Shaker furniture, New Lebanon, N.Y.

Indian Market
Outdoors on the Plaza, Santa Fe, New Mexico
August 18: Auction of American Indian arts and crafts

Northgate Gallery
5520 Highway 153; Chattanooga, TN 37343
(615) 877-6114
August 6: Estate sale

Robert W. Skinner Auction Gallery
Rte. 117, Bolton, MA 01740
(617) 779-5528
August 20–21: Americana and estate furnishings sale celebrating Bolton's 250th birthday

South Bay Auctions
Box 303, East Moriches, NY 11940
(516) 878-2909
August: Potpourri of decorative arts and fine art (call for sale dates)

H. R. Tyrer Galleries
707 Upper Glen St., Glens Falls, NY 12801
(518) 793-2244
August: Estate sales on Friday evenings

John P. Wilson Presents!
2220 Gaspar Ave., City of Commerce, CA 90040; (213) 726-0073
August 5–7: Architectural antiques, Art Nouveau–Art Deco, period furnishings, J. P. Morgan's private Pullman car



Second City SoHo

ıicago's recently revived River North district serves up a diverse mix of art and design



It seemed daring six years ago when galleries first began to colonize Chicago's warehouse-rife River North district; skeptics doubted that the area would lure art aficionados from Michigan Avenue. But it wasn't long before the galleries were joined by a host of design-conscious shops and the area quickly evolved into the sort of art-design-fashion-food center that's inevitably compared with New York's SoHo. Amid the mouth-watering fumes from a candy factory, browsers in River North are now as likely to be looking for a great chair as for a painting and can while away the hours in stylish abandon. Here are some of the area's most unusual offerings (all area codes 312).

NORTH WELLS STREET

Elements Colorful exterior banners and Chicago's only water bar spell Elements, the brainchild of Jeannine DalPra and Toby Glickman, where cutting-edge furniture, tableware, jewelry, and desk accessories could inspire you to throw out all your old stuff and start over. The playfully dramatic interior by designer Jon Cockrell complements wood and stainless-steel furniture by local Henry Royer, bright ceramic dinnerware by Claudia Reese, Scott Roush's architecture-inspired brass jewelry, sandblasted glass shelves and mirrors by Marco De Gueltzl, sushi plates by Barbara Takiguchi, and much more. (738 North Wells; 642-6574)

It could inspire you to throw out all your old stuff and start over





MARK JENKINSON

Gallery Fly by Nite It's hard to describe the essence of this shop, in the same dark cramped location for 23 years—but think "Paris flea market." Like a collector adding to his own holdings, proprietor Thomas Tomc has amassed a mind-boggling selection of, among other things, European art pottery, Art Nouveau and Deco insect jewelry, and French repoussé metalwork, all displayed with elaborately lettered labels full of painstaking research. Don't be bashful about delving into Tomc's vast knowledge, and by all means ask to see his own illustrated inventory book, a work of art in itself. (714 North Wells; 664-8136)

Table of Contents Sisters Marlene Berland and Susan Fishbein just expanded their three-year-old shop and offer such prominent lines as Swid Powell, Sasaki, Christofle, and others. Great selection of flatware, crystal, and gifts, too. In other words they supply the contents, you supply the table. (448 North Wells; 644-9004)

Victoria Peters Antiques British-born Victoria Peters owns this charming jam-packed shop which runs the gamut from eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English and Continental furniture and accessories, with

Clockwise from top: Heinz & Co. replica of Frank Lloyd Wright's Imperial Hotel chair, at Manifesto. Barbara Takiguchi's handmade sushi trays and saki set, at Elements. Greene & Greene–style table by Prairie Woodworks, with German silver after 1920s designs, at Manifesto. At Elements, pedestal and bench by Henry Royer, candlesticks by Dennis Higgins, eight-tiered pastry rack by Jim Gaudineer.

an occasional Oriental piece, to fanciful Victorian and Edwardian beaded and needlepoint pillows to Victorian bamboo bureaus. You can also find boxes in every shape, size, and material imaginable. (449 North Wells; 644-5855)

WEST SUPERIOR STREET

Carl Hammer Gallery Carl Hammer spends a lot of time on the road in his continual quest for self-taught and visionary art, or what many consider folk art. Exhibitions of old circus banners, Amish furnishings, twig tables, and carved cigarette stands make this gallery a particularly interesting stop. (200 West Superior; 266-8512)

Manifesto Architect Richard Gorman and interior designer Barbara Gorman have joined forces with interior designer Frank Scalia to offer reproductions of architect-designed furniture and objects from 1890 through 1940. Handcrafted Frank Lloyd Wright clones by Heinz & Co., Wiener Werkstätte–inspired textiles, and selections from the Cleto Munari Collection of silver, ebony, and gold-washed accessories all grace the elegant Gorman-designed interior. (200 West Superior; 664-0733)

Hokin/Kaufman Gallery A drop-leaf table shaped like a pig? That, in addition to less animated offerings, can be found at Hokin/Kaufman Gallery. Owner Lori Kaufman organizes several furniture shows during the year featuring work of such established figureheads as Wendell Castle as well as the fine work of lesser-known Chicago designers like Lee Weitzman, Jon Cockrell, and Andrew Pawlan. (210 West Superior; 266-1211)

Esther Saks Gallery Saks started out as a collector of contemporary ceramic sculpture, the gallery's specialty. There's quite a range: Bennett Bean's golden-lined, delicately painted vessels are beautiful to behold, while Richard Notkin's skull-shaped stoneware teapots and cups offer food for thought. There are changing shows of innovative jewelry, beadwork, and the lustrous silk tapestries by Chinese-born painter Ruth Kao. (311 West Superior; 751-0911)

Douglas Dawson Gallery Visiting Douglas Dawson's gallery is like having a private museum tour, particularly if he supplies the audio portion. You can easily spend hours poring over textiles from Africa, Melanesia, New Guinea, Asia, and the Americas. There are also African ancestor posts, religious folk art from Guatemala, antique furniture from Afghanistan, Sri Lanka, and Japan, and even yam masks from New Guinea. (341 West Superior; 751-1961)

Objects Gallery Collector Ann Nathan's passion for unique objects is responsible for her gallery's being stocked with an eclectic assortment of hand-fashioned items, such as an Ashanti chieftain's throne, a Tramp Art chest, or contemporary artist Karen Doherty's mirror-studded clay furniture. There's always a lot to see at Objects, with different contemporary shows four or five times a year. (341 West Superior; 664-6622)

WEST HURON STREET

Portals One of the newest additions to River North, Portals is an unusually comfortable gallery which offers works by French naïf painters like Rosy Amoy and Alain Bonnec, plus an ever-changing selection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and objets d'art. You can lose yourself among the many decorative objects owners Nancy and Bill McIlvaine locate on their travels along with such oddities as a book-shaped biscuit tin from England. (230 West Huron; 642-1066)

NORTH FRANKLIN STREET

Cose Italian design is the focus at Cose, which sports a fittingly Euro-style interior of steel, glass, and slate. No full-scale furniture here—just a well-chosen selection of housewares, desk accessories, handblown Murano crystal, and Lino Sabattini silver-plate ware. Owner Phil Rasmussen also looks for lesser-known Italian designers like Carlo Moretti or Mauro Landoni, whose men's valet stand could easily be sold next door as sculpture. (750 North Franklin; 787-0304)

Paper Source This is the ultimate paper store in Chicago and the most extensive in the Midwest. Shelf upon shelf of handmade art papers from all over the world display sheets that are marbleized, wood-blocked, pressed from bark, or embedded with flowers. (730 North Franklin; 337-0798)

Aquariums by Design Part pet shop, part design studio, this high-style custom aquarium store is worth a peek whether or not you possess sea creatures of your own. And if you've ever dreamed of a mirrored aquarium headboard for your bed, these are the folks to talk to. (730 North Franklin; 944-5566)

NORTH ORLEANS STREET

Chiaroscuro Partners Ronna Isaacs and Peggy Wolf wanted to combine elements of a gallery and a store in their art and craft–filled environment, and the result is visually overwhelming. Designed by award-winning Himmel/Bonner Architects, the high-tech surroundings are all but obscured by the ceramics, jewelry, paintings, fiberwork, and furniture on display. Seek out Wildgirl's crazed-and-glazed candleholders, Leon Fontier's handwrought pewter goods. As for the paintings on display, you'll do better in River North's many galleries. (750 North Orleans; 988-9253)

Gallery Vienna Vienna-born Norbert Gleicher's love of Austrian design evolved into a gallery that specializes in Biedermeier, Jugendstil, and Wiener Werkstätte furniture and art objects. Thonet café sets, Josef Hoffmann settees, and a variety of vases and candleholders make appearances, besides the occasional contemporary art exhibition. (750 North Orleans; 951-0300)

Decoration 7 A retail offshoot of Niedermaier, Chicago's largest visual merchandising company, Decoration 7 joins the forces of Diana Niedermaier and her mother, Judy, offering fixtures, furniture, and a variety of objects that defy categorization, such as giant Fiberglas pink flamingos and oversize faux Baroque gold-leaf candelabra. Most of the goods are designed expressly for the company, but the selection of busts, columns, capitals, and moldings attest to some hefty historical input. (365 West Chicago Ave.; 266-7077)

NEARBY SHOPS

City In the beginning there was City, the pioneering contemporary design store in River North that Barry Bursak opened in 1982. The emporium, now in huge new bi-level digs (25,000 square feet), still caters to lovers of industrial chic who avoid hues other than black, gray, and white. Memphis has been dropped from the roster in favor of City's own exclusive lines, such as the dazzling silver leather furniture and metallic-finish desk lamps. Equally handsome in the restrained space is Rei Kawakubo's granite-and-steel furniture; her Comme des Garçons clothing line is also a City staple. (361 West Chestnut; 664-9581)

Branca Alessandra Branca's Roman eye for elegance catapulted her antique-print business into a multifaceted design store, complete with its own workshop and studio. Not only can you find prints from the sixteenth to nineteenth centuries, but you can also have them framed with a hand-decorated mat à la Italia—and then order a couch to match. Or feast your eyes on the fine Biedermeier, French, and English antiques, along with Branca's own hand-painted silk pillows, trompe l'oeil tables, and dried topiary bushes. (112 West Illinois; 822-0751)

Victoria Lautman

China Blue

No longer just on the mantel, blue and white moves on to fabric and wallpaper

Oriental blue-and-white china has hardly ever been out of fashion since the early seventeenth century, when it was brought to Europe by enterprising merchants of the Dutch East India Company. The Georgians had a craze for chinoiserie; late-nineteenth-century aesthetes adorned their mantelpieces with blue-and-white pots holding lilies; and Christie's sale two years ago of the Nanking cargo sparked yet another revival of interest. Now even fabric and wallpaper firms are producing designs incorporating blue-and-white china. And Putnams of London has gone one step further by taking the patterns of china inspired by English porcelain and printing them as textile designs.

Amicia de Moubray



Delft wallpaper and border, above, from Ehrman; Coins fabric by Cynthia Gibson; Warwick tapestry from Brunschwig & Fils. Jardiniere by Mottahedeh, from Bergdorf Goodman. Left: Incurable Collector wallpaper by Clarence House; blue-and-white Olivia fabric by Putnams of London, from Cherchez. Center: Crocus Trellis from Osborne & Little.



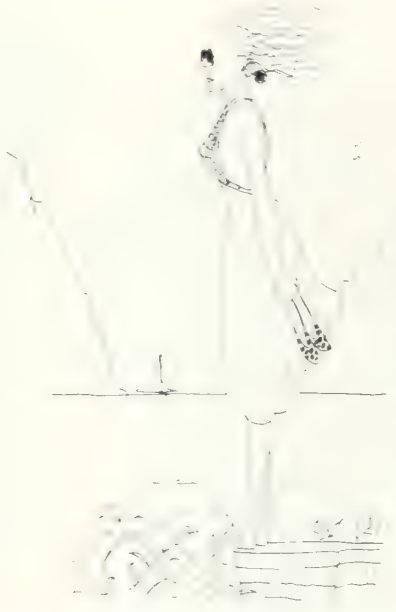


RITA MAAS

Sake fabric, above, from Manuel Canovas. Blue-and-white India fabric by Putnams, from Cherchez. Details see Sources.

On the Waterfront

Tempting seaside properties on both the East and West Coasts offer year-round pleasures



What is it about land by the sea: is it the piquant salt air? The enchanting light and colors? The elemental awareness of legendary life-and-death deeds? Or simply the fun of bathing, sailing, and clamming? Whatever its atavistic sources, there's no denying its magnetic power.

And whatever its hold on the human psyche, being near the sea exerts a similar elevating influence on real-estate values: one can virtually smell prices rising in the salt air. Still, buying a weekend place even directly on megalopolitan waters remains a dream for many—and there are areas on both coasts where the costs, while high, are still below the multimillion level.

EAST COAST
NEW YORK AREA

For many New Yorkers "on the water" means on Long Island Sound, which stretches some 100 miles northeast of the city. Compared with the open Atlantic, it seems pacific; the Sound's coasts are not exposed to the full hunger of the beach-devouring ocean. Its shores along Connecticut and the North Fork of Long Island are varied: sometimes trim and domestic as a village green, sometimes surprisingly wild and beautiful.

Whatever the sea's hold on the psyche, it seems to exert an elevating influence on prices

All along the Sound are appealing beaches, navigable waters, handsome shores, atmospheric villages, and worthy houses.

Connecticut In Connecticut one should skip over the commuter Gold Coast from Greenwich to Westport and the industrial Bridgeport-to-New Haven area and begin exploring the strand from Branford to Clinton.

"Branford's like Maine, with the rocks and harbors. Guilford's got the coves and inlets for sailing. Madison's got the beaches. And Clinton's got the big harbor." That's how Marilyn Maurer of Maurer Real Estate in Madison, Connecticut, characterized the shore between New Haven and the mouth of the Connecticut River. Beyond easy commuting distance to New York City but within easy weekend driving distances, these are long-established towns—some were settled in the seventeenth century, Guilford as early as 1639—with identities fixed well before anyone imagined interstate highways, cars, or recreational boating. At their centers are common greens, Congregational church steeples, and white clapboard houses with dark shutters. Some share marine traditions that include shipbuilding, whaling, and worldwide commerce under sail. The reach of the railroad along the southern New England coast—and the very idea of vacations—spurred development in the mid to late nineteenth century. Much of the shoreside architecture here is Victorian, with its generosity and exuberance of style.

This Connecticut coast, between New Haven and New London, is thoroughly built up with its appealing stock of older houses (late nineteenth and early twentieth century), many of which began as summer places and have since been converted to year-round use. In the areas with the best sandy beaches, lots are small and the houses were built close together, though the prices remain hefty. A quarter-acre lot directly on the beach in Madison, near the town park, recently sold for $500,000. The waterfront location seems to outweigh all other considerations. Even many of the small rocky islands just offshore, like the Thimbles off the atmospheric section of Branford known as Stony Creek, bear long-standing summer "cottages," now cherished as weekend retreats. Where there is new construction it has taken place on old commercial sites, old estates, or on the footprint of an older house. Branford reportedly has 3,500 condominiums and those on the water range in price from about $300,000 to $500,000. (See listings and brokers at end.)

North Fork of Long Island On Long Island search the North Fork, the narrow (some of it only a couple of miles wide) 30-mile-long tine that separates Long Island Sound from the Peconic Bays. Until recently, it was a stronghold of potato farmers and commercial watermen and thus the more rural of the Sound shores. It is the residual sand and rock left behind by the last Ice Age, so it is flat, with brushy bluffs overlooking the breezy Sound. Either the glacier dropped bigger, harder rocks on the Sound side or the less violent waters haven't had enough time to pound them to fine sand. Sound beaches here are generally pebblier than those of the Atlantic on the South Fork. And except for a few tiny inlets, there are no anchorages along the Sound side. So most boating is concentrated on the bays of the southern coast of the North Fork—the Great and Little Peconic, Noyack, and Gardiners.

The North Fork is certainly a match for

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coastal Connecticut in depth of history and seafaring tradition (cemeteries in Orient memorialize a large number of captains lost at sea), but it was and remains much less populous, and its vacation-retreat buildup has occurred much more recently. There are some very old farmhouses, many in the weathered gray shingle that is an architectural trait of far eastern Long Island; Orient and Southold have examples of eighteenth-century village houses; and other villages such as Greenport, New Suffolk, and Mattituck are rich in Victorian-era homes. The North Fork also has recently built substantial year-round waterfront houses on the bay side—often with their own docks—and on the Sound bluffs.

The North Fork has long stood as a low-key, glitzless alternative to the Hamptons. But weekend popularity, development, and gentrification are burgeoning—along with real-estate prices. "When I first came here eight years ago," says broker David Kapell, "one could have bought a waterfront house in the Greenport area for less than $100,000." Now, although prices have leveled off, according to Kapell, it's difficult to find any house on the water for less than half a million, and a one-acre direct-waterfront lot sells for an average price of $350,000. Still, compared with the Hamptons, the North Fork offers good values. (See listings and brokers at end.) **Michael Robbins**

WEST COAST
SAN FRANCISCO AREA

Owning a slice of waterfront property satisfies some primeval desire; but there isn't enough to go around near San Francisco, so finding a great buy takes expert sleuthing and imagination. The rewards are well worth the cash and the travail—lavish sunsets across the golden water, wave sounds that lull and cosset you into dreamland, and a constant vaudeville of big seabirds such as gulls, pelicans, and cormorants with often a seal or sea lion popping up to get in the act.

Sea Cliff In San Francisco, Sea Cliff is a spur of the most spectacular land hanging over the ocean beyond the Golden Gate Bridge. It has gone in and out of fashion, but nothing can diminish its natural grandeur. The residents probably play it down on purpose. The late famed interior designer Michael Taylor, whose house just sold for $2,350,000, was said to have purchased it for $60,000. When he hauled in gigantic slate slabs to pave his bedroom floor, a wag suggested he might wake up in bed down on the beach. A few doors away, a larger more contemporary villa is offered at $3,500,000.

Montara/Miramar Driving past Montara, some twenty miles south of San Francisco, designer Ron Mann glimpsed a flash of blue Pacific through an open gate in a stone wall. He jammed on the brakes, bought the property, and with buckets of plaster patted over what was there, this has become one of the most enchanting houses along the coast. It is now owned by importer Ivy Rosequist and may soon go on the market. Ivy calls this area, just twenty minutes from San Francisco, "a sleeping giant."

South of Montara is the busy fishing village Princeton-by-the-Sea, which may become another Portofino or even St. Tropez; but now with marine-related industrial zoning it is still full of fish, fishing gear, boats, and men who go to sea. On down the road in Miramar is a crescent of shingled condominiums that dig their toes into the sand, with cypress trees, grass, and poppies as native landscaping. New two years ago, one of these units that first sold for $170,000 just sold again for $450,000.

Stinson Beach After a twisting ride across the cliff tops of Marin, your first sight of ruffled white-scalloped waves washing in rows onto Stinson Beach can approach Nirvana. This narrow, much-coveted sandspit and some of its waterfront houses suffered severe storm damage in the early 1980s, and real-estate values leveled off. Riprap fill now makes the property secure and more in demand than ever. Furniture designers John and Elinor McGuire, and daughter Jean as well, have beach houses there—perfect for their inimitable and exotic rattan pieces. A 60-foot beachfront lot might go for around $400,000, a house in Stinson Beach's Seadrift community averages $600,000—still a buy compared to Malibu.

Sausalito Inspired by the houseboats in the Vale of Kashmir, Bill Harlan's elegant white Taj moored in Sausalito Harbor is the ultimate in living afloat. Other Sausalito houseboats—a creative way to maximize waterfront space—can range from simple to very grand, going at prices from $55,000 to $350,000 to $750,000—plus a monthly slip fee. A series of marina harbor facilities dot the Sausalito waterfront. Rules are strict, but the living is easy and deck gardens seem to flourish by the sea.

Belvedere Home of the San Francisco Yacht Club, Belvedere offers waterfront property on San Francisco Bay and on a lagoon. Near the club are picturesque town houses for rent (with lengthy waiting lists) and turn-of-the-century houses. More contemporary houses can be found on West Shore Road. Houses on the lagoon are always in demand with space for sailboats to dock in the watery backyards.

Tiburon From Tiburon, San Francisco looks like a tray of frosty Popsicles—pale and unreal across the bay. Property here is a little unreal as well. An older beach cottage on the water can go for $1,285,000, and two and a half acres with waterfront and outbuilding, but no house, commands $975,000. Condominiums on the water at Point Tiburon ($320,000–$700,000) are minutes from a last sip of coffee to arrival in San Francisco. Watch the ferry dock, put down the cup, and saunter out the door for the fifteen-minute ride.

Point Richmond/Brickyard Cove On the east side of the bay Point Richmond is decidedly coming into its own. Gentle cliffs above intimate crescent beaches have a variety of established houses with character and commanding views. Just below Point Richmond, Brickyard Cove comes as a delightful surprise. Once an old pier and brickyard, it has every yachtsman's dream—deep water. Fingers of landfill put houses half on land and half on piles in the water, the best of both worlds. Gardens thrive ashore, lapping waves lull you to sleep, and your moored yacht ties up to the back porch. A choice lot there is available for about $325,000.

Foster City The Islands are island communities—Lido Isle and Balboa—created on landfill in water-laced Foster City on the leeward side of the San Mateo Bridge on the bay. The white condominiums with blue roofs and yellow awnings have aged well since they were built in the mid 1970s. Prices originally under $100,000 now hover between $250,000 and $350,000. **Marilyn Schafer**

A Coastal Sampler

CONNECTICUT

From DeWees Realty (203) 245-0066

Madison **$1,495,000**

New cedar-shingled Colonial on ½ acre, with direct view of Sound. Three stories, six bedrooms including master suite with fireplace and private sun deck, living room, den, sunroom opening onto pool. Gourmet country kitchen, exercise room, Jacuzzi, observatory with covered balcony, two-car garage.

From Maurer Real Estate (203) 245-7361

Madison **$895,000**

Fully improved 1915 summer house on 200-foot-deep lot on sandy Sound beach. Five bedrooms with wood floors and wainscoting. Living room with beamed ceiling and fireplace. Glass solarium opening onto wood deck and beach.

From Osage Realtors (203) 767-2653

Madison $1,500,000
Neo-Victorian directly on the Sound beach and adjacent to private country club. Eight rooms with hardwood and marble floors, including three bedrooms, kitchen with wet bar, library, sauna, Jacuzzi.
From H. Pearce Co. (203) 245-3133

Guilford $1,700,000
An 1890s four-bedroom Colonial with expansive lawn, 175 feet of private sandy beach, and 180-degree view of Sound from Guilford Point. Living room with granite fireplace, screened porch. Waterfront patio off kitchen. Master bedroom with roof deck. Walk to village and marina.
From Geenty Group Realtors (203) 488-1005

Branford $1,400,000
Renovated 1900 thirteen-room Victorian on low bluff directly above beach, at end of quiet residential street. Full-width screened porch. Living room with stone fireplace, formal dining room, den with fireplace. Eight bedrooms, sewing room, family room in 22-foot diameter tower on third floor.

AREA REALTORS

Osage Realtors
Essex; Joann Chapman (203) 767-2653
H. Pearce Co.
Madison; Michael Sexton (203) 245-3133
Geenty Group
Branford; Kevin Geenty (203) 488-1005
Village Realty
Branford; Deirdre Fitzgerald, Nancy Hopkins (203) 488-2529
Merrill Lynch Real Estate
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William Raveis Real Estate
Guilford; Carol Muir (203) 453-0391
DeWees Realty
Madison; Bonnie Solan (203) 245-0066
Maurer Real Estate
Madison; Marilyn Maurer (203) 245-7361

NORTH FORK OF LONG ISLAND

From Kapell Real Estate (516) 477-0100

Greenport $595,000
Turn-of-the-century Victorian in village directly across street from protected harbor with private 85-foot dock. Three floors, six bedrooms, porch facing water, sunroom, front and rear parlors. On two lots, one 360 feet deep, with three-car garage.

Greenport $595,000
Contemporary 1981 ranch house on secluded ½ acre on high bluff over Sound. Full-width patio, lawn, stairs to beach. Two bedrooms, two baths, through kitchen. Living room with slate fireplace, oak-plank floors.
From Hahn Realty (516) 477-0551

Orient Point $1,200,000
Japanese contemporary, designed by Tony award-winning set designer, on six acres of forest and lawn on Sound bluff. Private, with sheltered swimming pool, decks, gazebo, stairs to beach. Open interior, three bedrooms, two with Sound views.

Orient $1,950,000
Turn-of-the-century estate on high ridge overlooking Sound and Orient harbor. Six hilly, wooded acres with 170-foot waterfront. Six-bedroom main house with country kitchen, fireplaces, porches, patios, terrace on second floor. Converted barn with two guest apartments with cathedral ceilings. Tennis court, swimming pool.

East Marion $585,000
Contemporary post-and-beam in private waterfront community on Sound bluff, with stairs to private beach. Three bedrooms, gourmet kitchen, living room with fireplace, playroom, decks off living room, dining room, and sitting room, two-car garage. Auxiliary solar heat and central air-conditioning. Fully landscaped, community tennis courts, security.

East Marion $795,000
Classic 1906 waterfront estate with 5.7 acres and 550 feet on Dam Pond overlooking Sound. Naturally landscaped, very private. Five bedrooms, two living rooms, and formal dining room—all with fireplaces. Sunroom, country kitchen, full wraparound open porch, two garages.

Greenport $300,000
Oyster Point condominiums—two-story, 1,300-square-foot town houses—adjacent to deep-water marina on Peconic Bay, with private slip for each unit. Living room with fireplace and opening to deck, dining room, and kitchen. Two bedrooms with balcony, two baths, laundry on second floor. Site includes sand beach, parking, tennis court, swimming pool.

East Cutchogue $950,000
Renovated ranch house on 2.2 acres and 250 feet on Little Peconic Bay. Main house has three bedrooms, living room with fireplace, sun porch and decks. Adjacent guesthouse has two bedrooms, loft, kitchen, laundry. Albert Einstein spent the summer of 1939 in the main house.

Cutchogue $1,450,000
1922 Dutch Colonial stucco on 2½ acres with 270 feet of bayfront sandy beach, 600 feet of creek front. Library with stone fireplace, large living room. Sunroom, enclosed porch, kitchen and dining area with slate floor. Three bedrooms, two baths, laundry. Garage, shed, sauna in cedar log cabin, two floating docks, landscaping.

AREA REALTORS

Kapell Real Estate
Greenport; David E. Kapell (516) 477-0100
Hahn Realty
Greenport; Suzanne Hahn (516) 477-0551
Celic Realtors
Mattituck; Bob Celic (516) 298-8000
Top Sail Realty
Cutchogue; Stanley Karanewski: (516) 734-6600
Lewis & Nickles
Southold; John Nickles (516) 765-3416
Burt Lewis
Cutchogue; Burt Lewis (516) 734-5533

SAN FRANCISCO AREA

From Grubb & Ellis Co. (415) 388-5060

Belvedere $895,000
Two-story redwood/glass contemporary with forty-foot pier. Five bedrooms, three baths, two fireplaces, solarium. Croquet lawn, huge decks, and two-car garage.
From Vincent Friia & Co. (415) 931-3669

Sea Cliff $2,350,000
Designed by architect Donald Crosby, the 9,000-square-foot house has views of Golden Gate Bridge and Pacific Ocean. Includes eight bedrooms, six baths, 20-foot-high windows in living room, recreation room with sauna, maid's quarters.
From Mason-McDuffie Real Estate (415) 527-4447

Point Richmond $610,000
San Francisco Bay beachfront residence with 2,645 square feet. Includes three bedrooms, four and a half baths, glass-enclosed walkway to bedroom wing, library with wet bar, art gallery, two fireplaces, and built-in stereo system throughout house.
From Sam Maher & Co. (415) 349-8230

Foster City $250,000
Waterfront condominium in the Islands community of Foster City has 1,395 square feet. Includes two bedrooms, two baths, den, formal dining room, and terrace.

AREA REALTORS

Vincent Friia & Co.
Vincent Friia (415) 931-3669
Marina Vista Realtors
Montara/Miramar; Millie R. Workman-Golder (415) 726-7533
Oceanic Realty
Stinson Beach; Robert Hanlon (415) 868-0717
Grubb & Ellis
Susan Simone, Dan Gould (415) 388-5060
Merrill Lynch Realty
Sausalito; Rae Miller (415) 332-1263
Belvedere Land Co.
Belvedere; David W. Allen (415) 435-4525
Frank Howard Allen Realtor
Marie Whitermore (415) 435-3844
Point Tiburon Sales Center
Marcy Taylor, Polly Johnston (415) 435-0801
Mason-McDuffie Real Estate
Estelle Kent (415) 527-4447
Don Peters (415) 527-9800
Alma Naismith Co.
Mary Hart (415) 283-2562
Sam Maher & Co.
Foster City; Sam Maher (415) 349-8230

The Big Chill

(Continued from page 132) It's time to make our first frozen sweetened foam. You *could* simply pour a quart of sugared cream into the ice-cream machine, as I am frequently caught doing. Try a batch or two. You will probably come to the conclusion that so pure and literal an ice cream is too rich for volume feeding. It is scrumptious spooned over juicy berries an hour or two after you make it, and you can create a terrific peach ice cream by mixing two cups of the pure sugared cream with an equal quantity of peaches.

Let's dilute our heavy cream with milk to bring down the fat content to 21 percent, more opulent than almost anything you can go out and buy but still within reasonable limits. And while we are at it, let's try to follow a set of guidelines I've extracted from the technical literature.

• Sugar molecules physically block the formation of large ice crystals, which is desirable, but if the sugar in our mix exceeds 18 percent by weight, the result will be sticky and soggy. We'll aim for 16–18 percent.

• Nonfat milk solids provide proteins, which improve the whipping ability of the mix, give it body, and improve its texture by reducing the size of air cells and ice crystals. But if nonfat milk solids exceed about 15 percent of the weight, the lactose sugar crystallizes and the ice cream turns sandy.

• Total solids, milk fat plus sugar plus nonfat milk solids, should not exceed 42 percent by weight, or your ice cream will be soggy and dense. Skimpy total solids, on the other hand, make dry and crumbly ice cream. Egg yolks, which contain lecithin, would emulsify the milk fat and improve its whipping ability, but in the interest of primordial purity our ice cream is eggless.

How did your grandmother manage to juggle all of these factors? I put them on a computer spreadsheet along with milk-composition data and weight-volume equivalents, and set the machine to work.

In nanoseconds an astonishing formula for the perfect ice cream appeared: two and two-thirds cups of heavy cream, one and one-third cups of milk, and fourteen tablespoons of sugar! Humming the melody of the Mister Softee truck, I mixed them together and froze according to the manufacturer's instructions. The results were awful—icy, granular, odd-tasting, and very cold on the tongue.

There should be a law against ice-cream recipes that conclude with "freeze according to the manufacturer's instructions," as most recipes do. My manufacturer's instructions were chiefly in Italian until I lost them. Do you remember a time in college when everybody wanted to learn Italian in order to read Dante? I passed through that phase in only four days, and I never got up to the ice-cream words. I used to be devoted to a big wooden hand-cranked four-quart White Mountain freezer, but I found that its large capacity discouraged experimentation, as did the inconvenience of cracked ice and rock salt. One unbearable summer afternoon as I trundled home from the fish store—I bribed a fellow there for ice—my shopping bags split and forty pounds of cracked ice spewed out over the steaming Greenwich Village pavement.

The next day I went out and bought one of those gleaming Italian jobs with its own self-contained refrigeration system. It is reminiscent of a room air conditioner in size, shape, and suggested retail price. I also own most other types of ice-cream makers, including a medium-size device with an electric motor which you put in the freezing compartment of your refrigerator and a little one with a hand crank and a bowl made of Japanese antifreeze which you chill overnight. But I have never read a set of manufacturer's instructions that answered the most elementary questions about the timing and temperature.

The older cookbooks advise you to "age" the mix overnight to improve the texture and lightness of your ice cream. The technical literature is unanimous on the efficacy of aging but exhibits perfect discord on the reason and the timing. There is some agreement that four hours of aging at 40 degrees is enough, but Arbuckle says that high-fat ice cream, as ours will certainly be, needs at least 24 hours. This issue may never be resolved. That is why we call it the mystery of aging. Having tried our new formula and thousands of others over the years, however, I cast my lot with aging overnight or longer.

Our goal is to manufacture the smallest, most evenly distributed ice crystals. Some experts think swift freezing will accomplish this, others the opposite. After trying many combinations, I again come down on the side of Arbuckle: slow freezing. If your machine starts out below the 27-degree freezing point of ice cream, part of the mix will immediately crystallize into massive shards of ice. But if your mix is above 45 degrees, you wind up with unsightly butter chips.

Let's give it a whirl. This is creditable ice cream. A slight granularity persists, but the texture is light, the taste that of pure sweetened cream, the sensation on the tongue soft and soothing. After you transfer the ice cream to your freezer and harden it for two or



three hours, the texture further improves and the taste becomes more pronounced, although still a bit bland. The effect of a mellowing or ripening period, which seems to work with all ice creams but not with sorbets, is taken for granted in the older recipe books, but as far as I can tell, the technical literature is silent on the subject.

Add a good pinch of salt to your next batch, and you'll find that it brings out the sweet cream flavor and adds an edge to it without compromising its freshness. This is called Philadelphia Ice Cream.

Is there nothing we can do to improve the texture? Why does the addition of milk produce large ice crystals? Some older recipes for Philadelphia Ice Cream have you bring the milk (or both the milk and cream) to a boil as you add the sugar. The milk changes dramatically, turning thin and blue gray.

The resulting ice cream is perfectly smooth. But as anyone could have predicted, at 165 degrees the sulfur atoms in our milk reacted with the hydrogen ions to form hydrogen sulfide, compromising the fresh taste and replacing it with a strongly cooked flavor. Can anything be done about this? It all depends on how heating the milk works, and I've never found a completely satisfying explanation. One possibility is that sugar dissolves more completely in hot milk. The other is that the structure of milk is transformed when you heat it—either the fat becomes homogenized or the proteins are discouraged from curdling.

To settle the matter once and for all, we will make two nearly identical ice creams, one heating the milk to 155 degrees, the other bringing the milk to just below 180 degrees and cooling it quickly in the refrigerator before adding the cream. The ice cream made from 155-degree milk falls somewhere between granular and lumpy. The other is smooth and soft with only the slightest cooked taste.

This is nearly what we have searched for, quart after heretofore imperfect quart. Try to save some for later. It has 2,927 calories.

Do you find our perfect ice cream a little dense? The next time you buy a cow, you might try a nice Holstein instead of a Jersey or Guernsey. Holsteins produce smaller, more copious fat globules, which should theoretically clump more evenly and whip more lightly than the larger Guernsey globules.

Our final experiment seeks to answer the question: who invented ice cream? The popular candidates:

- Egyptians or Babylonians, who chilled their sweets
- The Chinese, from whom Marco Polo brought age-old recipes for water ices
- Nero, who ordered mountain snow borne to his palace to cool wine and fruit juice and possibly to freeze them
- Nancy Johnson.

In a metal bowl sealed with plastic wrap, we will age our best ice-cream mix for a few hours and then place it down into a larger bowl of salt water, which has been chilled in your freezer for a full day. Every half hour scrape and stir the cream thoroughly until it has the consistency of a stiff mush. Serve. This is a rough approximation of Hannah Glasse's famous recipe published in 1751, although she recommends adding raspberries, uses sealed pewter molds, and did not own a refrigerator. The result is an amusing little concoction—icy, coarse, dense, and sweet, but hardly even ice cream.

That is why the award goes to the otherwise anonymous Nancy Johnson, who in 1846 invented the hand-cranked ice-cream machine. For the first time in human history the mix could be continuously agitated and scraped as the water crystallized, resulting in a light, rich, smooth dessert. Whether Nancy Johnson profited from her greatness is a matter obscured in the mists of history. According to the U.S. Patent Office, the hand-cranked ice-cream freezer was patented two years later by a man named Young. ♠

Splendor in the Bath

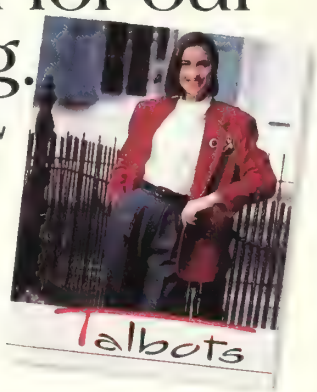
(Continued from page 116) my college sweetheart's marriage to someone else. Schutzie (pronounced *Shootsie*) was a great host, a bachelor who had kept the family house just as it had been in the last century, except for modernizing the kitchen and bathrooms.

"Bath's in there," he said sweetly. "Would you like a dressing drink?" I carried my martini into a large room of white enameled tongue-and-groove woodwork in the center of which, cowlike, stood a deep tub on four griffons' paws. Silver brushes lay on ironed linen on top of a dressing table. A stool with a linen cloth awaited my martini.

Well, in that bath of Schutzie's, what did I care who my ex-girlfriend married? My thoughts quickly grew cosmic and sublime. She shrank into a momentary circumstantial speck as comfort chemicals and my generous and private surroundings counseled me on themes of relative importance, temporality, and the obscurity of forgotten things. The right bath at the right time and place can make the world right again. ♠

Decorating Editor: Amicia de Moubray

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Closet Encounters

(Continued from page 141) Cunningham, who works for *Details* gratis. "It's a French dinner jacket. He was French. And it fits beautifully. I couldn't get anything like it.

"My philosophy is small upkeep, small worries, and wash and wear. It eliminates closets."

Joe McKenna, *Rolling Stone*'s hot new 26-year-old fashion editor, was born in Glasgow, moved to London at seventeen, and began working for *Tatler*. He came to New York in 1986 and did a stint with *Vanity Fair* before joining the *Stone*. He wears his customary loose-fitting clothes—vintage Levi's redyed black, white Hanes Beefy T-shirt, Comme des Garçons white shirt, cardigan by nobody smart, and white sneakers.

"I didn't construct anything in my closet," he says. "The shelves were already there. I'm far too lazy to construct. I just like to open the closet and know my clean sneakers are there and there's a bin for the dirty sneakers waiting to go to the laundry. Just now I've got about fifteen pairs.

"Being in America, I've tended to be influenced by all the things that surround me. The New York style is very different from the London style. I really love the way American kids dress. I love sneakers. I love jeans. I love T-shirts and sweatshirts and bandannas and baseball caps. It's such an easy cool look. I just think it's so important to feel comfortable in what you're wearing, regardless of how other people may think you look."

Carrie Donovan says of her characteristic look, "An awful lot of what I wear is based on black—and to a certain extent, navy, gray, and touches of red and white. There may be people who think I never change my clothes, but I do. I promise. When you base your closet pretty much on three or four colors, it makes your life simpler. Red is fabulous. Orange red, scarlet. All reds, I adore. Well, I'm an Aries. The doors to one of my closets are all lacquered red. I have to have red in my life."

Polly Mellen has a new favorite: "The jumpsuit. For day as well as evening. Geoffrey Beene has just done one for me for evening, and I keep this in my Easy Evening closet because I call this a Less Big Evening that can swing."

"I have all these things that I can't bear to throw away," says Carrie Donovan in conclusion. "I have three comforters stored on a shelf because I keep thinking that when I have a country house they will be wonderful. I keep having this fantasy that I'll have a country house someday. Don't we all have that fantasy? I'm always saving these things for this country house that I'll probably never have." ♠

Goode Times

(Continued from page 136) mained in place. Farther along the same wall is a giant framed memento mori with coppered skulls in high relief, the work of Goode himself.

Goode thinks of M.K. as "more of a restaurant than a dancing place." And if the bar and the disco make you feel middle aged, you can sit fairly demurely in the eating area. It's best to have a seat facing the door. Then you can contemplate the club's chief glory, the enormous arched window that forms the east side of the building.

Goode loves animals and employed live ones for effect at Area. "We had reticulated pythons, monitor lizards, and a great horned owl," he recalls happily. "But I wouldn't use live animals in a club again. Only fish."

Almost like someone giving an Oscar acceptance speech, though with appreciably more sincerity, Goode stresses the contributions of Serge Becker—his Swiss codesigner and friend from Area days—Bruce Frank the business manager, and his architect, Carlos Almada. He also seems to be quite a family man—his sister Jennifer works at the club.

If Goode himself is restless about the design of his club, that has only helped him to understand the transitory nature of the crowds who frequent it. He wouldn't exchange the fickleness of New York clubgoers for the predictability and loyalty of London, say, where certain joints have played almost as long as *The Mousetrap* and the staff knows the customers by name.

At least for now, Goode doesn't have to worry. His newest creation seems to have captured the fancy of the denizens of the night, searching for stability mixed with their frivolity, who want allusions to social status, and old money as a backdrop to their relentless efforts to have fun. For just as Ralph Lauren in his uptown shop has created the perfect environment to feed and further the fantasies of those who want to indulge in a bit of Olde England in New York, so, with M.K., Goode has crafted the ideal stage set for the downtown crowd who want to be creative, unconventional, and wild—but only a little bit.

Indeed, M.K. may have pushed retro and reassurance as far as they can go. But until someone concocts a truly modern arena for play, earnest and single-minded faces will continue to line up at the rope outside, anxious to pose in this fantasy of Regency wealth and upper-crust breeding. ♠

Sources

STYLE

Page 60 Farm Set table and four chairs, $2,250, by GuildMaster, call (417) 831-4311 for nearest dealer. June Fette small hatbox, $90, medium-size hatbox, $105, oval hatbox, $135, small cheese box, $105, to the trade at CrossHarris Fine Crafts, NYC (212) 888-7878. Brian Murphy table, to order from BAM, Los Angeles (213) 459-7547. Rosepoint rug, to the trade to order at Patterson, Flynn & Martin, NYC, Chicago; Designers Carpets, Atlanta; Vivian Watson, Dallas; Hi-Craft, Dania, Miami; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Denton Jones, Houston; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia; Thomas & Company, Phoenix; Jane S. Goldman, Seattle; Mark B. Meyer, West Palm Beach. Susan Goldberg ceramic vegetables in a ceramic basket, $330 set, to the trade at CrossHarris Fine Crafts (see above). Sofa and pillows, $2,072, through Pearson, call (919) 882-8135 for nearest dealer. **62** Candelabra, $1,200, bed frame, $2,000, standing chandelier, $1,500, through Brad Reichardt (415) 621-2469. Jean-Louis Pierson spiral chair, $300, hanging lamp, $1,100, rocking chair, $1,100, night lamp, $500, at Show N Tell Gallery, Limn, San Francisco. Fern Throne, £1,500, through Colin Chetwood, London 249-6853. King's Throne, Queen's Throne, $1,200 each, at 2B Metal Furniture Concepts, NYC (212) 866-9556. **64** Giorgetti Matrix chair, to the trade at Designer Imports International, Los Angeles (213) 938-2357. Gianni Zennaro rug, through Images/Kaleidos, Venice, Italy, 522-2111. Massimo Iosa-Ghini chair, $250, at Palazzetti, NYC, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles; Repertoire, Boston; Modern Living, Los Angeles; Leitmotif, New Orleans; Knepper-Sweeney, Philadelphia; Audets, Rochester; Limn, San Francisco; Massimo, Syracuse. Missoni tiles, at Amaru Tile, Great Neck (516) 487-4750. Castelbajac chairs, at Boutique Jean-Charles de Castelbajac, Paris 42-60-78-40. Céramique plates, $100 large, $90 small, at Four Seasons, Great Neck (516) 487-4797.

TALLEYSHEET

Page 66 Frame, $25,000, at Lowy, NYC (212) 586-2050.

HG VIEW

Page 69 Border with rings (includes end tassels), $100 yd, to the trade at Zuber & Co., NYC (212) 486-9226. Shell-back chair, faux gilt $3,900, 22 karat $4,200, by Rose Tarlow for Melrose House, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco;

Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles; Todd Wiggins, Miami. Duppioni silk on chair, 52" wide, $97.50 yd, by Leni's, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Leni's, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; George Cameron Nash, Dallas; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco.

A TOUCH OF GILT

Pages 72–73 Napoleon III mirror from Philippe Farley Antiques, NYC (212) 472-1622. **74** Griffin pedestal, $1,950, by Rose Tarlow for Melrose House, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, Laguna Niguel, San Francisco; Randolph & Hein, Los Angeles; Todd Wiggins, Miami; Embrasse Valencay tassels, $261, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Zuber & Co. border with rings and end tassels (see HG View). **75** Conley Dot fabric, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Schechter & Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker, Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; William Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle; Primavera, Toronto. **76** Daughtry Cloth, 48" wide, $57 yd, to the trade at Hinson, NYC, Chicago, Los Angeles; Jerry Pair, Atlanta, Miami; Devon Services, Boston; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Regency House, Denver, San Francisco; Duncan & Huggins, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Brandt's, Phoenix; Designer's Showroom, Seattle. Satin stripe on chair, 54" wide, $31 yd, to the trade at Henry Calvin, NYC (212) 371-4333. **77** Silky taffeta, 50" wide, $74.25 yd, to the trade at Decorators Walk, NYC (212) 319-7100. **78–79** Corsica plaid, 59" wide, $90, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Medici, 56" wide, $60 yd, to the trade at Decorators Walk (see above). **80** Shell-back chair and fabric (see HG View). Serengeti by C. W. Stockwell, $45 roll, to the trade at Walters Wicker, NYC; C. W. Stockwell, Los Angeles; Curran, Atlanta; Rozmallin, Chicago; Jim Barrett, Dallas; Blake House, Denver; Design West, Miami; Taggart-Zwiebel, Philadelphia; Leo J. Miner, San Francisco; Mattoon Associates, Seattle; Richard Markman Associates, Washington, D.C. **81** Tiger Velvet, 25" wide, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. **82** Candlesticks, $6,000 pair, from Philippe Farley Antiques, NYC (see above). **83** Screen by Jeffrey Goodman and Steven Charlton, $1,250, at Rogers-Tropea, NYC (212) 249-8310. Ron Dier planter, $3,600, and Sung charger, $1,495, to the trade at Lorin Marsh, NYC (212) 759-8700. **84** Directoire bench, $1,464, by Karges, call (800) 252-7437 for dealers. Panthère on bench, 50" wide, $234 yd, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). Tramp Art antique mirror, $2,200, at Cynthia Beneduce Antiques, NYC (212) 645-5037. Rosemary Sherman window shade, $600 (with valance $900), to the trade at CrossHarris Fine Crafts, NYC (212) 888-7878. **85** Gilt apple, $12 (plus shipping), at Williamson Young, Beverly Hills (213) 550-8269. Sabu, 49" wide, $33 yd, to the trade at Rose Cumming, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Devon Services, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; Walter Lee Culp, Dallas, Houston; Keith McCoy, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Charles Gelfond, Miami; Duncan & Huggins, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.

GOODE TIMES

Page 134 Royal blue Wreath and Rosette fabric, 54" wide, $76 yd, black Medici velvet, 55" wide, $90 yd, to the trade at Schumacher, call (800) 423-5881 for nearest showroom. **136** Empire green Wreath and Rosette fabric, 54" wide, $76 yd; apricot Medici velvet (gold crosses not included), 55" wide, $90 yd; Tabriz Tapestry, 54" wide, $72 yd (fringe not included), at Schumacher (see above).

CLOSET ENCOUNTERS

Page 138 John Webb chair, $950, at Paul Smith, NYC (212) 627-9770. **139** Wool emblem jacket, $2,720, at Chanel boutiques, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Dallas, NYC, Palm Beach; Rich's, Atlanta; I. Magnin, Beverly Hills, San Francisco; Barneys New York. **140** Cotton-twill overcoat, $130, by Calvin Klein Sport for Men, at Calvin Klein Boutique, Dallas; JW Robinson's, Los Angeles; Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. **141** Yellow wool blazer, $1,000, exclusively at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300.

LIGHT EXPOSURES

Pages 144–145 Essex fabric on dining-room chairs, to the trade at Quadrille Wallpapers & Fabrics, NYC; Marion Kent, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Leonard Hecker, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Houston; Blake House, Denver; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Hugh Cochran, Miami; J.W. Showroom, Philadelphia; Thomas & Company, Phoenix; Shears & Window, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle; Campbell-Louis, Troy. **146** Audubon Strié on sofas, and Traviata Marabout Fringe, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Cortina on armchair, at Quadrille (see above).

HOMEFRONT/ESSENTIALS

161 Delft, £12.50 roll, to order at Ehrman, London 937-4568. Coins, 54" wide, $36.99 yd, at Cynthia Gibson, NYC (212) 758-8977. Warwick, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. Jardiniere, $250, by Mottahedeh, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC (212) 753-7300. Incurable Collector, $51 a roll, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Olivia, 50" wide, $45 yd, by Putnams of London, at Cherchez, NYC (212) 737-8215, and Putnams of London 431-2935. Crocus Trellis, 55" wide, $54 yd, to the trade at Osborne & Little, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Schechter & Martin, Boston; Designers Choice, Chicago; Boyd-Levinson, Dallas, Houston; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Design West, Miami; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Wayne Martin, Seattle. Sake, 55" wide, $111 yd, at Manuel Canovas, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, High Point, Houston, Los Angeles, Miami, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. India, 50" wide, $45 yd, by Putnams of London, at Cherchez, NYC, and Putnams of London (see above).

ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Nicholas Haslam's watercolor rendering *The Verandah for Charles and Doris Saatchi*, published in the June issue of HG, was only a proposal and was never carried out. We regret that the illustration appeared without the knowledge or consent of Mr. and Mrs. Saatchi.

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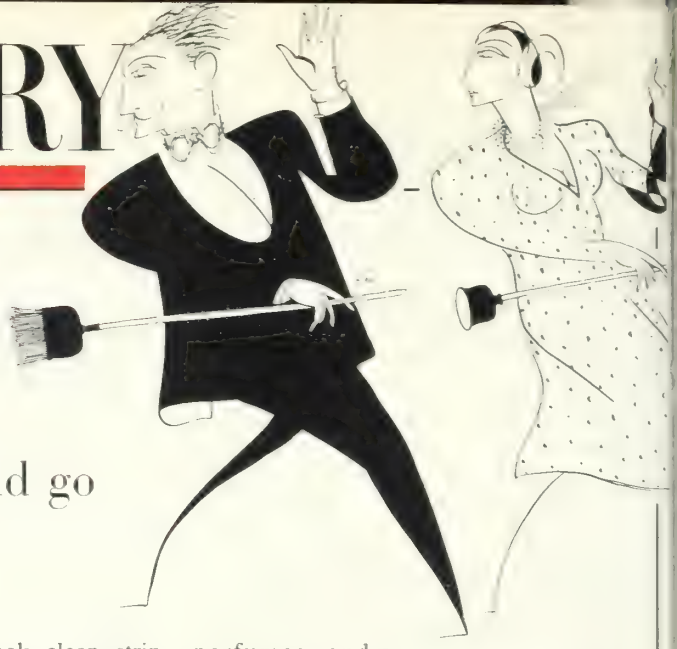
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Duka's DIARY



Guest Work

John Duka observes that good guests come, clean up, and go

When the late Daisy Fellowes lived at the Palazzo Polignac in Venice, one of her guests, a New York socialite who can still be heard refusing her veal at Le Cirque, arrived with fifty pieces of luggage. Naturally, Fellowes's maid spent all day unpacking. That evening, the friend, winded from watching the maid hang and fold, inched down the staircase and asked: "Daisy, darling, how long are you expecting me to stay?"

"Till tomorrow, darling," Fellowes replied. "Till tomorrow."

Even if it had slipped Fellowes's mind to arrange the length of stay, she obviously had *not* forgotten what Benjamin Franklin once said about the condition of guests and fish after three days. Not to mention the old Quaker adage that short visits make long friends. Never mind.

Houseguests have a lot to learn, and it's high time they learned it. It is, after all, August, the month when the badly dressed dinner partner with whom you mistakenly had a conversation bordering on the intimate intimates that she wouldn't mind being asked to your country place. The month your cook decides to go on holiday. The month, in short, to choose your houseguests wisely and to remember that being a guest means always having to say you're sorry.

My first choice for houseguest? Eileen Ford, of Ford Models, owner of an eighteenth-century farmhouse and a stickler for thank-you notes—a woman who remembers as if it were yesterday the time a guest arrived with an uninvited standard poodle named Pookie that scraped the paint off the dining-room windows.

"I'm the best houseguest in the world," says Ford. "I cook, clean, strip my bed, bring a gift with me, send one afterward, and leave the place in better shape than when I arrived." And there, in one terse, declaration, you have the rules for proper houseguest behavior.

There are, however, two schools of houseguest thought. The first is terrifyingly flexible. The way, say, that Nan Bush conducts life in the Adirondacks with photographer Bruce Weber. Nan doesn't bat an eyelash when Bruce brings home his ten best friends that he just met boating on the lake. Or the way that Dasha Epstein, Broadway producer, gives her guests flats of flowers and small plots of land for the season, then cheers them on with this advice: no flowers, no return visits.

"I want my guests to keep the presents small. All our houses are overdecorated"

The other approach calls for what the simple, noble-winged seraphs envied—rigor. It calls for someone to tell us what to do since we know doing what we want is out of the question. For this type of rigor, no one holds a candle to Audrey del Rosario, social meteor, and Carolina Herrera, meteoric fashion designer.

Audrey has a house in Southampton, and a list of don'ts which she posts for her guests (no more than eight at a time). First rule, don't come with the flu. Just don't. Do *not* leave things behind. Don't keep asking what you're doing next. Don't bring your pets (see Pookie above). And don't try to steal the help (they'll just tell on you anyway).

What do you get for your trouble? A bedside thermos of cold springwater, your own bar with liquor and soft drinks, perfumes, and a bed board, just in case. "I'm an innkeeper," says Audrey. "I want my guests to have everything I would want. But keep the presents small. All our houses are overdecorated."

One look at Carolina Herrera's impeccably coiffed head and you know what you'll find at her house. Night-lights that work. "Carolina's rule," says her husband, Reinaldo, "is that you should always sleep in your guest's room before they do to see what's wrong, and pull the drawers out to make sure they work."

I could never do that. All of my drawers stick. Still, I've got a few rules of my own. Two days is the ideal stay. A guest should never bring dirty laundry, and old school friends and heads of state should be treated exactly the same.

Which reminds me of Diane van Ameron gen (the very name breathes houseguests). A baron who once stayed with her asked if he should list his requirements for the help. Diane, not sure he was joking, didn't know what to say. I say: As a guest, make all the lists you want. Let your host know when you would like breakfast and that you would like it in bed. Let your host know, as Kenneth Jay Lane, bon vivant and frequent guest, lets his know, that you expect your own bah-h-h-throom. Let him know that, though you are not displeased with being put in what used to be a children's room, you *would* like a longer bed. Yes, let him know. And tip the maid at least $20. You never know. You may be invited back. ♠

KEN MARYANSKI